

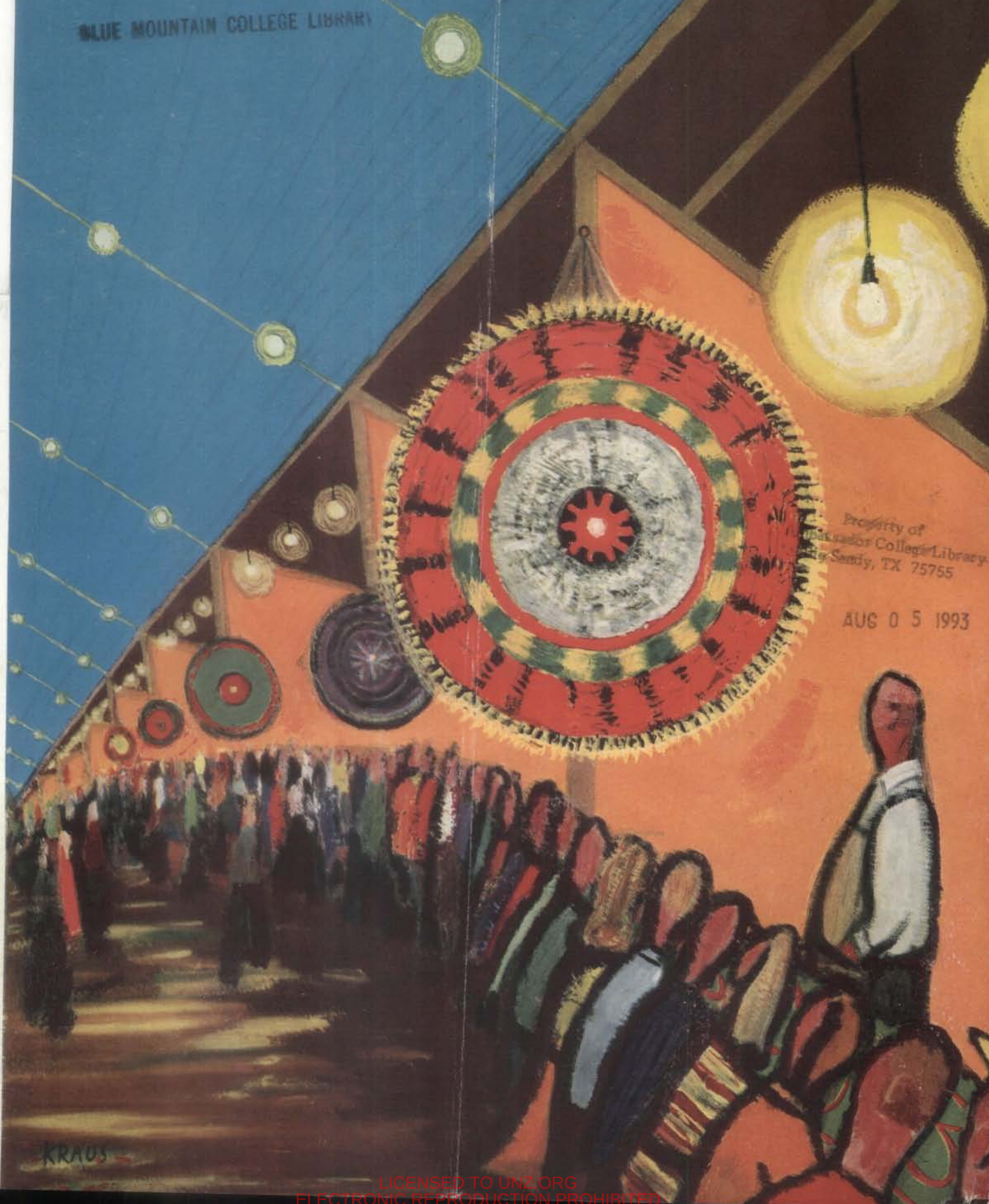
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Memorial Day, May 30. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BLUE DENIM—June Walker, Chester Morris, and some interesting younger actors in a play by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble that assays about sixty per cent honest realism and forty per cent smooth staging. In this case, on the whole, an effective blend. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Memorial Day.)

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS—Maybe William Inge has tried to crowd a little too much into his play about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago, but the drama is quite compelling just the same. Under Elia Kazan's direction, the cast, led by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart, performs with notable skill. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE FIRSTBORN—A recitative in verse, by Christopher Fry, which concerns itself with the adventures of Moses and some of the early Israelites. While the play is a little long on fancy verbiage, the production is good to look at, and Katharine Cornell, Anthony Quayle, Torin Thatcher, and Mildred Natwick register persuasively. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

JANE EYRE—Huntington Hartford's interpretation of the Charlotte Brontë novel is a rather wheezy business. Eric Portman, Blanche Yurka, and Jan Brooks are among those present. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—The chief figure in this play by John Osborne is a young man who is down on everything and everybody, but he is an entertaining character despite his misanthropy. In the cast are Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. They are all splendid. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except May 28, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Memorial Day.)

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL—While Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel has some of the faults inevitable in such a major condensation, it is still a work of unusual power and stature. With Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, Arthur Hill, and Victor Kilian. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ROMANOFF AND JULIET—Peter Ustinov wrote this fantasy about love and confusion in one of those mythical kingdoms, and his presence as its star is enough to get it over most of the dull spots. The cast includes Henry Lascoe and Natalie Schafer. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, except May 28, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Memorial Day.)

SAY, DARLING—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a fine big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO—Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency is excellent historical drama, written with unusual vigor and taste. Ralph Bellamy gives the season's most remarkable performance in the central role, and he is admirably supported by a cast that includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Buncie. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TIME REMEMBERED—Helen Hayes at her miraculous best in an Anouilh comedy crowded with beguiling characters, most of them mad. Miss Hayes gets a lot of help from Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

TWO FOR THE SEESAW—The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Henry

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Fonda and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx, and the crux of the enterprise is the romance that springs up between them. Mr. Gibson clearly has a sharp ability to reproduce authentic dialogue. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE VISIT—Maurice Valency's translation of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play about a woman who wants a man killed, and the inhabitants of a village who are all quite willing to oblige her, is chillingly effective theatre. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are superb as the vengeful lady and her victim. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, July 5.)

WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAW YOU WITH?—Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, and Larry Blyden head an expert cast in an expert, if highly gymnastic, play by Norman Krasna. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 25.)

LONG RUNS—**AUNTIE MAME**: Greer Garson is now the eccentric relative. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

JAMAICA—Lena Horne sings stunningly (and acts with regal indifference) in this uneven musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the generally distinguished music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. There's nothing to be said for the tedious book. The cast includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except May 28, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Memorial Day.)

THE MUSIC MAN—Meredith Willson's agreeable excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. Simple, amiable, and noisy, the musical stars Robert Preston, as a fast operator who is redeemed by contact with prairie honesty. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are skilful in their support. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OH CAPTAIN!—This adaptation of the film called "The Captain's Paradise" might have aimed at a slightly higher level of humor, but it is still more than usually breezy and engaging. Al Morgan and José Ferrer supplied the book, Jay Livingston and Ray Evans turned out the songs, and Mr. Ferrer directed the gifted cast, which includes Tony Randall, Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WEST SIDE STORY—The story of Romeo and Juliet has been restated in terms of a teen-age gang war in this quite impressive, if not completely moving, offering, for which Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the particularly fine dances. The cast includes Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, Carol Lawrence, Mickey Calin, and Ken LeRoy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**BELLS ARE RINGING**: A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. One of the phones she answers is that of Sydney Chaplin, cast as a convivial playwright. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 28, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Memorial Day.) . . . **LIL ABNER:** A depiction of the dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip. Peter Palmer and Wynne Miller portray Lil Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes plays Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEW GIRL IN TOWN:** O'Neill's "Anna Christie," turned into a musical by George Abbott. The songs are by Bob Merrill, and the cast is headed by Thelma Ritter. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 24.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

ACTORS PLAYHOUSE—Federico García Lorca's "Blood Wedding," with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Aides in the cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"Aida." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, May 22, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

BARBIZON-PLAZA THEATRE—"Comic Strip," a comedy by George Panetta, with Cliff Norton, Tom Pedi, Michael Constantine, and Loretta Fury. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend." Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Jack Cannon and Arthur Malet in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—Shaw's "The Philanderer," with William Landis and Del Tenney. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

MARTINIQUE THEATRE—A revival of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—"The Saturday Night Kid," a play by Jack Dunphy, with Martin Brooks, Nan Martin, and Joseph Sullivan as the entire cast. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

SHERIDAN SQUARE PLAYHOUSE—Peter Falk and Lelia Barry in a revival of Jacinto Benavente's play "Bonds of Interest." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, May 25.)

TARA THEATRE—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World," with Dermot McNamara, Helena Carroll, and Elspeth March. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Ser-

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gava and Madeline Lee. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THEATRE 74—Ettore Rella's verse play "Sign of Winter," with Elizabeth Farrar and Jay Barney. (Theatre 74, 334 E. 74th St. TR 9-4830. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

YORK PLAYHOUSE—Two plays by Tennessee Williams—"Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer"—presented jointly under the title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham and Margaret Bannerman, who will be replaced on Tuesday, May 27, by Ann Harding. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

THE BROKEN DATE—The Ballet-Théâtre Français in Françoise Sagan's ballet, with Toni Lander, Adolfo Andrade, and Noëlle Adam. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, June 15.)

DANCE DRAMA COMPANY—A company headed by Mark Ryder and Emily Frankel, in a program of ballet and modern, ethnic, jazz, and comic dance. A six-week engagement, starting Thursday, May 22. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. GR 5-9123. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Lights! Action! Camera! Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra on the dead run all night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—It's so peaceful in the country called the Cotillion Room, where even the gay little trumpet of Joseph Ricardel's dance band wears a mute. There's also a travelling posse of Viennese violins, and twice a night Betty Benee lets go some ditties in the manner of a *grande dame* opening a flower show. Closed Mondays. . . . A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing night after night in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The stars are out every night but Sunday in

the roof of the Persian Room, and there are more stars in the dance tunes of Ted Straeter, fashion plate, tenor, pianist, and leader of men—all of them tenors and instrumentalists, too—and of Mark Monte's smaller group. Twice during the evening, Celeste Holm, woman of the world to her handsome fingertips, ponders the problems of the semidetached female who's looking for a nice double harness. Her voice has the eloquence of a crystal chandelier. . . . After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximilian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays tea-with-lemon music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and file-t-mignon music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Sammy Kaye's orchestra, which will never be arrested for reckless driving, canters along all evening. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, the sort of dream house that would now take eight million dollars to duplicate, sways gently in the breeze of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small dance ensembles. At dinner and supper, Patricia Wilson, a pretty child, and a vocal one, too, has her moments. All quiet Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The new management has changed the name (né Ambassador), the stationery, and the matchbooks, but everything else looks the same. In the Embassy Club, a decorator's delight, Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play, after nine, for dancing. There's dinner music earlier, and the place is closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Paris for which Maurice Chevalier is spokesman in the Empire Room is a venerable figment of show-business imagination, but you won't mind the old lantern slides at all, because M. Chevalier is doing the lyrics that go with them. He appears at dinner Mondays through Wednesdays and at dinner and supper Thursdays through Saturdays. Also on hand are Emil Coleman's band and Béla Babai's crew, both of which bat out decisive dance music. Sunday is, as always, a day of rest, and the room closes for the season on Wednesday, May 28. . . . The Starlight Roof opens on Thursday, May 29, with Xavier Cugat's vociferous Caribbean band, which speaks a Latin unknown to Cicero and Vergil, and Tito Guizar's orchestra, whose music is also unclassical Latin. Abbe Lane, a girl who will never be mistaken for a cigar-store Indian, will sing (or something) after the theatre. Dancing, too, and nothing doing Sundays. . . . Weekdays, between eight and one, a group run by Jozsi Ribari politely requests the next dance in the opulent reaches of Peacock Alley. Sundays, the Babai band takes care of the situation.

NOTE—At the pinnacle of one of Ilium's topless towers is the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) where cocktails are provided. From any window table, you can watch what's left of old New York being torn limb from limb while Joseph Sudy's not very solemn trio plays martyr music. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-3800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The old order (which happens to be a good one) never changes—the piano of Addison Bailey, who has been the cocktail, dinner, and supper music master here for many years, presiding over a bit of formal gardening that is almost Regency in feeling. Joel Forbes is the Sunday handyman. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Designed and operated for those who are up at the crack of the sunset gun. Music for the setting-up exercises is made by the piano of Al Mello, which starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' general store, which has certain attributes of a bar-and-grill, stays open late for the benefit of the neighborhood youngsters. Mr. Hawkins sits at one of the two pianos, the other of which is staffed by Wayne Sanders. They're in action, singly or in tandem, from six until curfew. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, singing songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) love is where you find it, and (2) you'd better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong equerry, is her pianist. In fact, there's piano from the cocktail hour on, by Mr. Hamilton and Don Evans, who converts what he likes best in the several schools of music into his special idiom. Miss Mercer starts around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Music with the enchantment of a Latin midsummer night's dream issues from the guitar of Renato Rossini, who graces this hall of mirrors between nine and one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Florentine gardens the name brings to mind are present only in spirit, but everything tangible is Florentine in actuality, including the *padrone*, Arturo Sacco, for fifteen years viceroy of the Blue Angel. Pellucid piano and violin decorate the premises until eleven, when Puccini lyrics and the like begin a sedate promenade. Tuesday, May 27, brings a change in the lineup—an after-theatre revue involving four players and several hundred words and grace notes. Closed Mondays. . . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Sooner or later, everyone comes back through this crossroads-of-the-world restaurant, and sure enough, Cy Walter, of the light, fantastic fingers, is again at play on the piano from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The noblest Romans of them all are concerned with the well-being of the guests' taste buds, and Teo Fanidi's mobile unit of string musicians is concerned with the well-being of the guests' ears. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The table-side violin of the ageless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household full of reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it was when Carmen had a day off from the cigarette factory; i.e., plenty of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Just the place to go on a Spanish diet, whether it's native dishes or native music, both of which are served from seven-thirty until very late indeed. The scenery is excellent, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The farthest west, and the farthest out, of the town's art galleries. Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else is Cecil Young's duo (piano, bass, and freehand voice) as well as Johnnie

LaSalle's quartet, an outfit full of life but inclined to wax sentimental, which is most pleasant when a wisp named Arlene Corwin does the waxing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The zimbalon, now one with the whooping crane, has almost its last nesting place here. Other Hungarian artifacts—happy piano, violin, song, and cuisine—are likewise in evidence. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Springtime, as well as summertime, the living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urban eye could wish. The major punctuation is piano by George Feyer, who uses the *accent aigu*, rather than the *accent grave*, from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory, largely Anglo-Saxon and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, an ornate nook in an ornate restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar is the sort of place where you'd expect millionaire clubmen to pop up (or whatever millionaire clubmen do). There's rambling piano from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **BEAU BRUMMEL**, 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): Nancy Andrews, a subdued girl in both song and piano the earlier part of the night, can boil over into a fine cloud of steam later on. Her office is a small, comfortable bar-and-grill. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, bobbing violinists and occasionally a sturdy Italian operatic tenor down front, all of which makes for a birthday-party mood. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): While the night mail coach to Boston is changing horses, it is possible to duck into this chastely modern bar of the Stanhope Hotel for grog and a roundelay by Fernando Sirvent, a guitarist who goes flamenco at the slightest urging. He's on point duty from nine till a bit past midnight. No music Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): The new Latin Quarter (a refurbishing of both décor and management) is a fond and foolish replica of the days when floor shows really were floor shows—a pride of showgirls big enough to beat the Chicago Bears; a spate of singers, clowns (the very broadminded Bernard Brothers), pony ballerinas, and whatnot all marching and counter-marching; and a real onstage rainstorm. Lest all this indicate the world to be a cease-



less round of heedless pleasure, there is Johnnie Ray, homely homiletics at the ready, to sing for you. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998):

The wits' symposium now in session involves Miyoshi Umeki, the pretty Japanese geranium of "Sayonara," who pokes fun into the crevices of all her ballads; George Matson, a mimic whose commentary on the passing scene is all the more vivid for being unspoken; Shelley Berman, a monologuist who slowly but surely goes mad twice a night; and the Kingston Trio, singers full of bright college years and reasonably bright college jokes. Miss Umeki bows out on Saturday, May 24; Michelle Laura, a new French oriole, arrives on Tuesday, May 27. The agile outfielders are the Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his accomplices), which makes distilled jazz, and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M.

. . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The fine art of sardonic writing and the fine art of sardonic acting welded together in a joint show. The actors: Mickey Deems, Cecil Cabot, Jenny Lou Law, Gerry Matthews, and Jean Arnold. The writers: Ronny Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding. The curator of this enterprise is Julius Monk, who knows all there is to know about putting on a revue; the pit band is the double piano of Stan Keen and Carl Norman; tee-off times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Mr. Monk's second habitat, an anteroom that gives Sixth Avenue an upper crust it hasn't had in many years. Perched on a highchair in lieu of a promontory, Isobel Robins, a latter-day Lorelei, chirrup siren songs that are more playful than menacing; Ralph Strain, an expatriate for the past two seasons, and Warren Vaughn take turns at making the upright piano poetic. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Joey Carter, in an anything-goes mood, is running the funny-sayings department in the small bar; Suzanne Lake just sings. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their twin pianos. Sundays, there are silent movies and no Carter; Mondays, there are amateur acts and no Lake.

. . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): To the rear, march, when you get inside the Midtown Café, and you'll enter a modest conversation piece in which dwell Janice Mars, a crystal-clear and unannounced singer of songs of passion and songs of dalliance, and Baldwin Bergerson, composer of the same genre, as well as pianist of the evening. They stay home Sundays. . . . **LE CUPIDON**, 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Melting-pot night life in one of the most restless of our native quarters. T. C. Jones, a proficient practitioner of the thin-ice device of holding the mirror up to womankind, does his final impersonations on Sunday, May 25. Dancing. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Up one flight of stairs, in a space no bigger than a hall bedroom, four young folk (the best of them a nightingale named Fia Karin) romp through a series of skits endowed with a fair amount of common sense and airy nonsense. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eleven. Fridays and Saturdays at ten and twelve, and Sundays at five-thirty and ten; closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550):

Two survivors of the classic Summa Cum Laude Band are pitted in fraternal fracas every night but Sunday. One is Eddie Condon, supported by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The other is Bud Freeman, operating an exultant saxophone and a trio that includes Mousie Alexander. The bone of contention is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Anita O'Day, looking more like a 4-H girl than a bop balladist, rides high,

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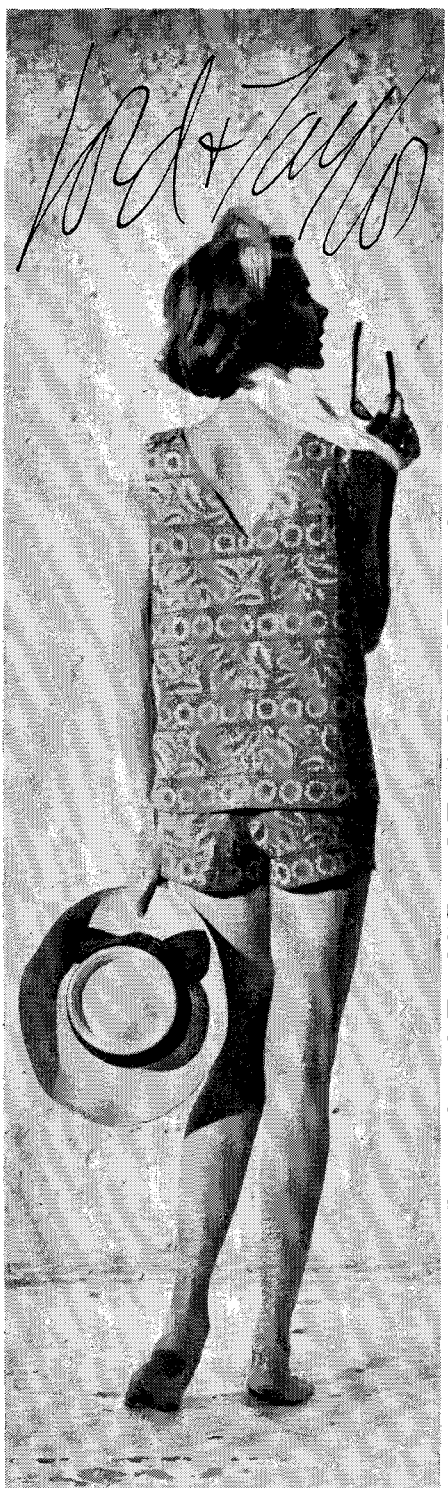
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wide, and handsome in a very involute orbit. She gets her sendoff from a trio in which Jimmy Jones plays piano. In between, Mose Allison's new threesome puts in a good word for modernism. Sunday, there's also a matinee at four as well as an evening session, at the latter of which John Cage, his prepared piano, and a chamber-music sextet will decipher his odd compositions at nine and eleven-thirty. Fridays, Don Freeman (is this the ultimate?) draws pictures to a jazz background. Closed Mondays, and you can see why. . . . **ROUND-TABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Another assembly hall for America's most famous native industry. The décor, which ranges from Louis XIV to Joe E. Lewis, may leave you breathless, and so may Joe Bushkin's vivid quartet, which can come up with a rare turn of speed on occasion. Chuck Wayne is Mr. B.'s right-hand guitarist. The trio run by Teddy Wilson, that self-effacing perfectionist, alternates with the Bushkin band. They operate every day but Sunday, when guests do the entertaining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Venerable troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): At the back end of this little school of modern thought, the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano is lighthearted and gay, reveals what the future has in store for us. John Bunch's trio, as yet an unknown quantity, is also about. Their night starts at nine. The Bunches are on leave Sundays, the Taylors Mondays. The cocktail classes in introspective piano, which run until nine, are again being supervised by Johnny Mehegan, who performs every day but Sunday. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Billy Maxted band is at home on this range, which has a distinctly Southern exposure. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A stadium filled with spectator sportsmen of fierce absorption. On the podium right now are Chico Hamilton's quintet (intense), J. J. Johnson's quintet (happiness is a thing called Johnson), and Johnny Smith's quartet (introspective). The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, a pianist who can be all things (Bach, Bartók, Gershwin, et al.) to all men, and his new trio (two bassists) are off and running, or even flying, on the oval track that circles the bar. Zero hour is nine-thirty, and there is no action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered by such aged-in-the-vat minstrels as Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Vic Dickenson. The cannonade is just about continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold a group discussion with Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin, and Charlie Shavers. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Youth therapy, performed loud and offhand. The establishment, a weekend operation, will present on Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, a thundering herd in which Wild Bill Davison, Jo Jones, Tyree Glenn, Willie the Lion Smith, Johnny Windhurst, Herb Fleming, Tony Parenti, Eddie Bare-

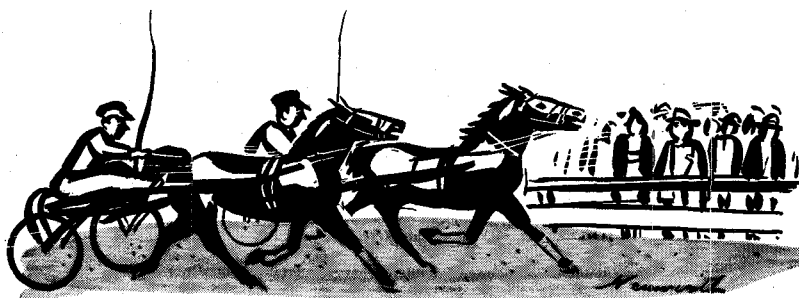
field, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis should be prominent. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): More an open forum than a listening post nowadays. The professional portion of the noise comes from trios led by Dorothy Donegan, who deals with the piano as she would with a jungle gym, and Stan Freeman, a jazz practitioner, a concert technician, and an alumnus of the never-to-be-forgotten Piano Playhouse. Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Even if you buy a program, you can't always tell the players, but it's rumored that Eddie Costa's trio is in residence; that Gigi Gryce's quintet will check out on Thursday, May 22; that Herbie Mann's trio will check in on Friday, May 23, and check out on Sunday, May 25; that Gigi Gryce's quintet will then— Oh, never mind. Sundays are early days, from five until midnight. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Charlie Mingus, whose laboratory turns out sound effects that don't grow on trees, is experimenting, as always, with a group of cronies. Sundays, the hours are six to twelve; Mondays, the room is dark. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Greenwich Village of "The Iceman Cometh" period and décor, but full of questing youth and, for that matter, questing jazz, which Randy Weston's quintet is now undertaking to provide. Mondays are assigned to Mal Waldron's band. . . . **GOthic ROOM**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A foursome of innocent wayfarers and a singer named Helen Streiff make dance music, after ten in the evening, beside a parquet of cozy dimensions that adorns the ground floor of the Hotel Duane. Closed Sundays.

ART

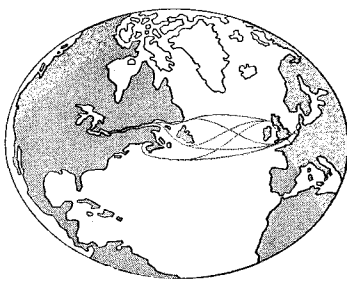
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

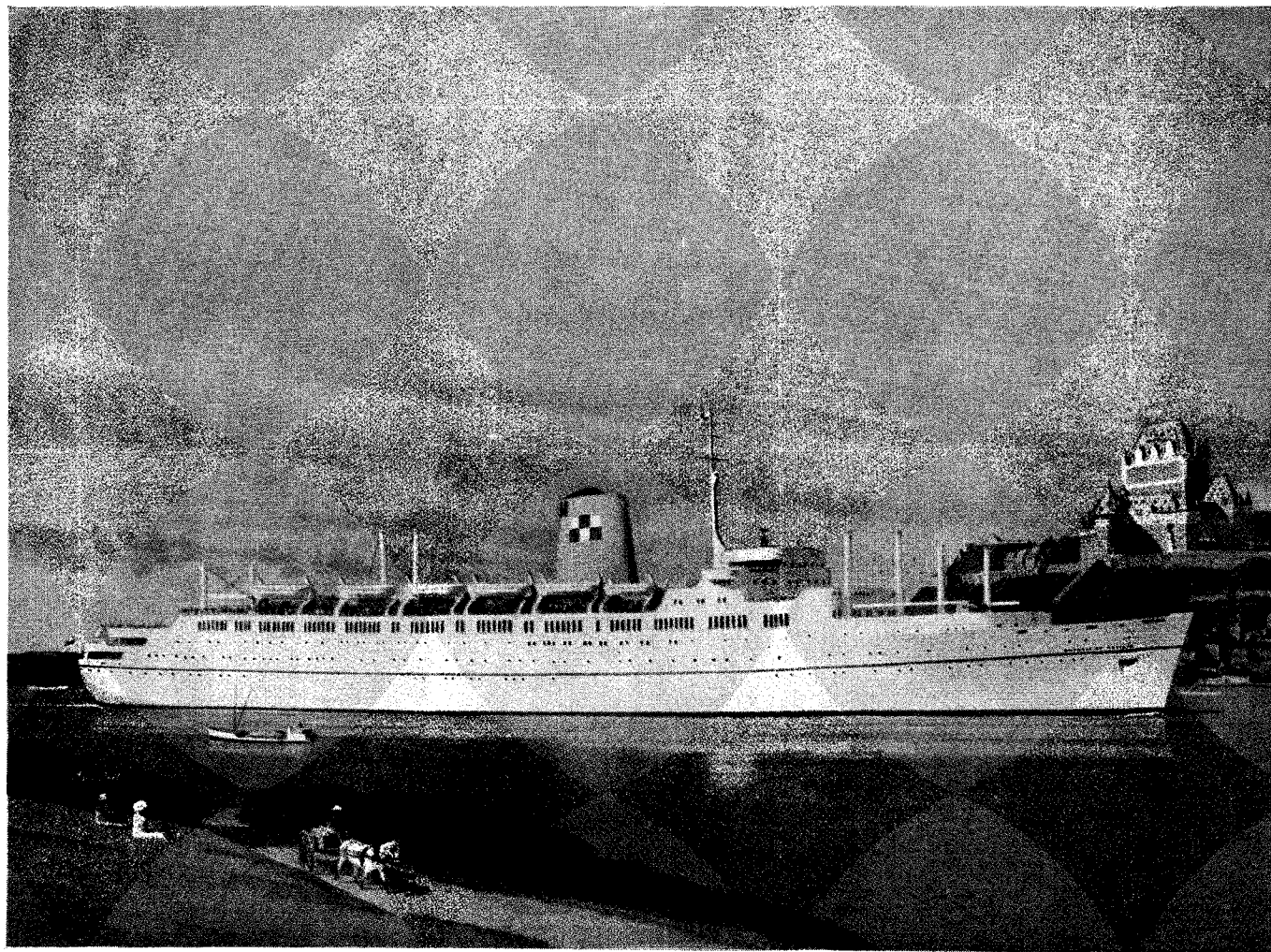
- JAMES BOYNTON**—Non-objective oils by one of the younger Americans represented at the Brussels World's Fair; through Saturday, May 24. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)
- LEE GATCH**—Recent oils; through June 14. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Memorial Day.)
- ALBERTO GIACOMETTI**—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by a noted Swiss-Italian artist; through Saturday, May 31. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)
- RUTH GIKOW**—Circus subjects and other paintings; through Thursday, May 29. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)
- XAVIER GONZALEZ**—Abstract oils and drawings; through Saturday, May 31. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 6.)
- ROBERT KABAK**—Neatly patterned abstract paintings, many of them nocturnal in mood; through Thursday, May 29. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)
- FRANZ KLINE**—New Abstract Expressionist paintings; through June 14. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)
- JACOB LAWRENCE**—The first thirty tempera paintings in a projected series of sixty on the theme "Struggle: From the History of the American People;" through Saturday, May 24. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)
- WALTER MEIGS**—Abstract oils; through Thurs-



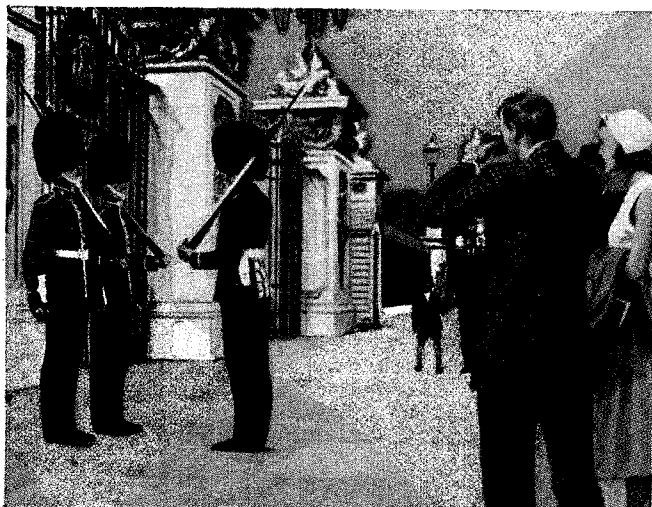
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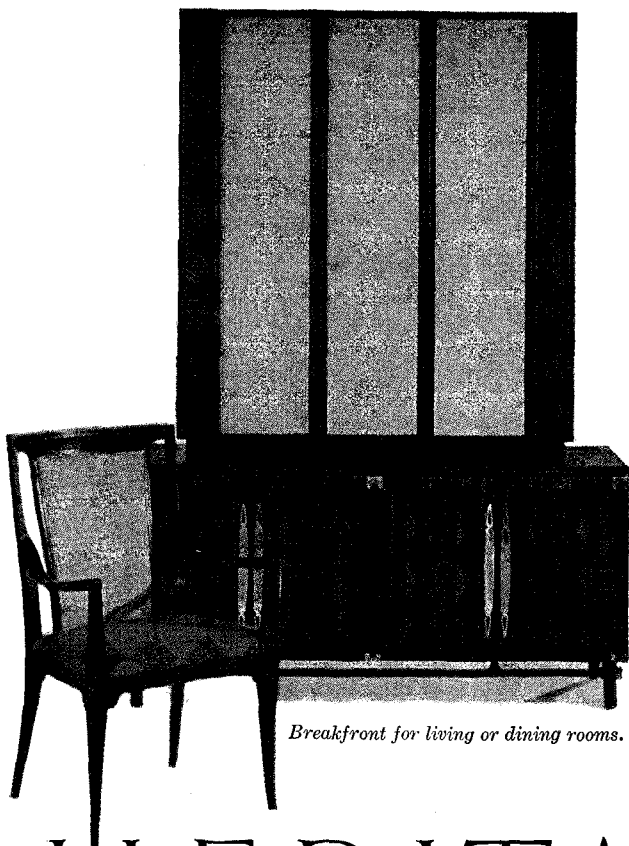


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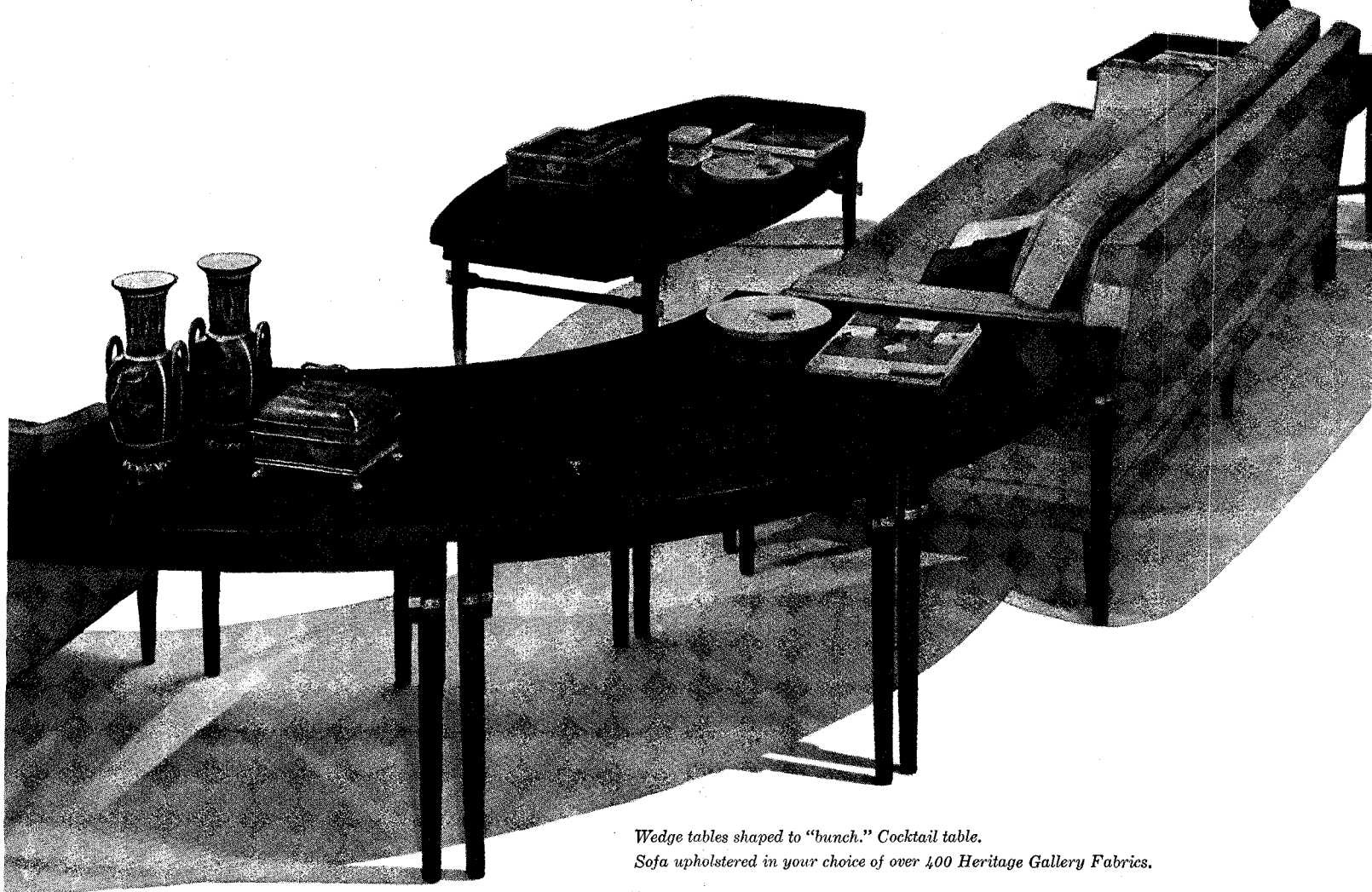
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, May 29. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

A. SHELDON PENNOYER—A memorial exhibition of paintings, ranging in subject from American railroads to Spanish castles; through Friday, May 23. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

BERNARD PERLIN—Street crowds and other city scenes, done in soft, shadowy tonalities; through Saturday, May 31. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

THE THREE UTRILLOS—Paintings by Maurice Utrillo; his wife, Lucie Valore; and his mother, Suzanne Valadon. Through June 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Paintings, sculptures, etchings, and architectural photographs and models by newly elected members of the Institute and by winners of this year's Academy and Institute awards, including Abraham Ratner, Raphael Soyer, Seymour Lipton, Jean de Marco, Henry R. Shepley, and Edward D. Stone; through June 22. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—Their sixty-sixth annual, consisting of oils, water colors, sculptures, graphics, and miniatures; through Sunday, May 25. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 80th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

SCULPTURES—The third biennial showing of sculptures in a Village garden. The dozen participants include Jacques Lipchitz, Hugo Robus, and Helena Simkhovitch; through June 8. (48 W. 10th St. Daily, 2 to 6.)

ENGLISH SPORTING PAINTINGS—Works by J. N. Sartorius, John Wootton, Alfred Munnings, and others; through June 13. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, May 31.)

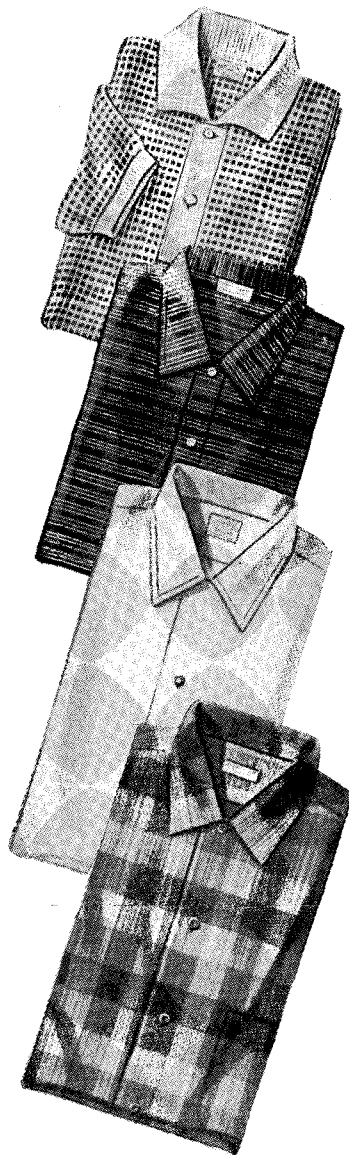
THE DAWN OF HISTORY: 1500-200 B.C.—An exhibition of some of the earliest sculptures found in the Americas, chiefly in Mexico; through Saturday, May 31. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Oils by Landes Lewitin, Michael Loew, Esteban Vicente, and Adja Yunkers; through Saturday, May 31. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: 1865-1925 paintings by (for instance) Winslow Homer, Childe Hassam, and George Bellows; through Thursday, May 29. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The May offering consists of about fifty-five paintings selected by John Koch, Sidney Laufman, and Henry Botkin; through Thursday, May 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and collages by a dozen artists, including Will Barnett, Balcomb Greene, and Sue Fuller; through Saturday, May 24. . . . **WILLARD**, 23 W. 56th St.: Lionel Feininger, Mark Tobey, and Richard Lippold are three of the painters and sculptors represented in a gallery-group show; through June 7. (Closed Memorial Day.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Eleven Europeans (including Jean Arp and Giorgio de Chirico) and one American (Jackson Pollock) in a showing of paintings dated 1910-50; through Thursday, May 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Hyman Bloom, Leonid, Ben Nicholson, and others; through July 25. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, May 31.) . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Henry Botkin, André Lansky, David Smith, and other painters and sculptors; through June 14. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Drawings by, among others, Harold Altman, Marsden Hartley, Karel Appel, and Picasso; through Thursday, May 29. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Utrillo, Vlaminck, Archipenko, and other modern masters; through June 13. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Such German artists as Willi Baumeister, Emil Nolde, and Hans Uhlmann in a showing of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through June 30. (Closed Thursday through Monday, May 29-June 2.) . . .

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And 17 Convenient Branches

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

KOOTZ, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Four Paris painters—Serpan, Sugai, Dubuffet, and Zao Wou-ki; through Thursday, May 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY—The nineteenth annual international exhibition; through Thursday, May 29. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 1 to 5.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—Group shows at the **BARONE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; starting Monday, May 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) ... **BRATA**, 89 E. 10th St.; starting Friday, May 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.) ... **MI CHOU**, 36 W. 56th St.; starting Tuesday, May 27. (Weekdays, 1 to 7, and Thursday evenings until 9.) ... **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.; starting Monday, May 26. ... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, May 26. (Closed Memorial Day.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until dark, starting Thursday, May 29, and continuing through Sunday, June 29.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Panoramic views of European and Near Eastern cities, as they appeared in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, make up a travelling exhibition of prints from the Swedish Royal Library, in Stockholm; through June 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the works of the Cubist artist Juan Gris; through Saturday, May 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The eleventh national print exhibition; through June 29. ... Paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs of the Brooklyn Bridge by Childe Hassam, Joseph Stella, Lyonel and Andreas Feininger, and others; through July 27. ... Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by artists living or teaching in Brooklyn and Long Island (John von Wicht, Sidney Gordon, and Aubrey Schwartz, to mention a few); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—About twenty recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Léger, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others; through July 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of the works of Zvi Gali, an Israeli artist. Included are oil and encaustic paintings (Biblical themes, Israeli scenes, and abstractions), ceramics, and tiles. Through June 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Some sixty oil paintings, depicting New York City between 1850 and 1950, by such artists as Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, Ben Shahn, and Georgia O'Keeffe; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Approximately two hundred items (furniture, textiles, tapestries, silver, ceramics, stained glass, and so forth) by young American designers and craftsmen who have studied abroad on Fulbright awards during the past ten years; through June 1. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A loan exhibition of more than a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures (by, among others, George Bel-

lows, Stuart Davis, Hans Hofmann, Alexander Calder, and William Zorach) from the private collections of the Friends of the Whitney Museum; through June 15. (Daily, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

OPERA

HUNTER COLLEGE OPERA ASSOCIATION—A double bill—Rossini's "La Cenerentola di Matrimonio," in English, and Milhaud's "Les Malheurs d'Orphée." Staged by Rose Landver and conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, May 22-23, at 8:15. For tickets, call BU 8-7211.)

ORCHESTRAS

DOCTORS' ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Paul Vernel conducting. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, May 28, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, May 29, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

NAUMBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Maximilian Pilzer conducting, with Beatrice Krebs, mezzo-soprano. (Central Park Mall. Friday, May 30, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

PETE SEEGER—Folk singer. (Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Friday, May 23, at 8.)

PAUL ROBESON—Bass, in a program of traditional and folk songs, plus poetry and drama recitations. A second performance of a program given on May 9. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, May 23, at 8:40.)

VAN CLIBURN—Piano, with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Kiril P. Kandrashin. A second performance of a program given on May 19. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Monday, May 26, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankees vs. Washington, doubleheader. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, May 30, at 1:30.)

BOXING—Lahouari Godih vs. Johnny Busso, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, May 23. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HORSE SHOW—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, May 24, and Monday through Saturday, May 26-31.)

HUNT RACING—Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund. (Purchase. Saturday, May 24.)

INTERNATIONAL SEAMEN'S LIFEBOAT RACE—Around a dozen crews from American, Swedish, Norwegian, and other ships, racing over a one-mile course in the Narrows, between 100th and 80th Streets, Brooklyn. (Friday, May 30. First heat at 12:30.)

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 5. The Acorn, Saturday, May 24; the Carter Handicap, Friday, May 30; and the Peter Pan Handicap, Saturday, May 31. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays and Memorial Day between 10:30 and 1:25.) ... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Jersey, Saturday, May 24. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11:15 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **THOMPSON RACEWAY**, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, May 25, at 2....



BRIDGEHAMPTON ROAD RACE CENTER, Bridgehampton, L. I.: Saturday and Sunday, May 31-June 1, at 2.

TROTting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays, except Memorial Day, at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays and Memorial Day at 6:35 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSICAL PLAY—"Sleeping Beauty." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. GR 7-0640. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3.)

PUPPETS—The Victoria Puppet Players presenting "Barney, the Forgetful Pirate," plus two puppet films. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, May 31, at 11 and 2. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

CHILDREN'S ZOO—Where the youngsters may roam at will among such tame animals as lambs, ducks, rabbits, goats, a skunk, and a cat and her four kittens. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "A Trip to Palomar," visits the famous observatory in California. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until June 9, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Memorial Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

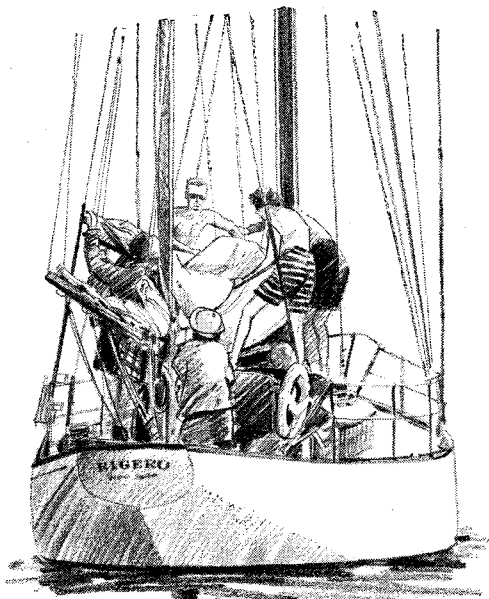
MANUSCRIPTS AND BOOKS—Original manuscripts and related material by newly elected members of, and winners of this year's awards from, the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters. Some of the authors represented are Edith Hamilton, Kay Boyle, Robert M. Coates, Arthur Miller, S. J. Perelman, Robert Graves, and William Maxwell. Through June 22. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions, including two leaves from the Spanish Antiphonary; a landscape drawing by Fra Bartolommeo; an indulgence printed by William Caxton; and autograph letters and manuscripts by such authors as Christina Rossetti, Rudyard Kipling, and D. H. Lawrence. Through July 31. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day and Saturday, May 31, from 9:30 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Thursday and Friday, May 22-23, at 1:45: English and American furniture, Royal Worcester and other porcelains, silver, paintings, and rugs; the property of Anna Lagemann and others. (Exhibition hours: Thursday, May 22, from 10 to 5.)

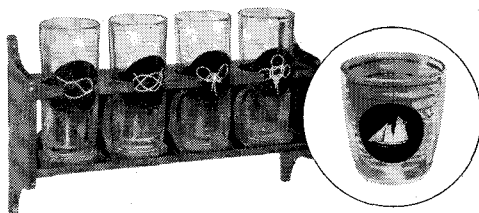
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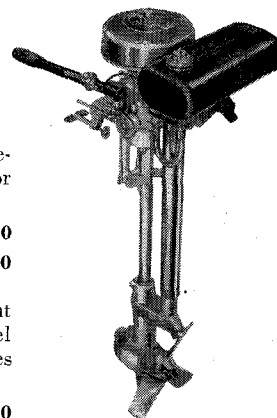


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe. Following the trail of the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, topped by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—There's plenty of variety in this entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War and led by a colonel who is not too well in the head. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GIGI—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the beloved of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—The Broadway musical has

been translated into a fast, merry, engaging film. Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, Doris Day, and John Raitt race and frolic through the Sleepytime Pajama Factory in search of an elusive seven-and-a-half-cent raise. George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the screenplay; Mr. Abbott and Stanley Donen directed and produced the film. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 26-27.)

ROUGE ET NOIR—Perhaps the life and times of Julien Sorel aren't projected in this French film quite as effectively as they were in the Stendhal novel it is based on, but it still has some of the wit and perfection of the original. Done in color, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi giving charming portrayals of the major roles, and an admirable supporting cast. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—Cecil B. deMille's spectacular account of the triumphs and afflictions of Moses makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Wandering among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through May 27. Daily at 2 and 8. Extra performance Saturday at 9:30 A.M.)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—A tricky and absorbing melodrama, adapted by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz from a play by Agatha Christie, in which a young man accused of murdering an old lady who has befriended him is defended by his barrister with the utmost verve. Charles Laughton has something of an actor's field day as the barrister,

and Tyrone Power, as the defendant, and Marlene Dietrich, as his wife, manage to make themselves heard over Mr. Laughton's impressive clamor. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

PRIVATE'S PROGRESS (1956)—An English comedy dealing with some military incompetents in the Second World War. Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, and Dennis Price. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 28.)

THE SILENT WORLD (1956)—Life underwater, filmed by the cameras of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau. A French film, with an English narration. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting May 28.)

THE SUN ALSO RISES (1957)—Mr. Hemingway's novel, with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, and Errol Flynn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 26-27.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 22.)

TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 22.)

UNION PACIFIC (1939)—A panoramic Western, with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through May 24.... Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 25.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel, Anita Ekberg.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through May 27: "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine.
From May 28: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak, Barbara Bel Geddes.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-98007)
Through May 27 (last showing at about 8:45): "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.
From May 27, at midnight: "Horror of Dracula," Peter Cushing, Michael Gough.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Too Much, Too Soon," Dorothy Malone, Errol Flynn.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
From May 22, at 8:30: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi, Suzy Parker. (Opening night will be a benefit for the National Conference of Christians and Jews. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7252.)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays

at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.
... Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30; no reserved seats.)

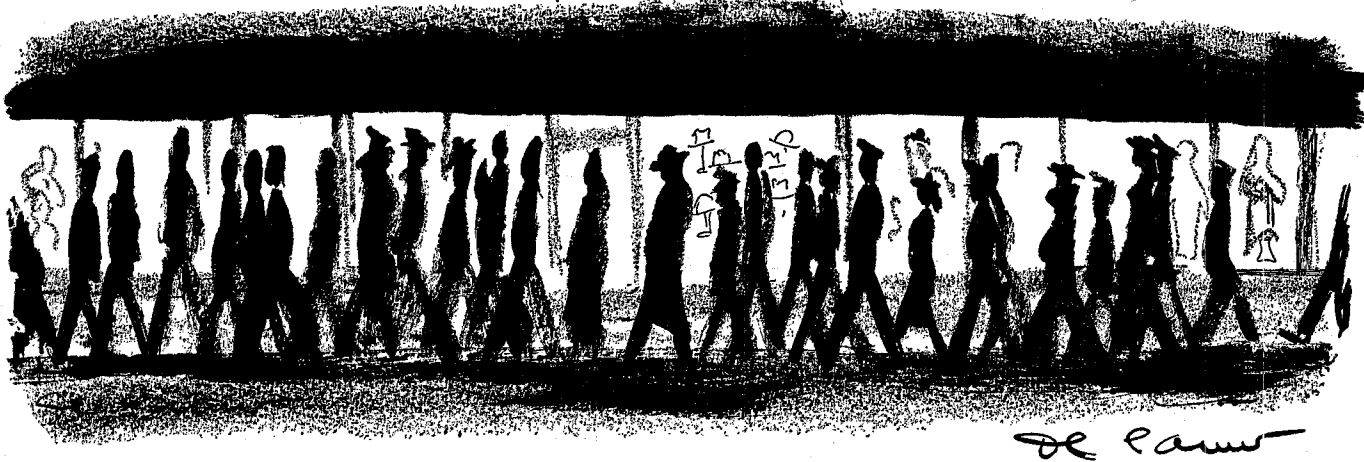
ROYALE, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
May 22: "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.
From May 23: "Maracaibo," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens, Rod Steiger.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," revival. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
To be announced.



EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

Through May 27 (tentative): "Children of Paradise" (in French), revival; and "The Storm Within" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.

From May 28 (tentative): "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan; and "Time Without Pity," Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)

Through May 24: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

May 25-27: "Girls on the Loose," Mara Corday, Lita Milan; and "Live Fast, Die Young," Mary Murphy.

From May 28: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through May 27 (tentative): "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Spanish Gardener," Dirk Bogarde, Jon Whiteley.

From May 28 (tentative): "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan; and "Time Without Pity," Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)

Through May 26: "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli; and "Decision at Sundown," Randolph Scott.

May 27: "The World Was His Jury," Edmond O'Brien, Mona Freeman; and "Domino Kid," Rory Calhoun.

From May 28: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "Short Cut to Hell," Robert Ivers.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)

ROUGE ET NOIR (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

"Too Much, Too Soon," Dorothy Malone, Errol Flynn.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)

Through May 24: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

May 25-27: "Girls on the Loose," Mara Corday, Lita Milan; and "Live Fast, Die Young," Mary Murphy.

From May 28: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)

Through May 25: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

From May 26: "Folies Bergère" (in French and English), Jeanmaire, Eddie Constantine.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)

Through May 25: "Uncle Vanya," Franchot Tone, Dolores Dorn-Heft.

From May 26: "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

Through May 27 (tentative): "How to Murder a Rich Uncle," Charles Coburn, Nigel Patrick; and "Full of Life," revival, Judy Holliday, Richard Conte.

From May 28 (tentative): "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan; and "Time Without Pity," Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

Through May 28: "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)

Through May 26: "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli; and "Decision at Sundown," Randolph Scott.

May 27: "The World Was His Jury," Edmond O'Brien, Mona Freeman; and "Domino Kid," Rory Calhoun.

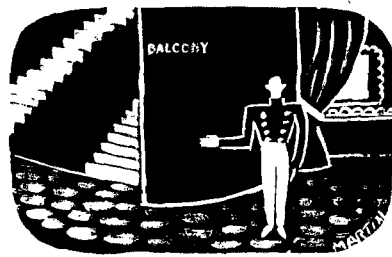
From May 28: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "Short Cut to Hell," Robert Ivers.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 70th. (BU 8-9468)

Through May 27 (tentative): "Bed of Grass" (in Greek), Anna Brazzou; and "08/15," Joachim Fuchsberger.

From May 28 (tentative): "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan; and "Time Without Pity," Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES



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				22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

Through May 27 (tentative): "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

From May 28 (tentative): "Bed of Grass" (in Greek), Anna Brazzou; and "08/15," Joachim Fuchsberger.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)

Through May 24: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

May 25-27: "Girls on the Loose," Mara Corday, Lita Milan; and "Live Fast, Die Young," Mary Murphy.

From May 28: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

Through May 25: "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli; and "Decision at Sundown," Randolph Scott.

May 26-27: "The World Was His Jury," Edmond O'Brien, Mona Freeman; and "Domino Kid," Rory Calhoun.

From May 28: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "Short Cut to Hell," Robert Ivers.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)

Through May 25: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Spanish Affair," Carmen Sevilla, Richard Kiley.

May 26-27: "THE SUN ALSO RISES, revival; and "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," revival, Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum.

From May 28: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Spanish Gardener," Dirk Bogarde, Jon Whiteley.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through May 27 (tentative): "The Swan," revival, Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness; and "The Tender Trap," revival, Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds.

From May 28 (tentative): "Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

"The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)

Through May 25: "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli; and "Decision at Sundown," Randolph Scott.

May 26-27: "The World Was His Jury," Edmond O'Brien, Mona Freeman; and "Domino Kid," Rory Calhoun.

From May 28: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "Short Cut to Hell," Robert Ivers.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)

Through May 27: "Bed of Grass" (in Greek), Anna Brazzou; and "08/15," Joachim Fuchsberger.

From May 28: "PRIVATE'S PROGRESS, revival; and "Adorable Creatures" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)

Through May 24: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

May 25-27: "Girls on the Loose," Mara Corday, Lita Milan; and "Live Fast, Die Young," Mary Murphy.

From May 28: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)

May 22: TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE, revival; and TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT, revival.

May 23-24: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Spanish Affair," Carmen Sevilla, Richard Kiley.

May 25: UNION PACIFIC, revival; and "Wild Harvest," revival, Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour.

May 26-27: THE PAJAMA GAME; and "The Joker Is Wild," Frank Sinatra, Mitzi Gaynor.

From May 28: THE SILENT WORLD, revival; and "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

"Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)

Through May 24: "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.

From May 25: "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

"Stage Struck," Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)

"Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)

"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)

Through May 27: THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

From May 28: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "Short Cut to Hell," Robert Ivers.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

May 22: "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin; and "Four Bags Full" (in French), Jean Gabin, Bourvil.

From May 23: "Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)

Through May 24: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

May 25-27: "Girls on the Loose," Mara Corday, Lita Milan; and "Live Fast, Die Young," Mary Murphy.

From May 28: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)

Through May 24: UNION PACIFIC, revival; and "Wild Harvest," revival, Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour.

May 25-27: "The World Was His Jury," Edmond O'Brien, Mona Freeman; and "Domino Kid," Rory Calhoun.

From May 28: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "Short Cut to Hell," Robert Ivers.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)

Through May 24: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

May 25-27: "Girls on the Loose," Mara Corday, Lita Milan; and "Live Fast, Die Young," Mary Murphy.

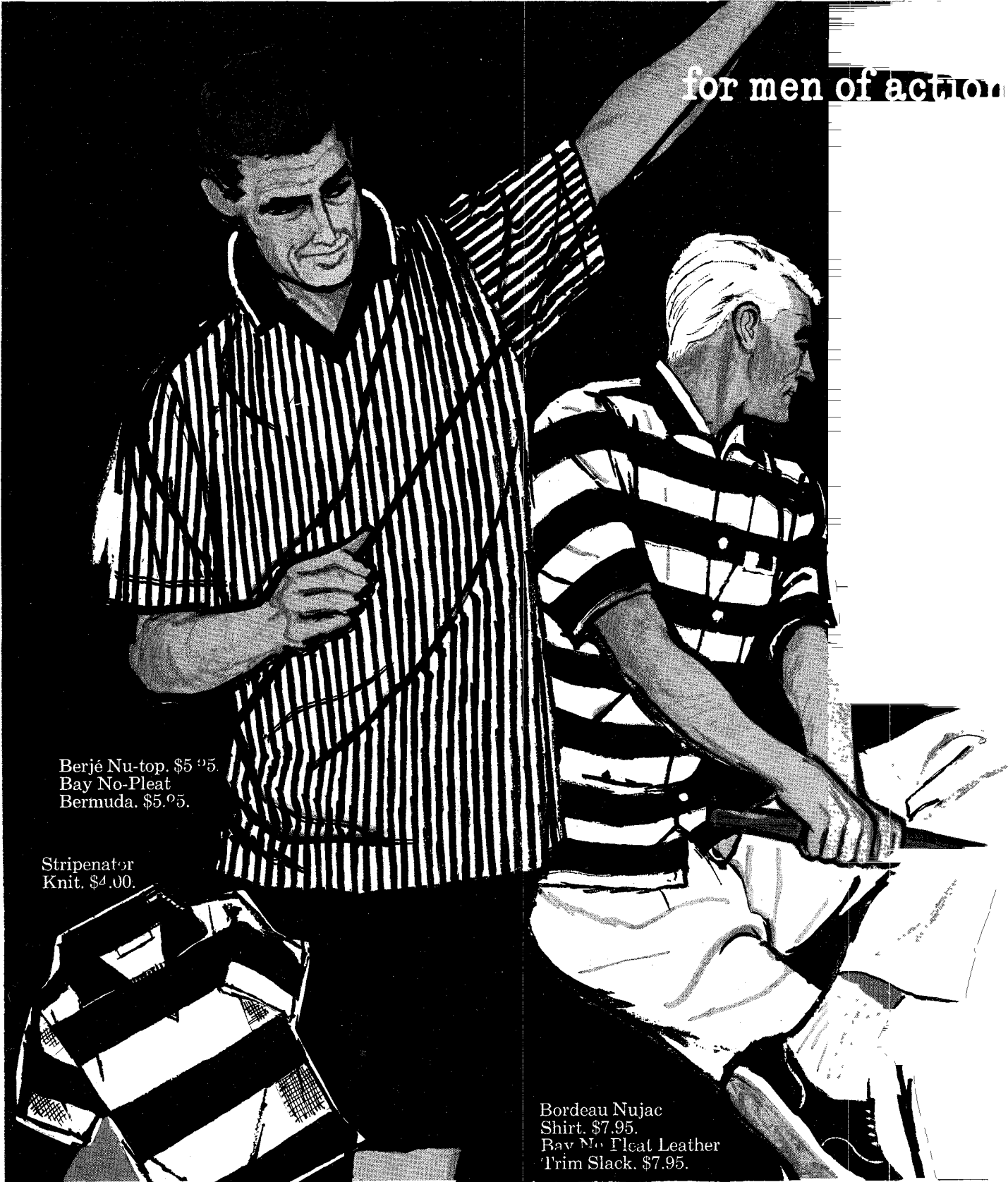
From May 28: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)

Through May 24: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

May 25-27: "Girls on the Loose," Mara Corday, Lita Milan; and "Live Fast, Die Young," Mary Murphy.

From May 28: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.



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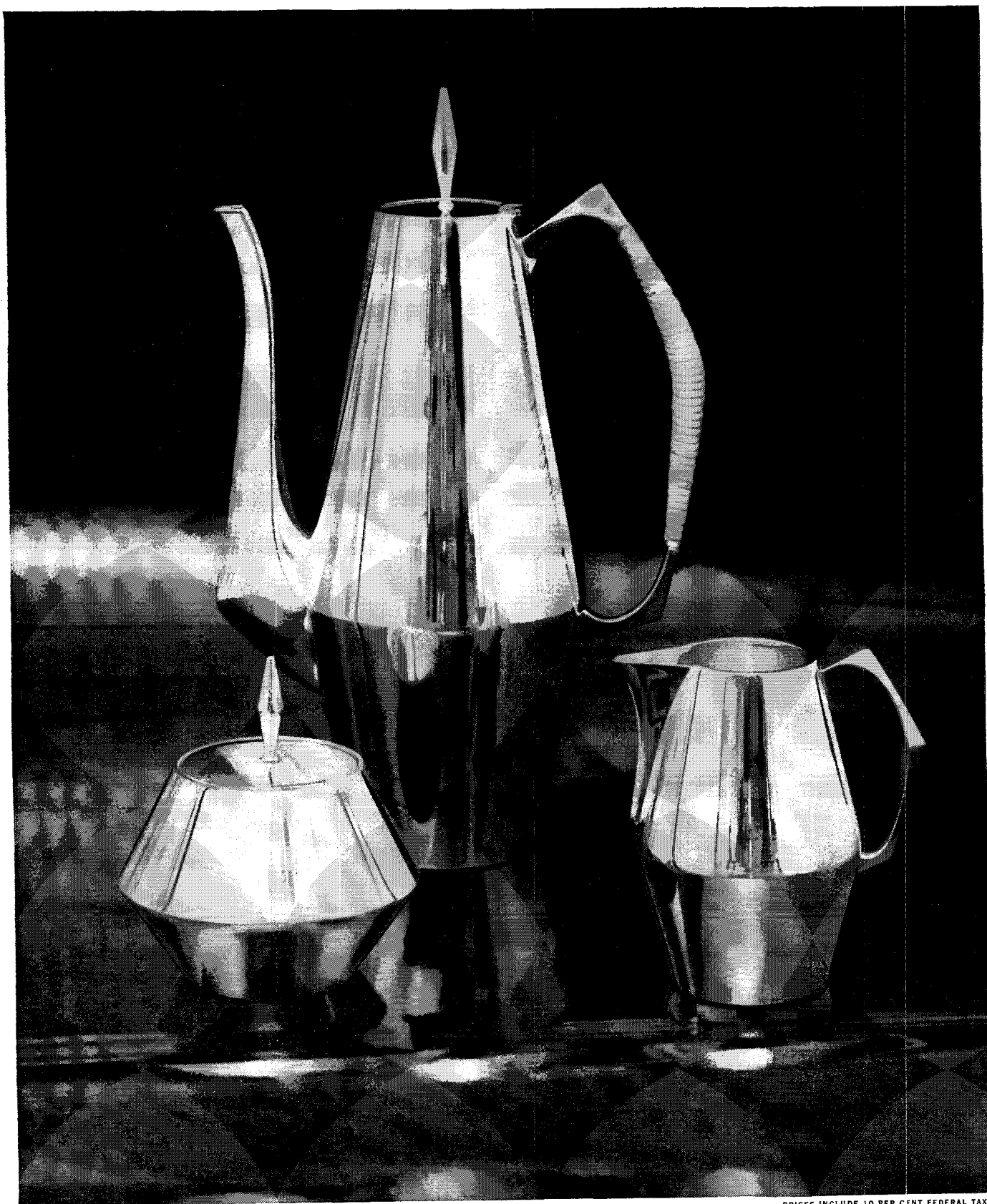


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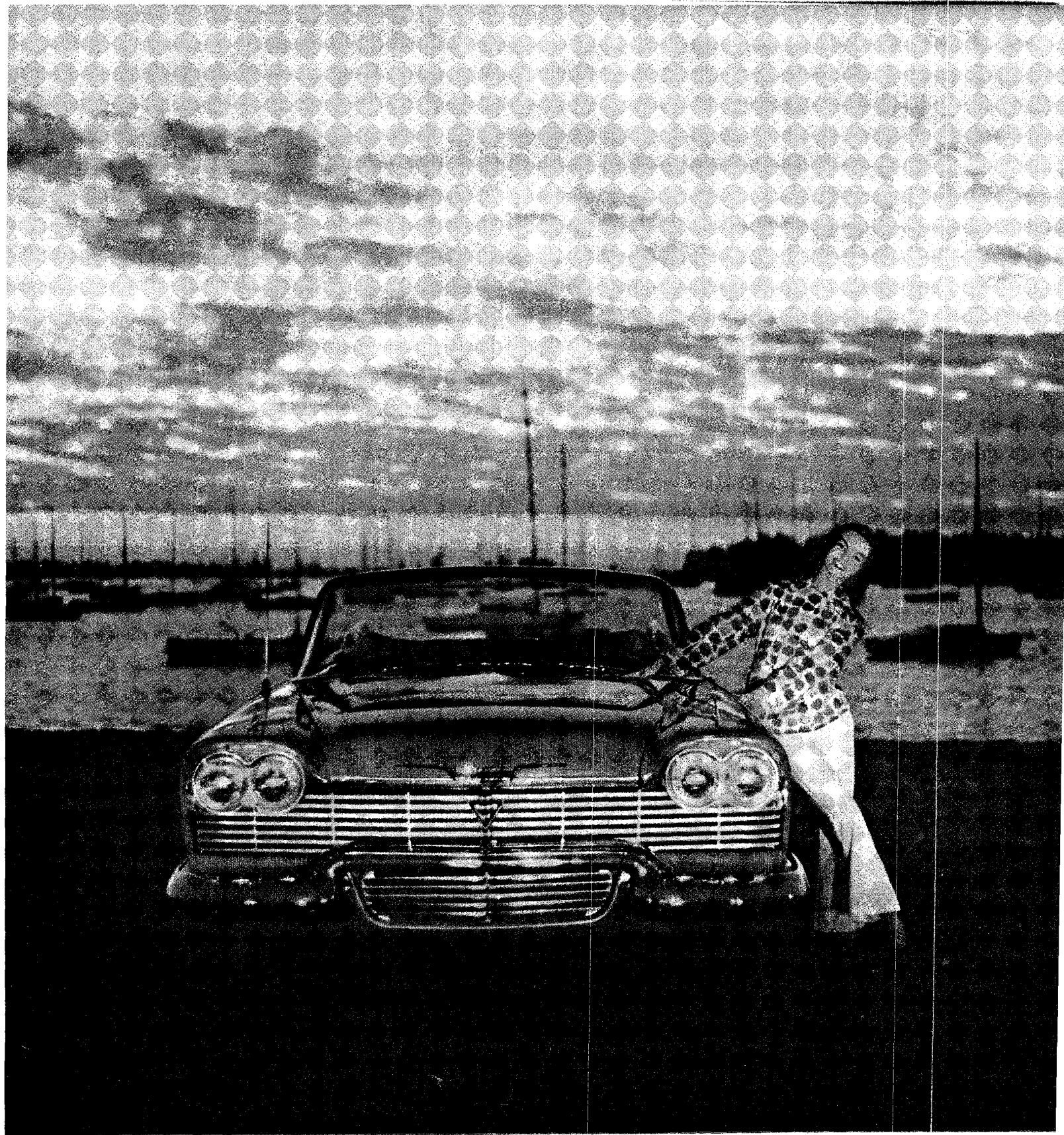
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE *Times*, the other day, reported the death, at the age of seventy-five, of Dr. Henry James Franklin, founder of Massachusetts' Experimental Cranberry Station, at East Wareham, who discovered, studied the life cycles of, and ultimately was able to triumph over pests "that in 1905 had all but wiped out the cranberry crop of Massachusetts," the obituary noted, and went on to characterize the 1905 crop as "parent of an industry that has spread to New Jersey, Wisconsin, Oregon and Washington, and on a lesser scale to Maine, Rhode Island, Michigan and Long Island." Although Dr. Franklin "never sought personal profit or fame . . . the American Cranberry Exchange's publication, *Cranberry World*, honored him with the title 'No. 1 Cranberry Specialist,'" we read, and felt a vagrant stirring of sadness and patriotism—for, of course, the cranberry, whose peril had theretofore escaped our attention, is as American a necessity as the autumnal turkey



in whose ritual it participates. The cranberry's sentimental value is botanically sound, the cranberry being one of only eight fruits credited by our young son's "Golden Treasury of Natural History" with being indigenous to our continent. (The others are the gooseberry, blueberry, and grape—all, including the grape, true berries—and the strawberry, blackberry, red raspberry, and western dewberry, which for some reason are not true berries but are all considerably more appealing than the only indigenous North American vegetables recognized by the volume, the tepary bean and the Jerusalem artichoke.)

The *Times* said Dr. Franklin had been educated as an entomologist and "while fighting other insects, he encouraged the bumble bee," because of its preëminence as a pollinator of crops. We have filed away a mental note to raise a toast next Thanksgiving to Dr. Henry James Franklin, diffident savior of the cranberry (a true berry) and encourager of the bumble bee, and to the balanced state of the nation for which he and the *Times'* discerning obituary writer both stand.

Contact

BLOODY awful cricket weather lately, what? Three of five fixtures in which the touring Pakistan Test Team was recently scheduled to play hereabouts were rained out, another was rained on, and upon only one game did the local heavens deign to beam. Equipped with a thermos of Darjeeling, we went up to Downing Stadium, on Randalls Island, to see at least that one sunny match, which was sponsored by the People-to-People Sports Committee, and found the stands decorously alive with some fifteen hundred cricket fans, mostly expatriate Englishmen, British West Indians, and other Commonwealth folk, and including Prince Aly Khan and a scattering of sari-clad young Pakistani belles with a passion for ice-cream bars. When the white-flannel-trousered New York eleven—most of them West Indian Americans—had assumed their places about the grounds, the Prince stepped up to the pitch and ceremonially bowled the first ball. Cries of "Superbly bowled!" and "Shabash!" ("Hooray!" in Urdu, the Pakistani state tongue) rattled the wickets. The Pakistani club, which was first at the wicket, unhurriedly rolled up something like one hundred and sixty runs in the two hours before the tea break, using only three batsmen in the process. Shortly after tea, they confidently "declared,"

taking the field and yielding their places at bat—or in the batting creases—to the locals, and that's about as much as we got out of the proceedings, except that the Americans took a frightful shellacking.

In the course of the afternoon, though, we learned from Saied Ahmed Khan, the non-playing manager of the visiting team, that back home the sport is second in popularity only to field hockey, at which his country surpasses all others, except India, and that a big cricket match will fill the sixty-thousand-seat Karachi Stadium. "Cricket is the great unifying force of the Commonwealth," said Ahmed Khan, a swarthy, round-chested retired cricket star, who is also Pakistan's Deputy Inspector General of Police. "We have been touring the cricket-playing countries for the past nine months. The West Indies Test Team—all-star team, as you would say—just took a five-game rubber from us. The ground was too hard down there, and the climate too hot. Here the ground is too soft, and the weather—" He shrugged discreetly, and went on to indicate that, like any other rained-out ball club, his squad had been spending a good bit of their stay in New



York lounging around hotel lobbies. They had also done a little sightseeing on their own, and one day were taken up to tour the *Reader's Digest* plant, in Chappaqua. "Very instructive," he said.

One evening, as we knew, the visitors had been guests at the home of the chairman of the People-to-People Sports Committee, Colonel Edward P. F. Eagan (who—we had been interested to notice in perusing some Committee literature—has found it necessary to re-



"Now?"

• •

assure hesitant prospective coöperators in the American sporting world that his is *not* some sort of Communist-front organization). It wasn't until the next night, though, shortly before their departure for Boston and Canada, that the Pakistanis got down to some grass-roots People-to-People contact. A small dance was held for them at the Pearl Primus Dance Studio, on West Twenty-fourth Street, and we were invited to attend by the host, a local West Indian acquaintance named Percy Borde, who is both a cricketer himself and Miss Primus's partner. By the time we arrived, the party was already thumpingly under way. The studio, a large, bare-floored room with African masks, gourds, and drums decorating the walls, was jammed with West Indians and their guests from the East, all ostrich-stepping spiritedly in their stocking feet to the music of a three-

piece steel band. It took us several minutes to recognize Borde in the crush. Instead of the cricket whites that we had become used to seeing him in, he was wearing tatter-legged Caribbean trousers and had a striped blanket thrown over bare shoulders.

After a bit, Borde signalled for quiet, cleared the floor, and announced the start of an entertainment in honor of the visitors. Then, flinging off the blanket to reveal an imposingly sculptured light-brown upper torso, he skillfully performed several esoteric muscle-rolling dances, among them what he identified as the Limbo, the Caco, and the Bongo. The Pakistanis, to say nothing of the ladies in the audience, responded with loud applause, and one of the visiting cricketers, curly-haired and dark-mustached, was moved to leap up, slip on a pair of ankle-bell bands, and reciprocate with a jingling Pakistani clog, which,

thanks to the enthusiasm of his bongo-drum accompanists, took on a distinctly Afro-Caribbean flavor. The program was rounded out with vocal numbers. A calypso singer told a saucy tale called "Thirteen-Year-Old Neighbor;" a teen-age hillbilly guitar player popped up from someplace to sing about a girl named Delia; the drummers sang what Borde said were Shango chants; and he himself did justice to a couple of other Caribbean songs, including a Haitian father's lament over his "*petit moi malade*," or, according to the performer's running translation, "sick little boy," in which the deity ("*gau-gau*") and the very leaves of the forest ("*feuille o*") are called upon for succor. The Pakistanis looked properly touched.

After the show, black-eyed beans and rice (Creole style, and cooked by Miss Primus herself) and fruit punch

(with "fire," or Jamaican rum, for the infidels, and without, for the Moslem guests) were served, calypso records were played, and the dancing began again, more spiritedly than ever. Between sets, we had a chat with the mustached ankle-bell clogger, who had just been doing a mean merengue with an astonished West Indian girl. He told us that his name is Rahman, that he owns a thriving machine-tool business and a beautiful home in Lahore, and that he is a medium-pace bowler. "My arm is sore from two hours of throwing this afternoon," he said, lifting his right arm gingerly, "but my legs are unaffected. Ha! You Americans think we are backward. Observe this!" And Rahman mamboed his partner away with the assurance of a Harvest Moon Ball finalist.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A movie theatre in Aspen, Colorado, has this sign in its box-office window: "Adults: 50 cents. Children Under 12: 50 cents."

Odd Stuff from Irving

AT the corner of Irving Place and Seventeenth Street stands an old house in which, according to a plaque near the entrance, Washington Irving wrote portions of "Oliver Goldsmith" and "Mahomet and His Successors." Its basement is now an art gallery that exhibits the work of contemporary painters and sculptors, and not long ago a couple of elderly ladies dropped in and spent some time peering at the works of art on display. The more they saw, the more bewildered they appeared to become. Finally, one of them summoned the gallery's director. "If Washington Irving did all of these," she said, "I just don't know how he got around to finishing any books."

Room

THIS is the time of year when girls and boys who have applied for admission to college receive their letters of acceptance or rejection—a time that is infinitely more nerve-racking now than it was in our day, and is almost sure to get worse with each

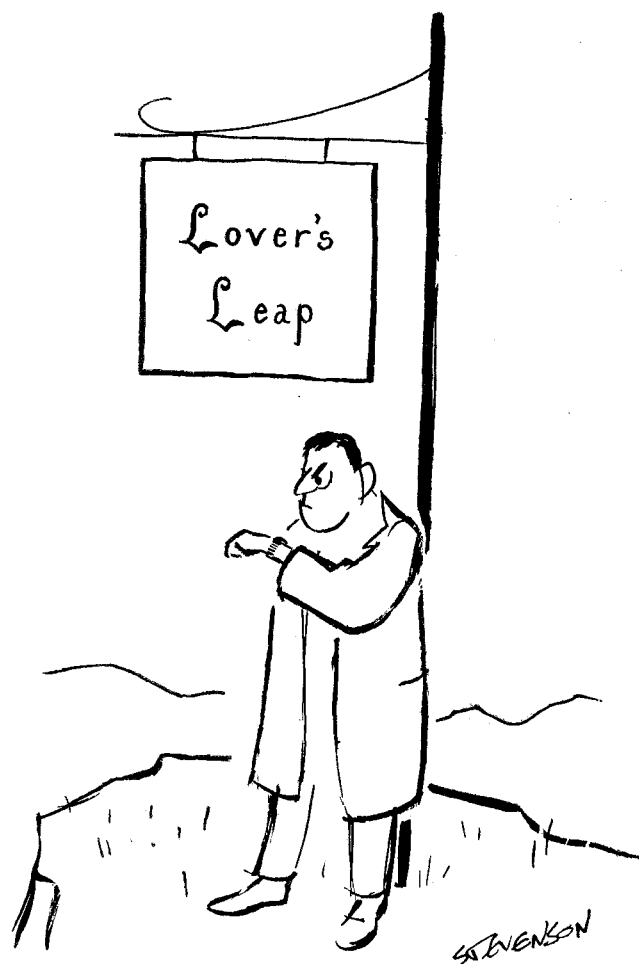
succeeding year. Not that the situation is *quite* as grim as the girls and boys who have been waiting for the mail would have you believe; we've been looking into the subject, and it turns out that while it is very hard indeed to get into some colleges, it is comparatively easy to get into others. Moreover, many of these other colleges are capable of providing a first-rate education; they have vacancies not because they are unworthy but because they are unfashionable, or even unknown. The number of young people entering college goes up by tens of thousands every fall, but there's still plenty of room for all comers; the trick is to make the applicants and the colleges aware of one another's existence.

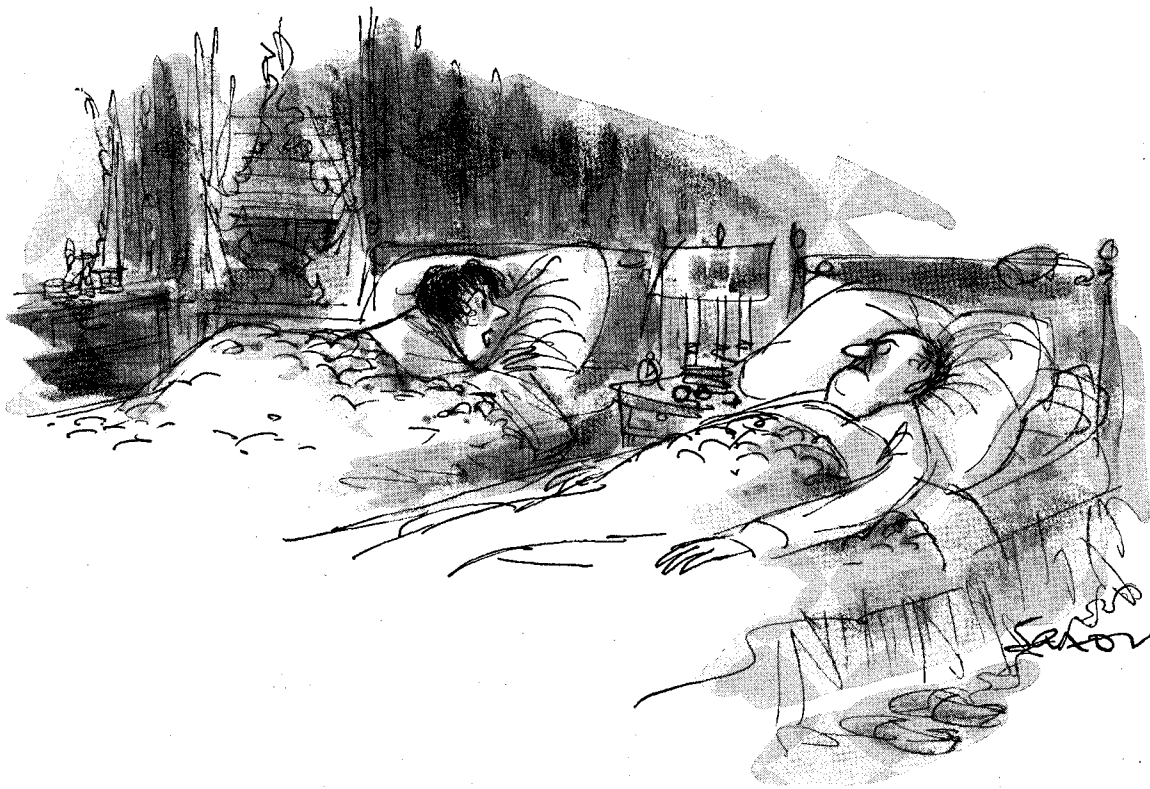
First off, some stupendous figures. The United States Office of Education affirms that there are no fewer than eighteen hundred and eighty-six colleges and universities in this country, and that their enrollment for the current year is over three million students. This is the fourth consecutive year of record enrollments, and the records will presumably keep on being broken until about 1965, when the greatest number of so-called war babies, born in the nineteen-forties, will be of college age. Of the section of the population that was of college age in 1900, less

than five per cent were actually in college. In 1940, the figure had risen to a little over fifteen per cent; last year it was thirty-two per cent. Last year was the first year in which there had ever been over two million men in college, and the second in which there had been over a million women. Less than half of these students are in private colleges. As for coeducation, two hundred and twenty-three colleges are classed as colleges for men and two hundred and forty-nine as colleges for women, but the distinction is not very strict; Radcliffe girls attend courses at Harvard, and Sarah Lawrence once found room for a handful of men. Publicly owned colleges and universities are, of course, predominantly coeducational, like life itself.

New York has more colleges than any other state—a hundred and fifty-three. California comes second, with a hundred and thirty-eight, and Pennsylvania third, with a hundred and eighteen. There are twenty-five colleges in the District of Columbia and one in Nevada. New York City has forty-nine, which is not only far more than any other city but more than any one of thirty-six states—more, indeed, than Montana, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Idaho combined. There are a hundred and seventy-five thousand students currently enrolled in New York City colleges. The smallest of our local colleges is the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, which has about ten students a year. We can't boast that this is the smallest college in the country, though. The Portland School of Music, in Portland, Oregon, reported an enrollment of seven students last year and the Southern College of Fine Arts, in Houston, reported an enrollment of three. Of the six biggest colleges in the country, four are in New York State; biggest of the biggest is the University of California, which in 1957 had an enrollment of 41,598 students. The University of Minnesota had 35,852, New York University had 31,068, the State University of New York had 29,883, City College, in New York, had 28,181, and Columbia had 26,787.

Among the colleges that have had vacancies this year





"What makes you think you have some kind of monopoly on insomnia?"

are the University of Alabama and Ohio State, each of which could have taken a couple of thousand more students; N.Y.U., which could have taken twelve hundred; the University of Chicago, which could have taken five hundred and fifty; and the Carnegie Institute of Technology, which could have taken fifty. Some time ago, the Dean of Admissions at Wesleyan conducted a survey of two hundred small colleges and discovered that a hundred and fifty of them were looking for more students; some of the colleges went so far as to ask the Dean for the names of students that Wesleyan had turned down. Nearly all the colleges that are hard to get into are in what has come to be called the Ivy League. Yale, Harvard, and Princeton are the best-known of these colleges and are probably the hardest to get into; for every freshman accepted at Yale, three are turned away.

In winding up our report, we'd like to say a few words about that term "Ivy League." It appears that back in the early thirties the late Caswell Adams, then a sportswriter on the *Herald Tribune*, used the phrase "ivy colleges," and his associate Stanley Woodward transformed it into "Ivy League." Woodward applied this to a particular group of colleges that have long been accustomed to play football together and that make up what is now

known officially as the Ivy League (Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Brown, Dartmouth, Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia), but the term has since been unofficially broadened to cover some fifty-odd colleges here in the Northeast; it has also been debauched by advertising copywriters, many of whom have never seen ivy. They attach the label indiscriminately to haberdashery, automobiles, and practically anything else they have to sell. Alas, it has even become possible to buy an Ivy League toupee.

On the House

A FRIEND of ours decided last fall to put a new shingle roof on his summer cottage, at Black Point, Connecticut, and entrusted the job to the local carpenter, to be completed during the winter. Our friend's wife, not a very trusting type, recommended that the bar supplies in the cottage be removed to Manhattan while the repairs were under way. Her husband said no, on the ground that this would be insulting to the carpenter, a fiery old Calvinist who held strong views on liquor. Furthermore, he pointed out, the carpenter was deaf as a post, and so beyond any voice of temptation raised by his occasionally bibulous helper. Last weekend, the couple went up to Black Point to open the cottage for the season,

and in the course of gathering kindling for the living-room fireplace our friend came across a scrap of discarded shingle that caused him to revise his opinion of fiery old Calvinists. Pencilled on it in the helper's large, primitive hand was the query "You want yours with soda or plain water?"

Forests Uptown

THE country is all very well in its way, but if you want to see a really soul-satisfying bunch of forests, or forest sites, without getting gnats in your nose, spider webs in your hair, or poison ivy all over, the place to go is the Museum of Natural History, which has just opened a five-hundred-thousand-dollar,

ten-years-in-the-making, one-hundred-thousand-man-hour, paper-, wax-, and plastic-leaf, real-branch-and-shrub Hall of North American Forests, comprising, among others, white and black spruce; balsam fir; white and red oak; black gum; red, long-leaf, loblolly and Jeffrey pine; quaking aspen; paper birch; bush honeysuckle; beech; sugar maple; sweet buckeye; bald cypress; giant cactus and tulip; dwarf palmetto; sassafras; and redwood—all attractively arranged in habitat groups characteristic of Canada, New Hampshire, New York, Tennessee, South Carolina, Missouri, Arizona, Colorado, Montana, California, and Washington, State of. We showed up for the preview of these marvels in the company of a forest of ladies in floral hats, and—after listening to speeches in the Seventy-seventh Street rotunda by President Alexander M. White; Director Albert E. Parr; Vegetation Studies Chief Jack McCormick, who fixed the hall up; John H. Hinman, chairman of the board of the International Paper Company, which sponsored seven of the exhibits; and Dr. Richard E. McArdle, Chief of the United States Forest Service—traipsed through the Warburg Memorial Hall of Nature Near New York (local forests) and into the new, continent-wide hall, which was brightened for the occasion by waiters bearing trays of drinks and sandwiches.

"These two halls are the first of a series of four," said Mr. McCormick, whom we encountered in front of the Jeffrey Pine Forest Group of Eastern California. "We plan to follow them with a Hall of General Botany and a Hall of Insects. The forest is a living community, not just trees and plants, so we've put in animals, including insects. We've tried not to *pose* them but to show them as they might appear if they didn't know anyone was present. Note the wildcat slinking around that rock, looking for prey and frightening a chipmunk. It's about as unobtrusive as a wildcat can be."

Peering closely, we made out a warbler, a woodpecker, a towhee, a grasshopper, a robber fly, some ants, and a squirrel, and, sleeping on the trunk of a Jeffrey pine, a largish moth.

"Pandora moth," Mr. McCormick said. "The caterpillar feeds on the pine needles. It comes down to pupate. The Indians used to dig a trough in the ground at the bottom of the tree to trap the caterpillars, and then they'd eat them. You can still see these troughs in Mono County, from which this exhibit was taken."

We seized a turkey sandwich from a passing tray and turned to the Northern Spruce-Fir Forest Group of Ontario, where we saw an otter, a thrush, a woodpecker, an eagle, a moose, a couple of metallic-blue blister beetles, and some Indian pipes and asters. We turned to face a lady with identical-looking asters on her hat.

"Coincidence," she said, noting our stare. "Have you seen what some of the others are wearing here? I've spotted lilies of the valley, laurel, white trillium, wild strawberry, wild cherry, wintergreen, dogwood, and pearly everlasting on hats; skunk, fox, mink, baum-marten, and ermine stoles; bluebird, blackbird, and pheasant feathers; and hats shaped like mushrooms. Coals to Newcastle, wouldn't you say?"

"I'm not altogether satisfied with some of our butterflies," Mr. McCormick said as we paused before the Mixed Hardwood Forest Group of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, Sevier County, Tennessee. "I think these two swallowtails are O.K., and so is that mourning cloak that the shrew has just caught, but there's a little sulphur and a Gulf fritillary in the Southeastern Coastal Plain Group that seem too obviously suspended on wires. We're going to take them out."

We followed Mr. McCormick past "Stories a Stump Can Tell," where a

cross-section of the oldest tree in the world, a California bristlecone pine of 2550 B.C., was telling a tree-ring tale of fire, landslide, windstorm, and sickness and health, and past a plastic relief vegetation map of North America, fifteen feet by eleven, to "Life on the Forest Floor," a nightmare of twenty-four-times-enlarged shrubbery, five-and-a-half-foot millepedes, three-foot daddy longlegs, and some enormous ants and earthworms. "The heat began to bring a lot of real insects out of the branches when this was installed," Mr. McCormick said. "We had to poison them, with a mixture of glycerin, Formalin, and water. Ironical."

We thanked Mr. McCormick and followed a lady with daisies on her hat to the street.

Sign Here

WHILE being shown through the United Nations Building the other day, a young Middle Western

matron who has friends on the U.N. staff was introduced to the secretary of Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld. She promptly asked the secretary of the Secretary if she could possibly get the autograph of the head man. In response, she was handed a small card. She was about to read it when Mr. Hammarskjöld himself strode into the office. Slightly flustered but still determined, the young matron thrust the card upon him and begged for an autograph. Mr. Hammarskjöld looked at her quizzically, murmured "This is rather unusual," and wrote his name. Not until she was on the way back to her hotel in a cab did she have a chance to examine the card. On it was printed, "The Secretary-General of the United Nations deeply regrets that the heavy burden of his official duties prevents him from complying with the many requests which he receives for his autograph," and underneath was scrawled the signature "Dag Hammarskjöld."



"Would you care to step out into the garden with me? Sputnik III is due over in ten minutes."

HOW THE MONONGAHELA RAILROAD GOT ITS SPOTS, AND OTHER STORIES

(AFTER A QUICK PLUNGE INTO "MY OWN STORY," BY BERNARD BARUCH)

THERE is not a man in this country, I suppose, who, at one time or another, has not felt the desire to own a large transcontinental railroad. For many years, however, my own connection with "railroading," as it was then called, remained largely that of a looker-on. In fact, not until I was seventeen was I chosen as director of any major road, and not before I was twenty-three, as I recall, did I actually "own" my first line. My experience, I imagine, has been no different from most other men's in this respect.

True, from the very first months I started work in "Wall Street," as New York was then called, I had set my sights on owning a railroad. I felt I was reasonably bright for my age, and had a good head for figures. These, I knew, were the qualities chiefly responsible for the success of such railroad giants as "John" Gates, "Jay" Gould, and "Edward" Harriman. Most of my father's friends had railroads, as, indeed, did several men who were not. That, of course, was one of the principal difficulties I confronted as a young man in those days. Most of the railroads were already owned outright, or at least spoken for. Clearly, therefore, I would

have to *buy* a railroad from someone else, preferably from someone who already had two.

One afternoon, as it happened, I was lunching with a few friends (Darius Mills, "Jay" Gould, Herman Sielcken, and "William" Crocker) at the old Winter Palace, where I believe the Pennsylvania Station now stands. In those days, I might add, it was not at all unusual for a "younger man" like myself to lunch with a number of people at once. Between courses, I put the matter straightforwardly to Gould, who, I knew, had several railroads.

When I had finished my proposition, the great financier produced a pencil and paper, and asked me what funds I had at my disposal. I replied quickly that I was then earning seven dollars a week from my job with Bascomb & Bitterley and was confident of a substantial raise before the end of the year.

"Young man," said Mr. Gould (and I shall never forget his words), "that is not enough."

The reader will readily appreciate my subsequent shame and mortification. I had attempted to "wrest control" of a railroad from the mighty Gould and had been rebuffed. I determined never

again to be without a proper supply of "venture capital," and may I take this opportunity to advise every boy and girl in America today to do the same.

IT was not long after this that I chanced to be having lunch at the old Gaiety Gardens (lately replaced by the Museum of Natural History) with Seeley W. Mudd, "Woodrow" Wilson, Middleton Burrill, "Jacob" Field, and others. I had just read in the papers that morning that the new German push had crossed the Marne, and I put it to Wilson directly that the international situation was "in a bad way."

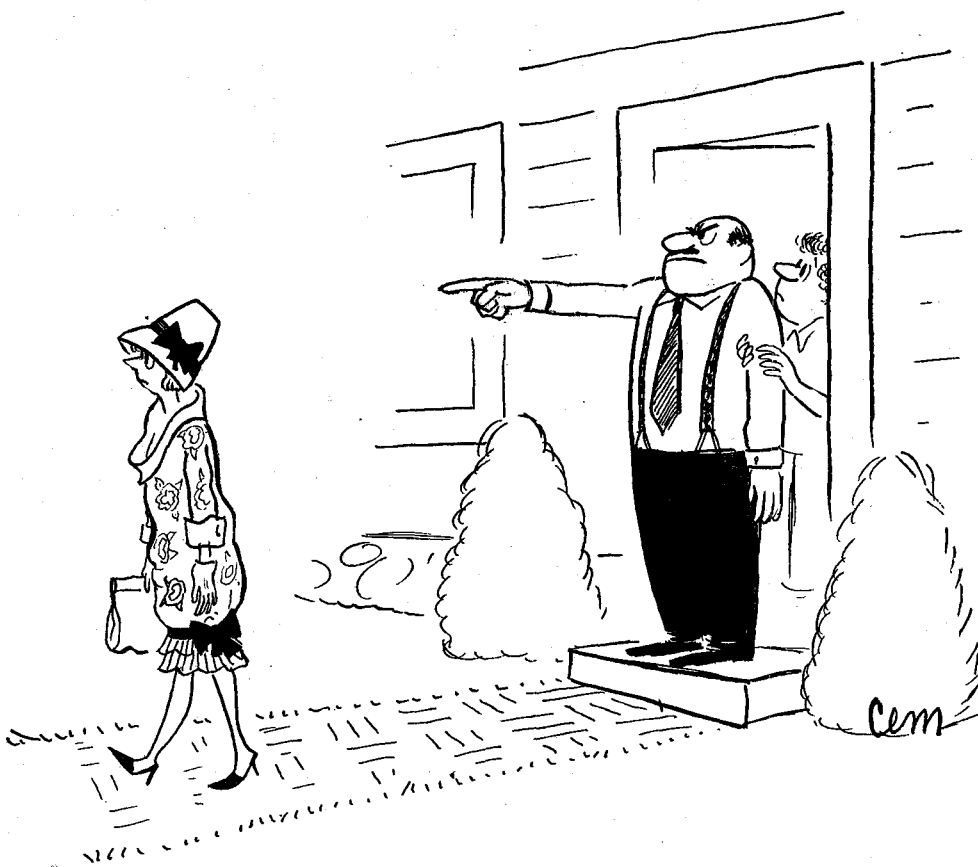
"Oh, not so bad," Wilson rejoined. But from the way he said it I could tell that he was troubled.

On returning to the Exchange, I met young Charles "Tweezer" Munn at the door. "Come on," he said. "We are going to bid up National Axe."

I had always regarded the National Axe Company as a sound property, but it had been faltering badly of late under heavy selling pressure from the Morgan interests. I then had twenty-three dollars of capital, and Munn lent me ten dollars, which I was able to use as "margin." We purchased large blocks of shares at 35 and began bidding up the stock as fast as we could.

By one-thirty, the price reached 73. By two o'clock, it had gone to 97. Chauncey Stoddard, once high-hurdles champion at Colgate and now head of the notorious "Hardware Trust," was reported speeding downtown by private tramway. At a quarter to three, Harry Matson arrived to inform us that Morgan, then aboard the Corsair, in drydock, was willing to buy us out at 112. I undid my collar and turned it around—a private signal to Munn that we should hold fast. Munn nodded, and we refused Morgan's offer. The next day, the Exchange was closed as America entered the war (a war, I might add, that I have deplored to this day), and I held one of the strongest positions on the street.

I decided to approach Gould again. It was late in the afternoon, and after a pleasant lunch with Gates, James Duke, and Olga Nethersole I was having a second, later lunch with "Jim" Fiske, "Fingy" Connors, and "Professor" Kittredge at the old Hotel Marguerite, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first





"Is that all it means to you, Smythely? Scrambled eggs for the whole expedition?"

Street (now Lexington and Sixty-eighth). During brandy, while Fiske was in the middle of one of his famous "rebate" stories, I put the matter once again to Gould, who was sitting close by. "I should like to buy one of your railroads," I said.

Gould produced his paper and pencil once more, and fixed me with a penetrating stare. "Which one?" he snapped.

I knew that a moment's hesitation and the deal would be "off." The com-

pany fell silent as I was forced to match wits with the great financier.

"The largest," I said.

Gould lowered his eyes to the table. It was his way of acknowledging defeat. It turned out that I had "bought" the Monongahela & Plattsburg Railroad, and after quickly working out the terms to the nearest decimal point I went off to claim the property. I have never regretted it to this day.

Years later, while lunching with the Prince of Wales, "Kaiser" Wilhelm,

and David Sarnoff at a table where Gould was also present, I chose to remind him of that earlier exchange.

"I was a good deal younger then," he said, and we both fell silent at the undeniable truth of the remark.

—M. J. ARLEN

When a deceased has no will, or dies "interstate," as the law calls it...—*Houston Southwestern Argus*.

Great phrasemaker, the law.

BETTER THAN DEAD

WHAT made me first care for my husband was that he was so kind to me. It was a very difficult time for me; I think it is a difficult time for every girl when she is first married and taken away from her own home to go and live with her husband's family. I had been happy and excited when my parents arranged my marriage for me, because, like every girl, I was eager to be a bride. But when the marriage festivities were over, and it was time for me to be sent away with the stranger who was now my husband, then I was very much frightened. I was thirteen years old at the time, and I had never been out of the village where my father had his land. But now I had to go all the way to Delhi and live with my husband's family in a house in the middle of the city. Everything there was so different from my own home, and I longed for my mother and my younger sisters and our courtyard, where we sat together doing our household work. I had not known before how happy I had been at home. Outside the house where we lived, there was a big old tree, to which one of my brothers had tied a swing for us; we sat on this swing and swung up high among the leaves of the tree, and we laughed, and sometimes we sang songs. I think we were laughing and singing most of the time. In my husband's house, there was also a lot of laughing, but it was different. Everybody there was so big. There were my husband's brothers—five of them—and they were all taller than anyone I had ever seen before, and their shoulders were broader and their chests wider and their voices louder. Their wives also were big and with loud voices, and so were my mother-in-law and my sisters-in-law. All were tall and big, and all ate a lot and shouted; sometimes their shouting was in fun and sometimes it was in anger, but to me it always sounded the same, and it always frightened me. I was frightened most of the time. I sat in a corner and hoped nobody would see me or speak to me. They were never unkind to me, but, all the same, I was frightened. I felt so small and weak that I thought if they wanted to they could crush me and I would be dead.

My husband was not as big as the others. His hands—even though he is a carpenter and works with them all the time—are like a woman's, and so are

his feet; his voice is low and gentle. But at that time—seven years ago, when we were first married—I was frightened of him, too. Perhaps I was even more afraid of him than of the others, because he was my husband and therefore my master, and could do with me what he liked. I had always been told that a woman's husband is her god, and that she must worship him and obey him in everything. I knew that some husbands were very bad to their wives, so I was afraid of what he might do to me. When he spoke to me, I trembled and my heart beat loudly and I could never answer him. "What is it?" he would say. "What is the matter? Please tell me." But I could never speak. And what to tell him? How could I tell him, "I am frightened and unhappy; please send me home again"? He might be angry with me; they might all be angry with me, and then what would I do? So I sat quiet and said nothing, though he said, over and over again, "Please tell me what is the matter." His voice was sweet and gentle as he spoke to me, and so was his face as he looked at me, but I never realized this, because I was so frightened that I could hear only the beating of my heart and a rushing in my ears.

Once he really was angry—not with me but with the others. "What are you all doing to her," he said, "to make her sit day and night like this in a corner?"

Then they all shouted with their loud voices—my mother-in-law and my sisters-in-law. "What do we do?" they shouted. "All day we beg her to come and sit with us, come and eat with us, but never can we get her out of her corner!" It was true; they did try to make me come to them, but I felt safe

only by myself, as far away from them as possible.

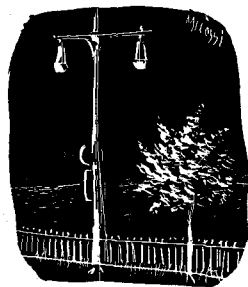
"You are frightening her!" my husband shouted. It was the first time I had heard him shout, for he was usually very quiet.

"Son," cried my mother-in-law, "I swear to you"—and she beat her fist against her heart so hard I thought surely she must have hurt herself—"swear to you we try to be kind to her!" My sisters-in-law, too, shouted, and then my brothers-in-law joined in—all of them standing there facing one another and roaring like lions. I thought at any moment they would turn and tear me to pieces, and I was so fright-

ened that I began to scream. I hid my face behind my hands and I screamed. I couldn't help myself. My husband lifted me up and carried me and laid me on a bed. Then I was so tired I went to sleep; I think he stayed sitting on the bed, looking at me, but I can't be sure. Anyway, when I woke up next morning he was no longer sitting there.

It was a few days after this that he came home one evening from his work and said to me, "Pack up your things." I got up and I wrapped my things into a bundle, and we left the house together. I thought he was taking me home to my parents' house, and though that was what I had wanted most ever since my marriage, now I felt hurt and ashamed. I knew it was the greatest shame a woman can endure to be sent back to her parents' house. But soon I noticed that he was not taking me to the railway station. I knew the station was near the house, but now we seemed to be walking a much longer way. We walked through many narrow roads, all crowded with shops and people, and there were bullock carts and cycle rickshaws going down the middle of the road, and sometimes also cars came, hooting loudly, so that I had to walk close to the wall. My husband went in front of me, clearing a path for me through the crowd; I kept my eyes fixed on his back, for I was afraid of losing him. What would happen to me if I lost him or if he decided to abandon me now in the street? I would never be able to find my way back to the house, and I would be quite alone and forsaken in Delhi, where I knew no one except my husband and his family. So I kept as close behind him as I could; he was like a friend to me in all that crowd of strangers. Once he stopped at a sweetmeat shop and bought a few sweetmeats for me. I ate them as I walked behind him.

At last, he went into a doorway beside a tailor's shop, and I followed him up a very dark and narrow staircase. Once I stumbled, and he put out his hand to me; I held it, and then it was easier for me to climb the stairs. We stopped at one door, and he took out a key and opened the door, and we walked into a room. There were two beds in the room, and in one corner there was a place to make a fire for cooking, and a few cooking utensils, which were shining and new. My husband said, "This is where we shall live. Only you and I." He saw that I did not understand him, so he made me sit down and he talked to me for a long time. He talked about how he believed that husband and wife should be alone, away from their families, and how they should make their



own life and be free and happy. But though I did not understand most of what he was saying, I noticed he was talking in a gentle, kind way, so I was not at all afraid of him. And I began to think that perhaps he would be good to me and that it might be possible for me to be happy living with him.

HE went to his work every morning and came home at night, and I cooked for him and cleaned our room. At first, it was very strange for me to be alone, without a family; in my own home there had always been so many of us—my grandmother and my parents and uncles and brothers and sisters—and in my husband's house there had been his brothers and their families. But after a time I became used to being alone with my husband, and I even began to like it. My husband gave me money for our food, and I went out and bought a little store of rice and flour and lentils; and sometimes I went to buy vegetables at the bazaar, where I bargained with the shopkeepers and kept a sharp lookout to make sure that they gave me only fresh things and weighed them right. And I swept out our room and rolled up our bedding neatly in a corner and made everything sweet and nice.

There was a water tap in the courtyard, where all the women in the house came to get water. Often they quarrelled about who would fill her bucket first. I always let everyone else go before me, so that they could not quarrel with me, for I was rather afraid of all the shouting and abuse. But when I was alone, cooking my husband's food or cleaning out our room, then I sang the way I had sung in my father's house. Only it was different from my father's house, because all the time I was waiting, impatient and waiting, for night to come; and when I heard his step on the stairs, my heart beat loudly, but now it was no longer beating in fear.

I remember the time I was expecting my first child. Though it was such a happy time for me, when I think back on it now I begin to cry. I cry most of the time now; my children look at me, and I know it hurts them that I am cry-



"Have a cigar."

ing, but I can't help it—my tears won't stop flowing. But at that time, during my first pregnancy, I was always happy and laughing. And, looking at me, my husband, though he was usually quiet and serious, would also begin to laugh, and we were like two children together. Yes, at that time I could still make him laugh, and call him away from his serious thoughts and his books. Even then, he was often reading and thinking. He had learned to read in a school in the city, and I had never known anyone to sit so much with a book as he did. He wanted me to learn to read and write, too, and even tried to teach me. But when he was being my teacher and sitting close to me, my thoughts always turned away from the lesson, and I would begin to stroke the back of his hand or touch his cheek gently with my fingertip. At first, he would frown and say, "No, you must learn," but soon he would not be able to resist my caresses and he would love me.

When my baby was to be born, he took me home to my parents; and when he was first shown our baby, and held it, I could see that there were tears in his eyes. Afterward, he sat by my bed and talked to me for a long time. He said many things, most of which I did

not understand. But I was used to his talking strange things; he often made me sit and listen while he talked about—I don't know what. About God and the world and people, and being happy and not being happy—all things like that, which I think he must have read about in his books. But when he talked that way after the baby came, I could hear my sisters talking and laughing outside, and I was impatient for him to finish so that I could call to them and join in their talk and laugh with them. In the end, I could not bear it any more; I had to call to them, "Why don't you come in?" Then they came running, still laughing, and they stood round my bed, and we all talked together and were so merry. Only my husband was quiet, and after a time he got up and went away.

ELEVEN months later, I had another child, and the year after that I was pregnant once again. But that time my husband did not take me to my home, because my mother had died in the meantime and my sisters had all been married and my brothers had brought in their new wives, so it wasn't home for me any more. I did not like to go to my husband's family, for though I was no



"Will someone please tell me what the hell that means?"

longer so much afraid of them, I always felt shy and could never love them. So I stayed at home in our own room and had the child there. But something went wrong and the child died, and I nearly died, too. But the next year I had another child, and that one lived. I had become weak after the third child, and after the fourth I felt so bad that I could hardly stand. But I could never rest, because there was so much work to do—looking after the children and cooking and washing and cleaning and carrying the water up the stairs. My husband was also working very hard, to bring money home for us. We always had enough food, and in the winter I could make warm clothes for the children, and if they were sick, I had money to pay for medicine. Often, too, he brought little toys and sweetmeats, and, for me, colored glass bangles. He played with our children and told them stories, so that they loved him very much and waited at night for him to come home. I was always glad when he was home, though I was usually too tired to speak much with him. It had been a long time since he tried to teach me to read and

write, but he still liked to sit and talk to me about what he read in his books and the thoughts that were in his head. He would talk and I would try to listen, but I was always so tired and I could not really understand what he was saying. There were many other things I had to think about, such as why our store of rice was finishing too quickly this month—was it because the grocer had not given me the right weight, or had someone come and stolen some out of the stone jar in which I stored it? And then I thought about whether I would be able to buy a piece of cloth to make a shirt for my eldest child, or would it not be better to make one for my husband instead, because his was getting very frayed. But most of all, I thought about the water tap in the courtyard. My thoughts were always very bitter about this, because the older women pushed us younger ones out of the way and quarrelled with one another about who would take the water first, so that there was shouting and abuse almost every day. Once or twice I tried to tell my husband. But he would not listen to me. All he said was "Why quarrel with peo-

ple? Why fight?" and then he went on talking the way he liked to talk. I think he must have noticed that I was not really listening to him. Once he became quite impatient, and he said, "You never even try to understand." When he spoke like that, I began to cry, and then he was sorry and was gentle with me again. But he spoke with me less after that; instead, he would read his books or only sit silent, with his cheek on his hand.

But we would have been happy together again. Perhaps one day there would have been less work, and then I need not have been so tired, and we would have laughed together again and been happy, the way we were when we first came to live in this house. It could have happened like that. But now Fatima has come, and my husband is different and everything is different. Fatima came six months ago. She rented a room downstairs and came to live there with her two brothers. She has no husband; at first I thought that perhaps she was a widow, but later I found out that she had been divorced. Fatima is a Moslem, and it is very easy for Moslems to get a divorce;

they only have to go to their priest and say three times that they want a divorce, and then it is all finished. So now Fatima lived with her two brothers, and cooked for them and washed their clothes. We saw her when she came down into the courtyard to get water, but she never talked to any of us. She was very different from the other women living in the house. Of course, she was a Moslem and we were all Hindus, but it was not only that. She was different in every way—the way she moved and looked. She seemed so proud, somehow. She wore a burka, as all Moslem women do to hide their faces and bodies. But she always had the front of the burka open, so that her face could be seen. How fair her face seemed, looking out from the black burka! But her eyes were very dark and long, and they always seemed to be moving, as if she wanted to see everything; and really it was as if she saw everything and knew everything. But she never spoke to us—not because she was shy, of that we were sure, but perhaps because she was too proud. We did not like her at all, but no one ever quarrelled with her—not even about the

water—for there was something about her that made one a little afraid of her. And though we did not like her, we could not help seeing that she was beautiful. She never showed herself in anything except her black burka, which covered her from head to foot, with only her face looking out. But when she moved there was a jingling sound, as of earrings and many bracelets, so that one had to think that under her burka she wore the costliest ornaments of gold, and perhaps also thin, fine silken clothes. We could not help thinking that, even though we knew she was poor like the rest of us. Her brothers were tailors who did not even have their own shop.

ONE day my youngest child was sick with fever, and I was very worried. I did not like to leave him alone, even for a moment, but I had to go down quickly to get the water. It seemed I was lucky, for most of the women had already taken their water and there remained only a few of us waiting. When I thought it was my turn, I placed my bucket under the tap, but suddenly it was kicked aside, and someone pushed my shoulder and said, "Get out, you! It's my turn!" I looked and saw it was the old woman who lived in the room on the top floor; she lived there with her four sons, none of whom ever did any decent work, so that she was always scolding them. The whole house could hear how she screamed at them, and sometimes we could hear her beating them, too. She was a terrible old woman. Any other time, I would have picked up my bucket quietly and waited for her to fill hers, but that day I was so worried about my child's fever that I said, "Please let me. My child—the littlest one—he is sick." Then she screamed again, "Get out!", so I knew I would have to wait. But just as I was stooping to pick up my bucket, Fatima said, "Let her go first." She spoke in a low voice, but everyone heard her at once. The old woman was very much surprised, and for a moment she said nothing. Fatima took my bucket and placed it under the tap again and stood by it while it was filling. She never moved at all—not even when the old woman began to shout abuses at her. When my bucket

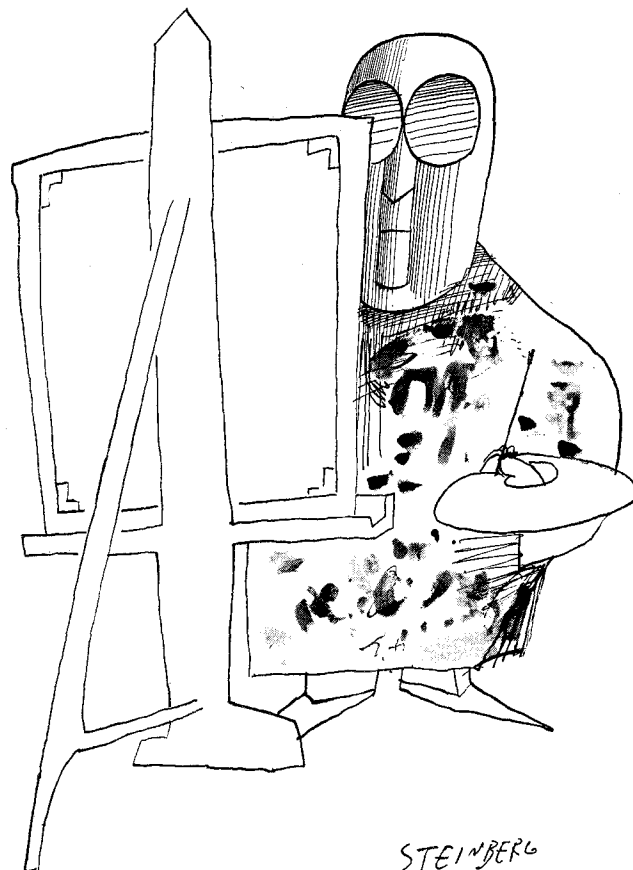
was full, she said to me, "Go," and she moved aside to let me pick it up. I hurried away with it as fast as I could. I don't know what happened between Fatima and the old woman after I had gone.

My child's fever went higher in the evening, and I sat by him with my hand on his forehead. I was very worried, yet I also kept thinking about what had happened at the tap. I wondered why Fatima should have done this thing for me. I was glad and grateful for what she had done, but I wished also that she had been friendly to me. She had never even looked at me, and when she said "Go," her voice, even though it was such a sweet voice, had not sounded friendly. I felt that she had done this thing for me not as she would have done it for a friend or a person for whom she had regard but as for anyone who was weaker than she was, even for a dog or a cat. I felt that I was no more to her than a dog or a cat, and I was hurt.

When my husband came home, he also sat down by the sick child, and he rubbed his hair and softly sang to him. The other children came in from playing, and I gave them their food. I would have liked to tell my husband about what had happened at the tap, but I was afraid that he would think I had quarrelled, so I said nothing. We were sitting like that, my husband quietly singing to the sick child and I

feeding the two other children, when Fatima came into the room. She was not at all shy or embarrassed, the way other people are when they come for the first time to a strange home. She looked round the room, her large black eyes moving quickly, the way they always did, so that I knew she was seeing everything: the tin trunk in which we kept our valuables; our two string beds, one of which had lost a leg and was supported on an old kerosene tin; the piece of carpet on which the two elder children slept, and which I had washed so often that the edges had frayed and the color had faded; the little statues of Vishnu and Ganesa, made out of plaster of Paris; and the gilded picture of Siva and Parvati, in front of which we said our prayers and did all our ceremonies. I knew she saw all that, and more—she saw and knew us all and everything about us. I lowered my eyes and felt shy and even a little ashamed. But Fatima took no notice of me. She said to my husband "Your child is sick?" and, without waiting for an answer, went straight to the bed. My husband moved aside without a word. We all watched her in silence while she looked at the child. She laid her hand first on his forehead and then on his chest, and then she pulled up the lids of his eyes. After a while, she said, "I will give you medicine. He will be well in a day or two." None of us spoke; we only stood and looked at her. It was so strange to see her in our room, in her black burka, with her beautiful, fair face looking out of it, and to hear the gentle rustling and jingling sound she made every time she moved.

Suddenly she laughed. How her eyes and teeth sparkled when she laughed! "Why are you surprised?" she said to my husband, and her voice sounded sweeter than ever, for though it was mocking, it was also tender. She smiled and looked at him closely, so that he had to smile, too, though I could see he was shy. "Why are you surprised?" she said again, and she moved nearer to him and looked into his eyes. He looked back at her, and at that moment I knew what was going to happen between them, and my heart began to pound in fear. "You think I am a witch?" she said to him, and laughed. "No," she went on. "I have only taught myself a little homeopathy, that



is all. I will make up some powders, and you may come and fetch them."

"You are kind," my husband said.

"Yes, I am very kind," she said, and she looked at him, and her eyes were bright with laughter. Later, he went down to her room to fetch the powders. I could not think of anything to say that would stop him. When he came back, he never said a word to me. He gave the child the medicine, and then he lay down on his bed. But I knew he did not go to sleep, for I, too, lay awake for a long time, and I could hear him moving.

FROM that day on, Fatima often came to our room in the evenings. My husband began to come home earlier, but he no longer sat with his books, as he used to do, nor did he play with the children or try to teach them. He was impatient and waiting, and it was strange for me to see him like that, for he had always been gentle and calm and full of rest. But now he could not stay still, and his hands touched everything but took up nothing; if the children asked him to play with them, he answered them impatiently. When she came, his face changed and all his impatience left him. She came in, jingling and rustling, her eyes bright, her mouth smiling. She would clap her hands at the children and cry "Who will have the most today?" and then she would throw a handful of little sweets onto the floor, scattering them all over, so that the children, shouting and laughing, had to look for them. Sometimes she would help to pick them up, and she would say "Just see, I am quicker than any of you!" and really she was—she was quick, like a bird. And she would also make my husband get down on the floor to play, and they would all be laughing, she and the children, and my husband, too, while he looked and looked into her face, and I stood and looked into his. When she was tired of playing, she would say, "Now, enough," and she would sit down by the little low window that looked out over the street. Suddenly she was very still and calm, sitting there on the floor by the window. Even the children knew that when she said "Now, enough" like that, the game really was finished. My husband sat beside her, and both had their backs half turned to the room as they looked out of the window. There was nothing very much to see from that window—only horse tongas and cycle rickshaws passing up and down, a man with a little wooden barrow who sold slices of watermelon, and, just opposite our house, a row of open stalls occupied, from one end to the other, by a vender

GROWING, FLYING, HAPPENING

Say the soft bird's name, but do not be surprised to see it fall
headlong, struck skyless, into its pigeonhole—
columba palumbus, and you have it dead,
wedged, neat, unwinged in your head.

That that black-backed, tatter-winged thing
straking the harbor water and then plummeting
down, down, to come up, sleek head acock,
a minted herring shining in its beak,
is a guillemot, is neither here nor there
in the amazement of its rising,
wings slicing the stiff salt air.

That, of that spindling, spear-leaved plant
wearing the palest purple umbel,
many-headed, blue-tinted, stilt-stalked
at the stream edge, one should say briefly
"Angelica" is not enough (though grant
the name itself to be beautiful).

Grant, too, that any name
makes its own music, that *bryony*, *sally-my-handsome*
burst at their sound into flower,
that *falcon* and *phalarope* fly off in the ear,
still,
names are for saying at home.

The point is seeing—the grace
beyond recognition, the ways
of the bird rising, unnamed, unknown,
beyond the range of language, beyond its noun.
Eyes open on growing, flying, happening,
and go on opening. Manifold, the world
dawns on unrecognizing, realizing eyes.
Amazement is the thing.

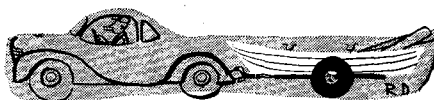
Not love, but the astonishment of loving.

—ALASTAIR REID

of gold-embroidered slippers, a man who sold sweetmeats freshly prepared in pure ghee, and a doctor who pulled teeth at one rupee each. My husband and Fatima sat and looked out, and he talked to her in a very low voice. He went on and on, talking the way he had once talked to me, and sometimes she answered him, also in a low voice, or questioned him. They talked about all those strange things that I had never understood. Fatima always seemed to be listening with great interest. Only sometimes she was in a mood where she would not listen. Then she would laugh at everything he said, and tease him, and finally she would jump up and call to the children again, "Who is playing with me?" How gay she would be as she played, her bangles jingling like music! The children loved her; they followed her like slaves, like dogs, and I knew that she had no more feeling for

them than she would have had for slaves or dogs—that she had no more feeling for them than she had for me. My husband would remain sitting on the floor, and his eyes were very sad as they followed her round the room. I felt sorry for him and would have liked to go to him and to lay my hand on his cheek, the way I had always done when he was sad. But Fatima never even looked at him, she was so busy laughing and playing with the children, though sometimes she passed very close to him.

I did not like to see all this, but where could I go? If it had been summer, it would have been easier, for in the summer we lived mostly in the courtyard or on the roof of the house. But in the winter we had to stay in our room, and I had to be close to them and see everything. There was nothing I could do or say. Once, though, I did stay close by the door, just as she was going out, and I said to her, "Why do you come into my home?" But I said it in such a low voice that it was easy for her to pretend she had not heard. I could not speak to



my husband, either. What was there I could say to him? And I could see he did not wish me to speak to him. When we were alone together, he kept his head lowered and avoided my eyes and sat in silence, and as soon as he could, he would lie down on the bed and pretend to be sleeping. It was as if he were afraid I would speak to him.

On two days a week, I began to notice, my husband did not come home till late in the night. I soon discovered that on those two days Fatima's brothers worked late, and so he could spend that time in her room. Our room seemed very quiet on those nights. The children, after waiting for their father and Fatima, fell asleep disappointed. And I sat alone, waiting and thinking. But it was even worse than when they were there in front of me, for it was so still that I felt I would be alone forever and ever while they were together down in her room. I thought about what they were doing there, and I cried, quietly, so as not to disturb the children. At last, when I heard my husband's step on the stairs, I would run quickly to my bed and pretend to be sleeping. But one night I could bear it no longer, and I crept down the stairs, softly in the dark, till I stood before Fatima's door. I looked through the crack and I saw them. The pain was so great for me that I sank to my knees and leaned my head against the door. Suddenly a voice screamed, "Yes, look at them! Look at them! See what they are doing—your husband and your friend!" I started to my feet and saw the old woman from upstairs. "Have you seen?" she screamed into my face. I whispered, "Please be quiet," and even tried to put my hand over her mouth, but she struck it aside and laughed and screamed. Other doors opened, and people came and looked at us. Only Fatima's door remained shut. I ran stumbling up the stairs, putting my hands over my ears, so as not to have to hear the old woman shouting and laughing. I woke up the children and dressed them. I was crying all the time; the children looked at me, but they never said a word, and did whatever I told them. I carried the youngest child, and we ran through the dark streets a long way, till we came to the house where my husband's mother and his brothers lived. I knew of nowhere else to go.

It was very late when we got there, and everybody was asleep. My mother-in-law always slept alone in the place they used for cooking, so I crept quietly round to her and touched her on the shoulder. I was still sobbing. She started up and cried, "Who is it?" I told her,



"Science!"

and when she saw me there with the children and heard me sobbing, she suddenly cried, "My son is dead!" The words were like a knife to me; I caught her hand and whispered, "No. Oh, no!" She was sitting up on her bed, with her hand clutched to her heart, and she was breathing heavily in fright. I, too, was very frightened, and I kept whispering, "No, no." My mother-in-law called in a weak voice to my eldest sister-in-law, who woke up at once and came to see what was the matter. "Oh, my God," my mother-in-law moaned. "God, my God."

"No," I said. "No, he is not dead." I could hardly speak the word "dead," it frightened me so.

My sister-in-law lit a kerosene lamp, and said, "First put the children to sleep." We laid them to sleep, and then I told the women why I had come. It was difficult for me to tell, for I had never yet told anyone one word of it all, though it was many weeks now since my husband first saw Fatima. My mother-in-law only said, "Thank God." She was still trembling at the thought that something had happened

to him. My sister-in-law began to laugh. "And is it only the first time?" she asked. She sat cross-legged on the bed, her head thrown back on her big neck, and laughed. I was afraid that she would wake the others with her laughter, and that they would all get up and she would shout out to them what I had told her. I could see them all standing round me—the men and the women, all of them big and strong, like giants—shaking with loud laughter. I crept quietly into the corner where my children were sleeping, and I lay down beside them. I kept hearing the way my mother-in-law had cried, "My son is dead!" I thought of him dead, and it was worse than thinking of him with Fatima.

I left early in the morning. I awakened my children and dressed them very quietly, so as not to wake the others, and walked home. The streets through which I had to pass were crowded with men pushing barrows piled with vegetables, and others sitting by the roadside selling eggs out of baskets, and milkmen cycling back to their villages with empty cans. There were also people who had come out early to

buy the day's provisions—women like myself with babies on their hips and their money tied into the end of their saris, and old men sent out to the bazaar by their daughters-in-law, and little girls carefully carrying earthenware pots full of curds, and the servants of the rich come out to buy meat and fish and fruits. I carried my youngest child and made the two elder ones hold tight to my sari on each side of me, for there

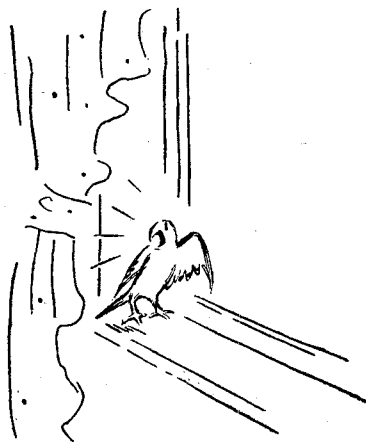
was much pushing and jostling, and every few moments someone would shout "Mind yourself!" from behind us, and we would have to move aside to let a piled-up barrow pass, or a coolie carrying firewood in a basket on his head. I thought of the first time I had come from my mother-in-law's house to my own home, and how my husband had walked in front of me, clearing a way, so that it was easy and safe for me to

walk. Now there was no one to walk before me, and I had to look after myself and my children. But he was not dead; I would see him again. I would still every day see him move, and hear him speak with his gentle voice, and in the night listen to him breathing on the bed next to me. What cause was there for me to be unhappy? If he had been dead, there would have been cause, but he was not dead.

When I got home, I at once began to work very hard. I swept out our room and washed the floor with water; I cleaned the window, the door, and our two beds; I scrubbed our pots till they shone. Then I began to cook; I cooked rice and a curry made of curds, which was my husband's favorite dish. Afterward, I went down to the tap and carried up more water, and I gave all three children a bath. Then I bathed myself, and combed out my hair and put oil on it. I opened our big tin trunk and took from it the new sari with the red border that my husband had given me seven months before, which I had never yet worn. I sent the eldest child to go out and buy a fresh flower garland to hang round the picture of Siva and Parvati, and then I made the children sit in front of this picture, and I said a prayer. I was calm now and almost happy, waiting for him to come home.

When he came, I gave him the food I had cooked for him, but I don't think he noticed that it was his favorite dish. I wondered if he was angry that I had gone away in the night, but he did not look angry; he looked only impatient and waiting, the way he did every night when she had not yet come. The children asked him to play with them, but he said, "Later, later," as if he were thinking of something else. It became quite late, and still she had not come. The children, too, were waiting for her, and my husband began to walk up and down the room. I sat still in a corner, content that he was there with me in the room and not dead. Suddenly he stopped walking and he cried, "But why are you staring at me like that? What harm have I done you?" I looked at him, and the tears came welling out of my eyes, for I saw that he was looking at me the way one looks at someone one does not like. "Always tears!" he said, and his voice was not like his at all, but shrill and loud, like that of an angry stranger. "Wherever I go, there are your tears!" he said. I covered my face so that he would not see them. There was a step on the stairs, and then a jingling and rustling, and the children cried, "At last she has come!"

—R. PRAWER JHABVALA



•• PROFILES

A DREAMER OF WINE~II

TO anyone with a serious and abiding interest in good wines, the thought of owning a vineyard in Burgundy or Bordeaux—the foremost wine-producing regions in the foremost wine-producing nation on earth—is as exhilarating as the thought of owning a Stradivarius or a Guarnerius is to a devotee of the violin. The number of great vineyards, as of great violins, is limited, and, in both cases, the finest are rarely offered for sale, being among the few things still around that money can't always buy. At forty-four, Alexis Lichine, who began his present career as an international dealer in wines a quarter of a century ago by selling a customer a bottle of Chablis in a Manhattan liquor store, has not only acquired several small but valuable patches of vineyard in Burgundy but is the principal owner of three of Bordeaux's choicest vineyards—or châteaux, as they are called there—including the celebrated Château Lascombes, in the commune of Margaux. Moreover, he recently satisfied a long-standing ambition by rechristening the Château Le Prieuré, in Cantenac—another of his Bordeaux properties—the Château Prieuré-Lichine.

Lichine has four fellow-stockholders in the Prieuré venture, but none of them objected to this touch of vanity, for they are all good friends of his, drawn together by admiration for his phenomenally discriminating taste in wines. This is also true of the stockholders who have helped him finance his other vineyard purchases. Thirty-five Lichine backers own shares in La Société Viticole du Château Lascombes, and one of them, David Rockefeller, not long ago did his bit to pretty up the place by sending over a set of United Nations flags that Rockefeller Center had discarded for a new set. The gesture was greatly appreciated by Lichine and the other shareholders—a distinguished, if oddly assorted, band that includes John Ringling North, the president of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus; Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission; Maxwell A. Kriendler, the vice-president of "21" Brands; Jan Mitchell, the proprietor of Lüchow's; William A. M. Burden, the president of the Museum of Modern Art; Gilbert W. Kahn, a partner of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; Jerome K. Ohrbach, the president of Ohrbach's;

Mrs. Muriel R. Pershing, the daughter-in-law of the late General John J. Pershing; George F. Baker, Jr., a director of the First National City Bank of New York; and Mrs. Claude C. Philippe, whose husband is a vice-president of the Waldorf-Astoria. Most of these people, it seems likely, invested in the château with an eye not to quick financial gains but to the production of finer wine, and the only dividends they have received so far have been in the form of wine produced by the vineyard—anywhere from two to thirty cases a year, depending on the size of the investment.

Gratifying as being a vintner is to Lichine, he has not been able to devote much of his time to it. As it happens, he is also an exporter of his own and other wines—operating through the French firm of Alexis Lichine & Co., with offices in Margaux—and, on this side of the Atlantic, an independent importer and wholesaler of wines (again his own and others), with headquarters in Long Island City. These responsibilities would be enough to consume the full energies of most men, but Lichine, to top it all off, has made himself an unofficial spokesman, propagandist, and watchdog for the entire wine business, equally vocal in the United States, where he repeatedly hustles from coast to coast urging the populace to forsake coffee with meals in favor of wine (not necessarily Lichine's), and in France, where, covering less territory but pleading no less eloquently, he regularly tours the wine country in an effort to persuade vineyard owners to raise their ethical standards and modernize their way of doing business. While his American crusade appears to have made some small headway, it is probably inevitable that his zeal should thus far have been officially recognized only in France, which a year ago asked him, through its Ministry of Agriculture, to study, and submit a report on, the steps that should be taken to increase the sale of French wines in the United States. Fairly popping with ideas on the subject, since he had already conducted all the necessary surveys, he at once sat down and wrote a fifty-page proposal for a bold frontal assault, designed to make Americans so wine-conscious that Burgundy and Bordeaux would flow like beer throughout the States. His proposal, which is now under consideration by the Minis-



Alexis Lichine

try, is known in France as "Le Plan Lichine."

THE Russian-born son of a once wealthy Moscow banker and lawyer, Lichine was brought up in Paris, where his parents were living in exile, settled in New York as a young man and became an American citizen, and, in the catch-as-catch-can years following repeal, knocked about from job to job in the retail and wholesale liquor business. This was hardly the sort of career his father and mother had planned for him, but it did teach him a great deal about American drinking habits, and it probably helps account for his ability to play so many roles and to turn in such a flashy performance in each of them. Standing an inch over six feet and weighing a mere hundred and seventy-five, he has a preference when in Margaux for odd jackets and slacks, suede shoes, and flamboyant scarves, and when in New York for conservative, London-tailored gray or blue suits worn with white English shirts, sombre ties, and black English shoes. Wherever he is, he manages to combine an easy but forceful manner with an autocratic approach to business affairs, and his blend of Old World savoir-faire and New World drive works well on both sides of the Atlantic, having proved as successful with tough French females reluctant to sell him the wines from their vineyards at the shrewdly calculated prices he offers as

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA SAYS FAREWELL

Sir, as one royal personage to another,
let me confess that I am sick for home.
I came to test you with the hardest questions
my Ministers could devise in their sessions
of finger-tapping, table-drumming, placing
their index fingers flat against their noses
for more incisive thought; you answered all,
spelling, besides, each complicated word
in their black dictionaries, and so gained
rights to my bed. Noblesse oblige; this is
proper and as it should be.

I regret
nothing, but did not come for love—rather,
to shame you out of pride. Do you remember
how many trunks of ivory my camels
carried? One hundred elephants gave up
their eyeteeth to accommodate my need
to show you up with riches. I had hoped
to humble you with slabs of beaten gold
and openwork done by my master craftsmen,

we do not suit each other, though your songs
almost persuaded me. O Solomon,
my love, my tongue of tongueless cherubim,
I shall not sleep again without your songs
deep in my ear! On long, hot evenings,
I'll teach my slaves the music of those words.
I am not a wise, just queen, not an enlightened monarch—
rather, a noble savage quick to beat
my sad black dancers, quick to be afraid.
I fear my loneliness; I have seen lions
observe me in my hammock from the edge
of darkness after sundown. But I am sick
for my own country, where my clapping hands
command an almond tree to rise and bloom
behind my ear, and ebony girls come
and whisper to me of their love affairs.
Spring is sweeter there.

I shall not come again.

—LISEL MUELLER

stun you with scents of oil and precious spices,
and catch you like a brazen fly, only
to drown you in the honey of my scorn.
I failed in this, too. Solomon, I now
offer my gifts in all humility,
praising your patience.

Still, I must go home.

Your wisdom cloy, or is beginning to;
proverbial pearls lose their lustre in time.
I am uncomfortable when your scribes
doodle on their blank tablets, poised to pounce
on any utterance you care to make—
the bones you throw posterity. I long
for nervous jungle drums on these occasions,
am tempted to defy you with a dance
unseemly here. And I dislike the stare
of golden oxen in my bath; my own
taste runs to water lilies whose white faces
move with my motion.

Let us be quite frank—

it has with tough American males reluctant to buy the same wines at any price.

To be sure, Lichine's approach is not invariably effective, and one of the times it let him down—though after it had helped him score an initial victory—was when he became embroiled with the owner of the first vineyard he ever had a hand in running. Situated in Chambolle-Musigny, a commune in Burgundy, the vineyard was owned by a sullen elderly woman who kept chickens and was far more interested in eggs than in grapes. Lichine, who made his first professional tour of the wine country in 1939, as an agent for the New York firm of Frank Schoonmaker, and returned after the war as an independent buyer commissioned by Claude Philippe to help overhaul the Waldorf-Astoria's wine list, had been infatuated with the place right from the

start, and had tenaciously sought to ingratiate himself with Madame by sending her flowers and listening patiently to her laments about the price of eggs. As he gradually won her guarded confidence, he pointed out to her that though the soil of her vineyard was still excellent, her vines were deteriorating through plain neglect. As a solution to this problem, he suggested a partnership in which she would retain owner-

ship of the property and devote herself entirely to the chickens while he ran the vineyard. In 1949, he won Madame over, but the triumph didn't last long. The partners argued interminably over such things as whether the chickens would have the freedom of the vineyard, and after a period of increasingly hot war, Lichine decided to clear out.

Altogether, Lichine had a hard time establishing himself in Burgundy. The vineyards there are small—many of them have been subdivided into strips, each separately owned and operated—and so loath are the owners to part with their property that it was not until 1953 that Lichine was able to acquire his first strip there, which was a part of the Latricières-Chambertin vineyard, in the Côte de Nuit section. Two years later, in partnership with a New Orleans investment banker named Robert





"I agree! It's a shame! But must you go tch tchk every damn time?"

J. Newman, another of the people who admire him as a forthright champion of wine, he bought a strip in each of two vineyards not far from the first one—the Mazys-Chambertin and the Bonnes-Mares. Together, the three strips total only three and a quarter acres—a holding that would be trivial in Bordeaux but is perfectly respectable in Burgundy, where some of the best growers till strips no more than fifty feet long and wide enough for only two rows of vines, or enough to yield a barrel of wine a year.

The going was somewhat easier in Bordeaux, though the vineyards there, being much larger, are naturally a good deal more expensive. In 1950, Lichine had let it be known that he was interested in buying a château, and one day toward the end of that year, while he was staying briefly at the home of an old friend named H. Seymour Weller, who is the manager of the famous

Château Haut-Brion, in the Graves district, he received a telephone call from a broker informing him that the Château Le Prieuré, one of the lesser-known vineyards in the Médoc district's Cantenac commune, was up for sale. Lichine, of course, was familiar in a general way with Le Prieuré and he had some years before sampled and enjoyed its wine, so, accompanied by Weller and the Duc Pierre de Montesquiou-Fezensac, a producer of Armagnac, he hurried to Cantenac in a state of high anticipation. Close scrutiny of the property, however, revealed some serious defects. Over the years, as the vineyard was handed down from one generation to the next, some of the heirs had sold their parcels to outsiders, with the result that what remained of the family holding was scattered all over the commune; moreover, the vines in these split-up remnants were in poor shape, owing to neglect, and the château

itself, while rich in historical associations—it was a Benedictine priory dating from the sixteenth century—was clearly uninhabitable. (In Bordeaux, confusingly, not only the vineyard but the house on it is called a château, even if it is only a shack.) As the three men drove back to Haut-Brion, Lichine fell into a deep reverie. For all its faults, Le Prieuré appealed to him, and the house, run down as it was, appealed to him just as much as the future he could envision for the vineyard. "True, there were no bathrooms, and the only running water was rain leaking through the roof," he recalls. "But I thought it had possibilities. There was an air of enchantment about it." When he expressed this sentiment to his companions, they were horrified. A man buys a vineyard not for enchantment but as an investment, they told him sharply. Lichine was still pondering their well-meant advice when he

heard that a Frenchwoman had bought Le Prieuré. Sadly, he returned to New York. Then, toward the end of 1951, Lichine received a letter from the same broker. The Frenchwoman, it seemed, had become ill, possibly while camping out in her new château, and no longer had any hope of running the place; the Château Le Prieuré could be his for seven million francs (twenty thousand dollars). Lichine, grateful to opportunity for knocking twice, unhesitatingly cabled Pierre de Wilde, his buying assistant, who is permanently stationed in France, to make a down payment and start fixing up the old priory. In

January of 1952, having rounded up backers for the project of putting Le Prieuré on its feet again, he made another trip to France, and went to see how the job was coming along. He was not disappointed. The priory was still a long way from being habitable, but workmen under de Wilde's supervision, peeling off the accumulated grime of centuries, had revealed a building of beautifully classic lines and had cleaned up the *chai*, or wine-making plant, which fronted on an ancient courtyard with a weeping willow growing in its center. "The charm was so real I wanted to bottle it," Lichine says.

This time, Lichine returned to New York in a state of bliss. Then things suddenly began moving fast; he had been here only a few weeks when a cable arrived from de Wilde informing him that family difficulties had beset the owners of the Château Lascombes, in the commune of Margaux, only a mile from Le Prieuré, and that it was just possible the place might soon be for sale. Lichine grew more and more excited as he read and reread the cable. Lascombes, he knew, was potentially big-league stuff. Wines had been produced at the vineyard since the fifteenth century, when the feudal Seigneurs d'Issan planted its first vines, and these wines had for centuries been among the best in France. Over the years, the château had changed hands many times—one of the owners had been the Chevalier de Lascombes, a local nobleman, who bought it in the eighteenth century, and whose name it has borne ever since—and Lichine was aware that in recent years the vineyard and the *chai* had been run so sloppily that the formerly distinguished name had been all but forgotten by the trade, but this did not diminish his enthusiasm. While moisture, sunshine, and the skill of man count for much in the production of good wine, the all-important thing is the *terroir*, or soil, and the Château Lascombes has some of the best *terroir* in the entire Médoc, which is noted for its soil. Since the Médoc is also noted for moisture and sunshine, only the skill of man, it appeared, was lacking, and this, Lichine felt confident, it was his destiny to provide.

Lichine cabled de Wilde to start negotiations. Before long, de Wilde cabled back that the Château Lascombes was definitely for sale, at twenty-five million francs (about seventy thousand dollars). Again Lichine canvassed some of the better-heeled American lovers of wine, and he soon had all the backing he needed to buy the place and run it as a business, with a capitalization of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. None of the friends who helped him finance the purchase owns more than ten per cent of the stock in the property; Lichine, with about a third of the shares, is the largest stockholder. The Château Lascombes stockholders enjoy a distinction that is rare, if not unique, in the annals of corporate financing, for Lichine has had their names inscribed on a wooden plaque that he proudly displays in the château's wine cellar. While the dividends at present have no effect whatever on their bank balances, there are indications that in time they will receive a decent return on



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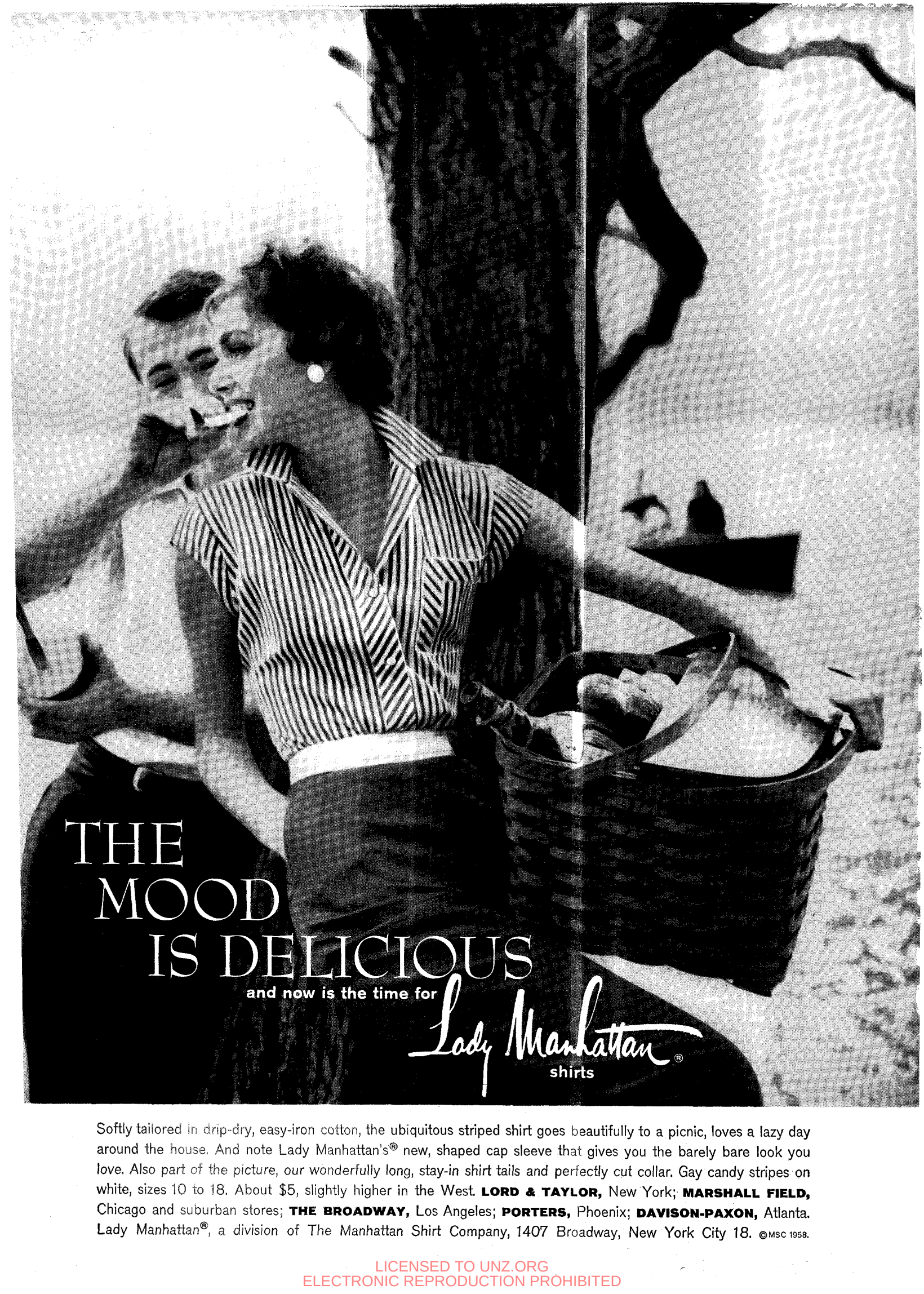
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an investment that most of them, to begin with, probably regarded as little more than a lark. In April, 1952, when Lichine bought the Château Lascombes, it consisted of forty-three acres; by trades with neighboring château owners and by outright purchase, he has since tripled its size, and he hopes to go on enlarging it. The biggest chunk of new acreage, which he bought last year, is a whole vineyard in itself—the Château Ferrière, some of whose land was situated smack in the middle of the Lascombes property. The best of the wines from this vineyard are now sold under the Lascombes label, and the rest bear the Ferrière imprint.

Mindful of the lackadaisical ways that had led to Lascombes' undoing, Lichine overhauled its wine-making methods and introduced a system of rigid controls that covered every step in the process. He rebuilt the Lascombes *chai*, installing new barrels, indirect lighting, and modern, easy-to-clean flooring (he scoffs at the notion that a dark, dingy room festooned with cobwebs improves the taste of wine), and ornamented the place with battered antique wine casks and statues of Bacchus and of St. Vincent, the winegrowers' patron saint. To supplement the Grand Vin de Lascombes, the red wine traditionally associated with the vineyard, he has introduced a Rosé de Lascombes, the first *rosé* to be made in the Médoc. His efforts have already produced heartening results. The Grand Vin de Lascombes '53 was found to be such an improvement over its immediate predecessor that the demand for the wine pushed its price on the Bordeaux market from 160,000 francs a *tonneau* (the equivalent of ninety-six cases) to 500,000 francs, and the Grand Vin '55 went for 600,000. The output of the Château Lascombes increased from forty-two hundred cases in 1952 to eight thousand in 1956, despite a severe setback in February of that year, when Bordeaux suffered its worst cold wave in ninety-eight years. (In fact, the region has had only three cold waves to match that one since the Roman occupation.) In the Médoc, the grape harvest was cut by fifty per cent, and in some nearby areas it was destroyed entirely. (The Château Cheval-Blanc, in Saint-Emilion, was able to make only one barrel, instead of its customary six hundred.) Then, last June, while the château owners were still groggy from this blow, heavy rains, accompanied by another cold spell, drenched their vines, gravely interfering with the pollination process and causing Bordeaux to lose



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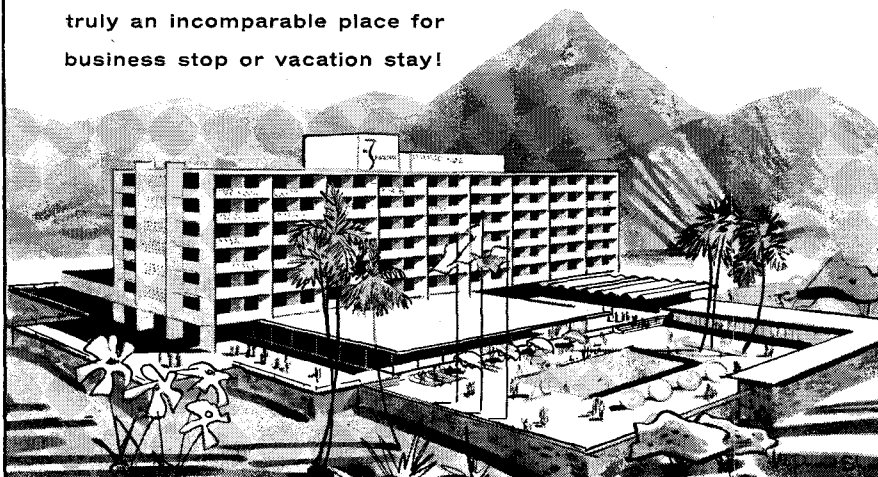
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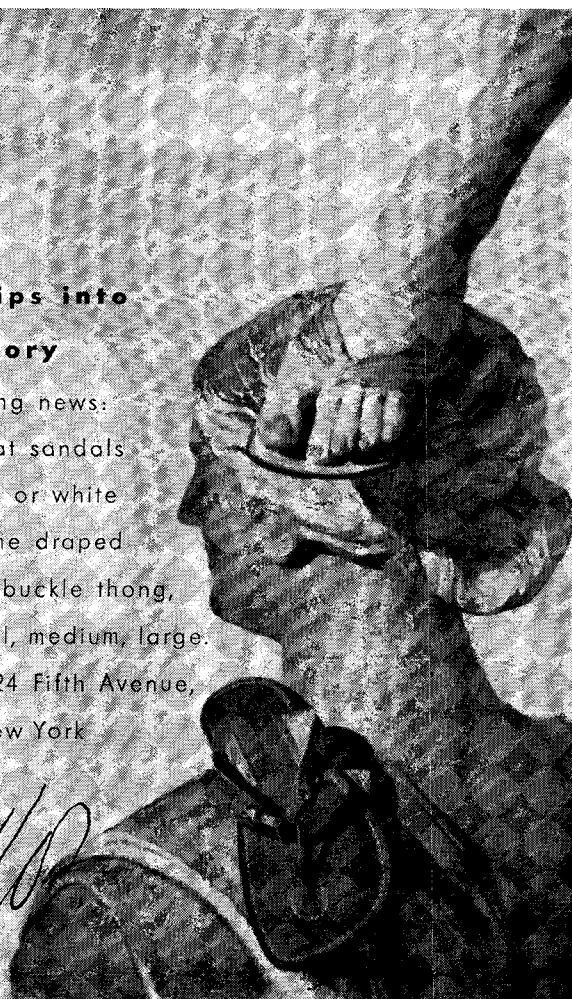
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forty per cent of its 1957 crop. Ironically, what grapes were harvested yielded an exceptionally high grade of wine. "It was a great year for the drinker, but, oh, the poor grower!" says Lichine, who, having increased Lascombes' potential output under favorable conditions to more than ten thousand cases, had to be content with half that. Notwithstanding these misfortunes, a number of experienced wine people think Lichine has picked a winner. He himself is sure of it. "We can all be very proud of the quality performance record achieved at Château Lascombes," he wrote last year, in his annual report to the stockholders. "We have been making great wines, which in many cases have surpassed some of the 'first growths,' and undoubtedly Château Lascombes is today one of the great red wines in the world."

WHEN Lichine, in writing those lines to his stockholders, put quotation marks around the term "first growths," a good deal more was implied than a person unfamiliar with his beliefs about wine might imagine. He was showing his disrespect for a system of rating various Bordeaux vineyards, known simply as the Classification, that dates back to 1855 and is regarded as sacrosanct by most of the people of the region. In that year, a World's Fair was held in Paris, and for the occasion its promoters had asked the Bordelais for samples of their best wines, graded in order of merit, with the understanding that the government would grant official recognition to the list that was drawn up. A panel of five respected wine brokers—intermediaries between growers and shippers—was named to do the job, and after some weeks of studying such matters as *terroir*, price, reputation, management, and sustained performance, these judges brought forth the Classification. For reasons that are still hotly debated around the city of Bordeaux's Quai des Chartrons, the center of the region's wine business, the panel confined its rating, with one mysterious exception, to two districts of Bordeaux—the Médoc, which produces red wine, and Sauternes, which produces white—slighting such well-known wine areas as Saint-Emilion, Pomerol, and Graves. Twenty-four white-wine châteaux were rated as *premier grand cru*, *premier cru*, or *deuxième cru*—"first great growth," "first growth," or "second growth"—and sixty-one red-wine châteaux were rated from *premier cru* on down to *cinquième cru*. Only four of the latter

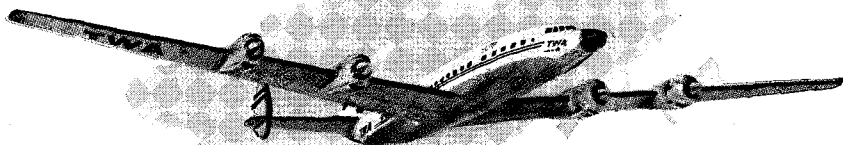
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of the Orient in swimsuits by **Cole**
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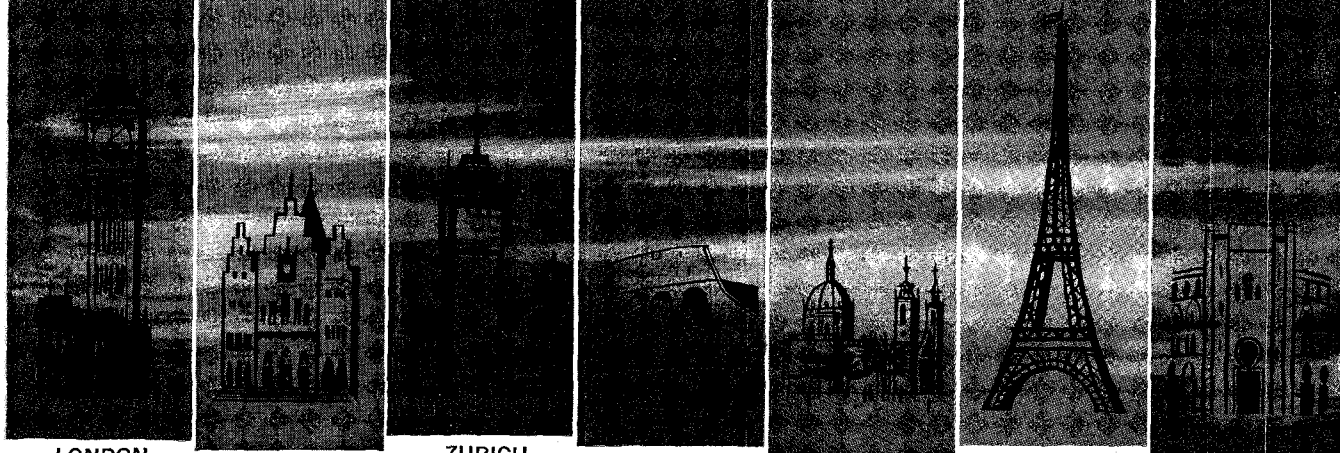
It's the look of the East: serene, ceremonial. But watch out... these beauties can really stir things up! Left to right: an imperial suit in sculptured jacquard Lastex, slashed in satin Lastex and richly frogged, \$22.95. In Thai-print lacquered cotton: the shorts suit with a new twist, \$15.95. Brocade suit in Fuji blue: textured knit in elasticized Acrilan® and wool, \$23.95. All with Power Profile bra.

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made *premier cru*—Château Lafite, Château Latour, Château Margaux, and, very curiously indeed, since it is a product of Graves and the only wine from that district to be classified, Château Haut-Brion. In the opinion of some fanatics, this quartet has done more for the glory of France than the victories of Napoleon. In the opinion of Lichine, if this is true, it is because of the innate superiority of the wines themselves, and not a matter of their growth-standing.

The Classification persists, more or less officially, to this day, but if Lichine has his way, it will not persist much longer. As it happens, the Château Lascombes and the Château Prieuré-Lichine are rated as second-growth and fourth-growth, respectively, but it would be a mistake to interpret Lichine's criticism of the Classification as simply a manifestation of pique at their not being in the first division. He considers the system itself anachronistic, deceptive, and a distinct hindrance to the wine business, and so he has emphatically and repeatedly told Bordelais growers, brokers, and shippers. To many outsiders, Lichine's arguments against the Classification seem to make sense. For one thing, he points out, the very terms "first growth," "second growth," and so on, are misleading, since they have nothing to do with when vines were planted, or grapes harvested. Moreover, all but the most knowing customers naturally assume that when they buy a first-growth wine, they are getting the best there is, whereas that is not necessarily the case at all. Château Mouton-Rothschild, for example, which the Classification ranks among the second-growth wines, brings a higher price nowadays than any of the four firsts. Not that this is a reflection on the taste displayed by the five judges a century ago; it is merely the result of changing conditions. Only about half of the sixty-one classified red-wine châteaux have the same *terroir* now that they had when the panel held its deliberations. Some of the sixty-one are better managed now than they used to be, while others have fallen into such incompetent hands that they no longer produce any wine at all, and a few have disappeared completely. Then, too, there are a couple of thousand châteaux in the Bordeaux region that were passed over by the judges as unworthy of classification. Their wines are now generally classed as "exceptional," "bourgeois," "artisan," or "peasant," and although a number of these châteaux make good wines—much better wines than they



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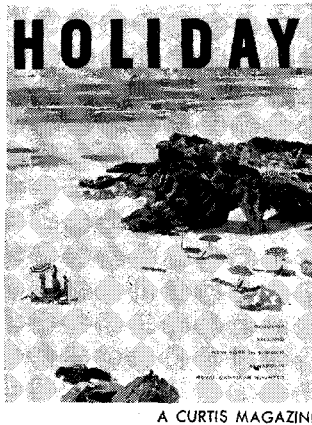
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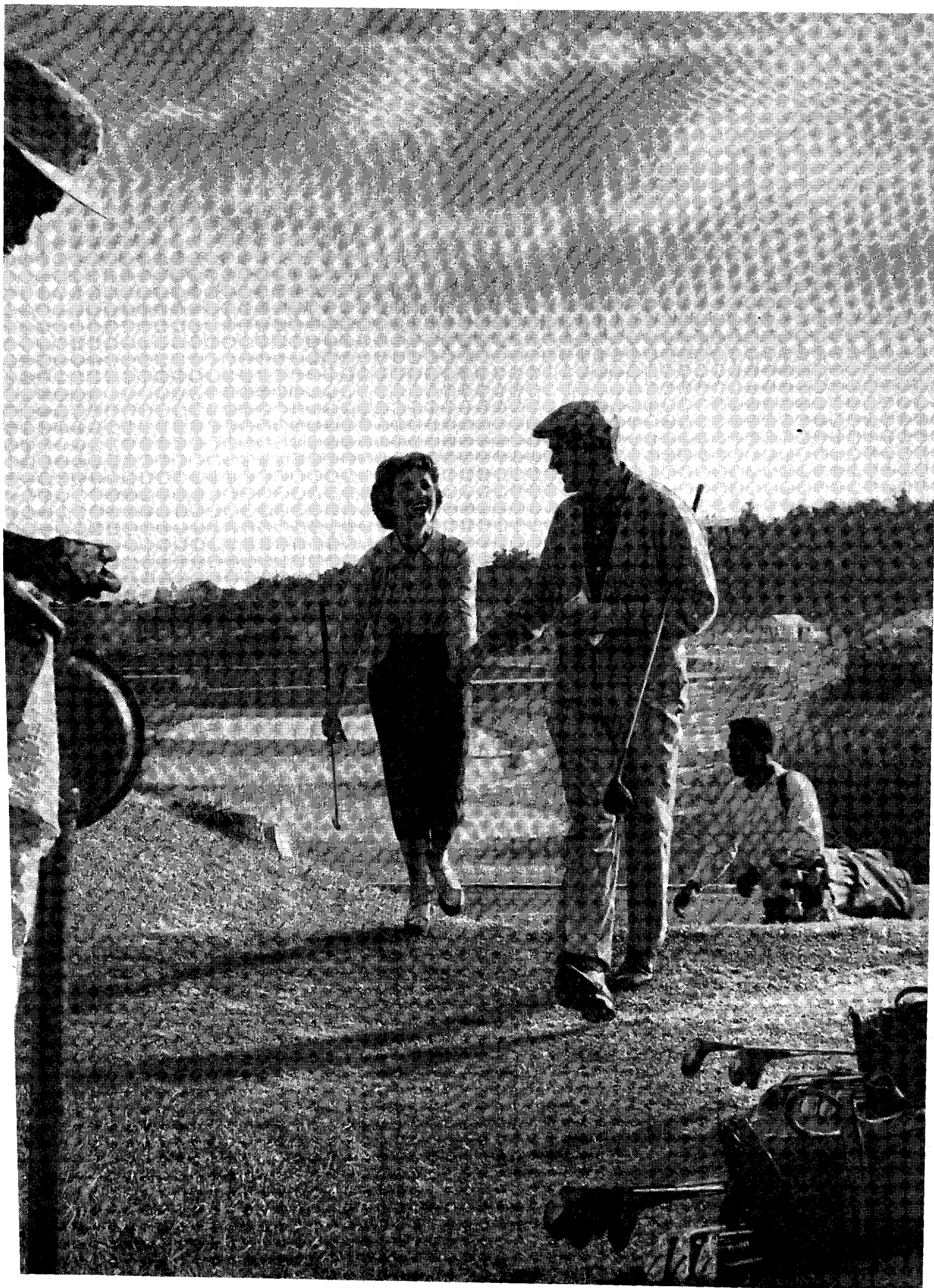
Some people have a flair for living

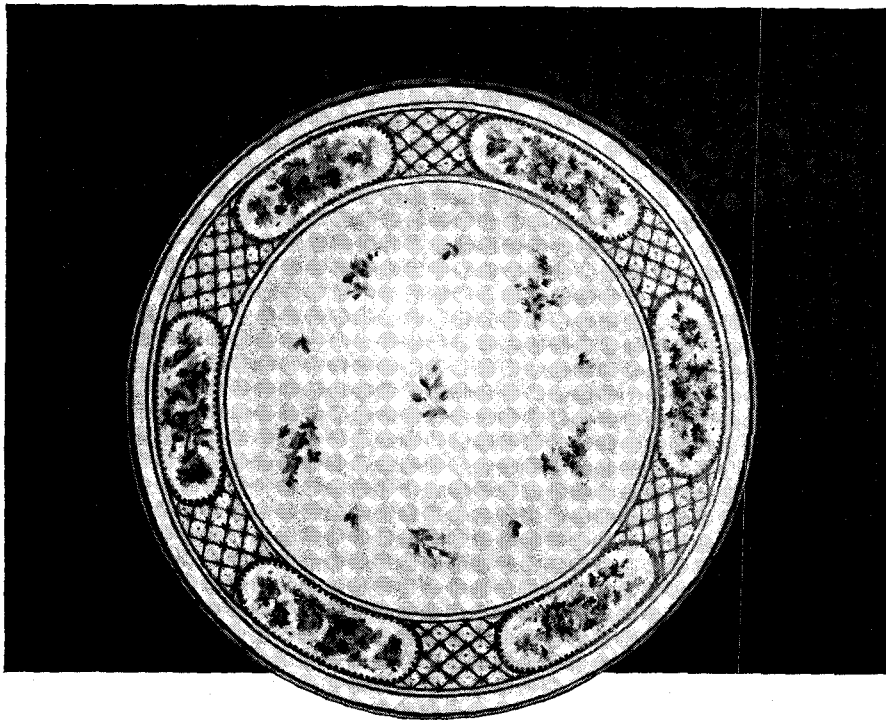
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used to, in some cases—they cannot command anything like the prices that they could if they were rated even as low as fifth-growth. “The fact is that most of the conditions on which the Classification was based have changed,” Lichine says. “The Classification, however, continues to mean as much to the Bordelais as the Constitution of the United States does to Americans. But the Constitution has been amended twenty-two times. The Classification has not been amended once.”

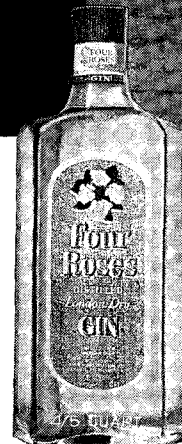
For those who contend that while the Classification has its faults, it is better than no classification at all, Lichine has prepared an answer—a classification of his own, restricted to red wines, that he intends to make public next year and that he hopes will come to supplant the old one as a guide to the buyers of wine. Lichine's classification was compiled largely on the basis of confidential interviews with fifty Bordelais noted for their knowledge of the region's vineyards, and every château in the four districts of Bordeaux that produce what Lichine considers fine red wines—the Médoc, Saint-Emilion, Pomerol, and Graves—was eligible for inclusion. A hundred and forty châteaux made the grade, on the basis of their management and performance over the past ten years—a château's condition prior to that, Lichine says, is for the history books—together with their prospects for the next ten. Like his predecessors of a hundred years ago, he distributes the châteaux among five categories, but he designates these by adjectives instead of numbers—a device that may save injured feelings, since all five of his adjectives sound like high praise, ranging from Outstanding down through Exceptional, Great, and Great Superior, to a mere Superior at the bottom of the heap. It is known that Lichine lists eight châteaux as Outstanding—Lafite, Latour, Mouton-Rothschild, and Margaux, in the Médoc; Cheval-Blanc and Ausone, in Saint-Emilion; Haut-Brion, in Graves; and Pétrus, in Pomerol—and all of them are so eminently qualified for the honor that there is little room for argument. The rest of his classification, which may well be regarded, at least on the Quai des Chartrons, as a brazen affront to the status quo, is not to be revealed until 1959, with the publication of “Wines and Spirits of the World,” an encyclopedia, probably running to nearly a thousand pages, that Lichine has been working on for the past five years, with the help of five members of his staff, and that is to be brought out simultaneously in France, England,

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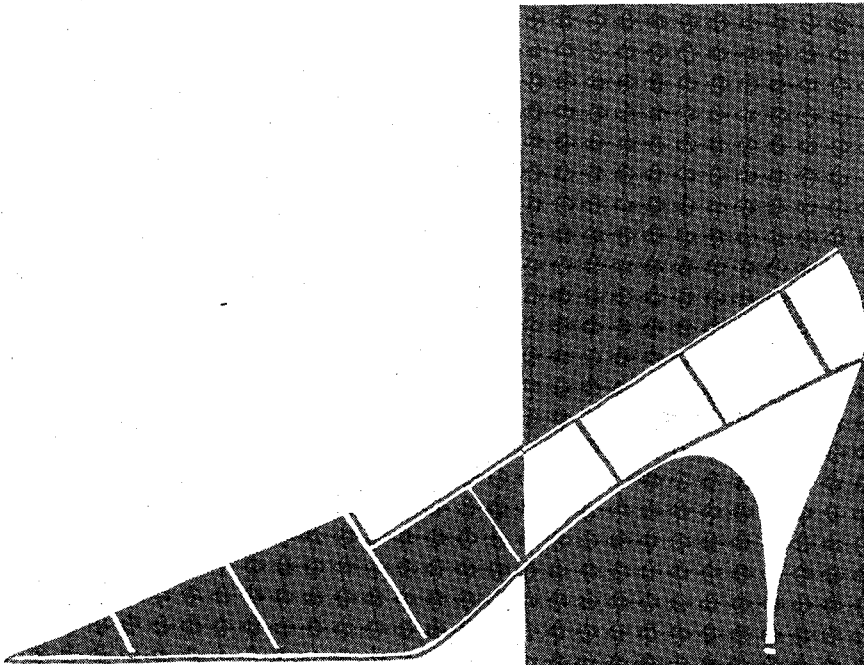
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and this country—by Fernand Nathan, Cassell & Co., and Alfred A. Knopf, respectively. Knopf has been a Lichine convert since August, 1950, when he read the manuscript of a book entitled "Wines of France," written by Lichine in collaboration with William E. Massie. Responding to it with an enthusiasm that the works of many better-known authors have failed to arouse in him, Knopf accompanied Lichine on a trip through the French wine country the very next week and published the book when he returned home. A critic for the *Herald Tribune* liked "Wines of France," too, calling it "the best book on French wines written in English since the celebrated work of the late George Saintsbury."

BORDEAUX's venerable Classification is symbolic of a general attitude that Lichine believes is in danger of stifling the region's wine business and that he is determined to change. Unlike Burgundy, whose fame was established long ago by troubadours and poets, and whose vineyards, lying along the Paris-Riviera highway, are now visited by thousands of tourists each year, Bordeaux has no particularly stirring romantic background, and its châteaux, tucked away in the somnolent, almost forgotten southwest corner of France, have for centuries been seen by comparatively few outsiders. Bordeaux began exporting wine in a big way during the twelfth century, when the region became a British possession; a hundred years before Columbus discovered America, its annual shipments of claret—a word derived from the French "*clair et*," meaning simply a clear red wine—to England amounted to the equivalent of a million cases. Subsequently, the Russian nobility—aping the French nobility, as was their habit—took to drinking Bordeaux wines, and in the latter part of the nineteenth century, as a result of the Franco-Prussian War, many Germans discovered them, too. As rich men in London, St. Petersburg, and the old Hanseatic ports of Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck competed with one another for the best of the Bordeaux vintages, an atmosphere of prosperous complacency settled over the region; the growers built themselves new châteaux, and the shippers, a small group who maintained a comfortable monopoly, split up the foreign market among themselves.

This golden era came to an abrupt end with the outbreak of the First World War. Overnight, the Bordelais lost their German and Russian custom-

ers, and soon much of their British trade had also vanished. As prices slumped, some château owners mortgaged themselves heavily to the shippers, and others were squeezed out altogether. Then came prohibition in America, the depression everywhere, and the Second World War. In Burgundy, where vineyards occupy a total of only a hundred and fifty thousand acres, the growers could congratulate themselves on the fact that they had never been known to produce enough wine to meet the demand, but in sprawling Bordeaux, with its three hundred and fifty thousand acres of vineyards, the growers were producing more than they could sell. To make matters worse, it became apparent that foreign wine drinkers were switching from Bordeaux to Burgundy. Some students of the subject have ascribed this to a natural trend in taste, but others maintain that it was more likely a result of modern promotional methods; the shippers of Burgundy had begun a vigorous campaign to make the world aware of their product, while the Bordelais, clinging to the let-them-come-to-us attitude that they had inherited from their forefathers, took the position that publicity was undignified and that more subtle methods of promotion were unethical. The excellence of Bordeaux wines was a matter of common knowledge the world over, they said, and any attempt at "selling" them would only cheapen their reputation. And that was that—until Lichine turned up and, speaking at lunches and dinners in cafés and châteaux, much as he does in civic-club dining rooms and hotel banquet halls in the United States, began a campaign to extricate the Bordelais from their past.

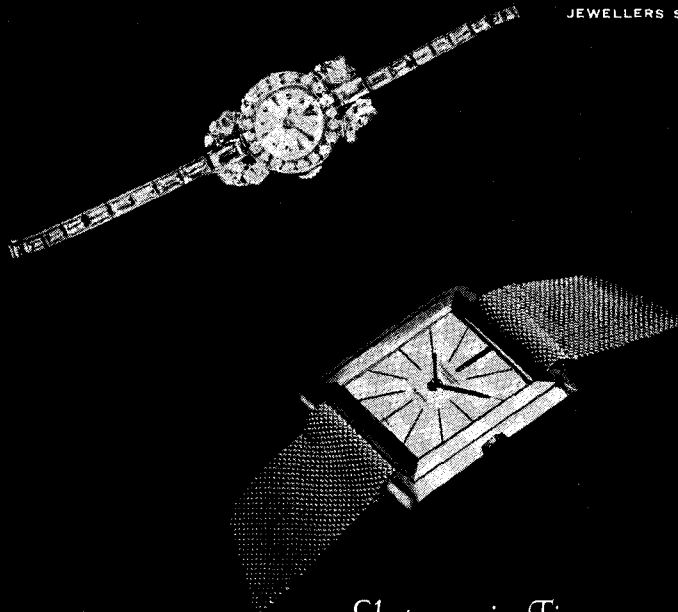
"Burgundy is the home of the small grower—a wine democracy," Lichine once observed to an informal group of his followers in New York. "Bordeaux, on the other hand, is a wine oligarchy, run by a firmly entrenched group consisting of influential brokers, wealthy shippers, and the proprietors of the great châteaux. *L'aristocratie du bouchon*—the cork aristocrats. Among the old Bordeaux families, Victorian reticence is the keynote. They wear Harris tweeds bought in London, speak English with an Oxford accent, and take long weekends, and practically all of them spend the month of August together in the resort town of Arcachon, a mere forty miles from home. The most respected members of the community are *les vieux*, who recall every vintage of the eighteen-nineties and are



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revered as oracles on the subject of wine. Some of the shipping firms in the shabby waterfront buildings along the Quai des Chartrons are over two hundred years old, and Charles Dickens would have considered their offices old-fashioned. The shippers stand at high desks, doing their calculations on the backs of old envelopes. The clocks on the walls are out of order. In some cases, the name of the firm doesn't appear on the door; the owners claim there's no need for a nameplate, because their company is so well known that anybody can find it, and they reminisce about *la grande époque*, when Grand-Père sold a customer a million gold francs' worth of wines in a single afternoon. Grand-Père never had his name on the door, so why should they bother? Grand-Père knew best. A member of the cork aristocracy told me not long ago that things have been difficult since he lost his best customer. I asked him who that was, and he sighed and said, 'La Russie.' He was talking about the Russian millionaires he'd lost forty years ago! Fellows like that were licked before they started. Since they've been living only in the past, it's no wonder they didn't notice that they were being overtaken by the Burgundians. They were convinced that they were the greatest. After all, they said, only Bordeaux wines have a Classification."

As might be supposed, the hard-driving advocate of American selling methods was not immediately welcomed into the inner circles of Bordeaux society, nor was his advice eagerly sought after. On a highway near the Château Lascombes, Lichine put up a large sign advertising his wares; although it was Louis Quinze in style, out of deference to his neighbors, it was widely denounced as a desecration, but he refused to give ground, and, instead, put up some more signs, meanwhile insistently preaching the gospel of advertising and public relations. Word reached him that along the Quai des Chartrons people were muttering, "*Le fou d'Américain va se casser le cou*," and that he was beyond doubt the most discussed and least liked man in the whole of Bordeaux. But the feeling against Lichine as a high-powered businessman was mild compared to the antagonism he encountered when he began to attack the holy Classification. As word of this new outrage spread, the belief that *le fou d'Américain* had indeed gone berserk became practically unanimous, and even men whom Lichine had come to think of as friends began making it plain

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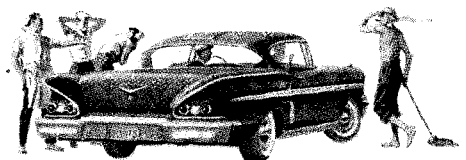
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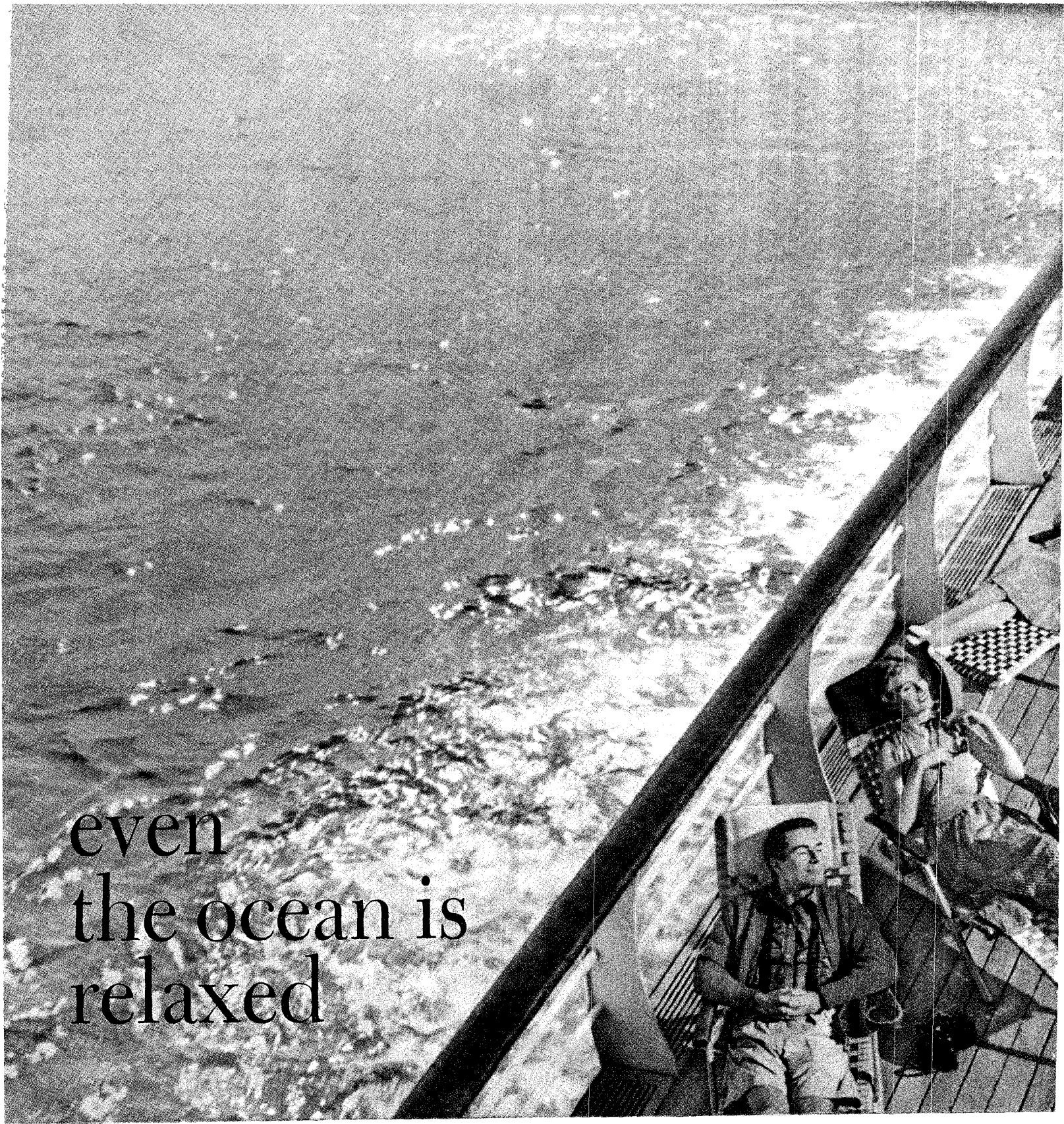
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that they would rather not be seen with him.

Lichine, however, not only refused to back down but counterattacked so effectively that Bordeaux today, though it can scarcely be called a modern business center, shows definite signs of surrender, or at least of compromise. In 1955, while *les vieux* shook their heads sadly and asked one another what Grand-Père would have thought, Lichine and some other progressive young wine men set up an organization that was patterned more or less after a Chamber of Commerce but, as if to emphasize the disintegration in the ranks of the conservatives, was given a far more explicit name—L'Association pour le Développement de l'Exportation du Vin de Bordeaux. And this was merely the first of several blows that have staggered *les vieux*. Financed jointly by the local wine people and the French government, the A.D.E.B., as the association is commonly known, has referred some of its problems to Maybruck Associates, a New York public-relations firm, which operates a Bordeaux Wine Information Bureau in its offices, on East Forty-first Street, and advises its clients on matters of broad promotional policy. While there is still some grumbling in Bordeaux about *le fou d'Américain*, many members of the younger generation of businessmen think that the impact of Lichine on their community has been a good thing, and peace has been so successfully restored that he now occasionally entertains the wives and children of cork aristocrats at tea and the aristocrats themselves at dinner.

MUCH as Lichine came to admire the shippers of Burgundy wines for their aggressive selling methods, he found some of their other practices reprehensible, and characteristically launched a one-man reform movement on that front, too. The basic cause of the evil, as he saw it, was that few of the growers in Burgundy have the facilities or the inclination to bottle and market their own wine. Unlike the big châteaux in Bordeaux, whose owners are businessmen as well as vintners, many of the vineyards in Burgundy are scarcely more than large garden plots, and their owners are an unsophisticated lot, expert at making wine but at little else, and likely to be frightened by the red tape and paperwork involved in bottling and shipping. Until the advent of Lichine, therefore, the Burgundy growers were in the habit of selling their wines in the barrel to



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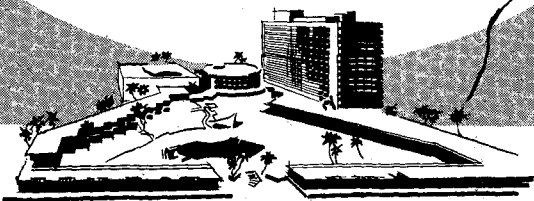
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shippers who would bottle it under their own labels.

As Lichine saw it, this setup was all wrong. For one thing, the producers of some of the best wines in the world remained anonymous, while the middlemen took all the credit for their artistry. To make matters worse, when the demand for Burgundy was high, the middlemen would stretch what small quantities of the wine they could lay their hands on by blending it with inferior wines. "Blending" is a charitable translation of the French word "*coupage*," which also means diluting, but it may also be the most appropriate one in this instance, since the middlemen at least took the trouble to be selective in their choice of inferior wines, adding one kind for their customers in Belgium, another for those in Switzerland, and so on, in accordance with what they believed to be national tastes. In any case, the practice of blending spread so widely among Burgundy shippers that the region became known as *la grande cuisine*, and some of the middlemen, to make an illegal extra profit, were selling the blends as genuine Burgundies, thereby willfully jeopardizing the reputation that the growers counted on to provide a living for themselves and their heirs. For some years now, the French government has been cracking down on the fraudulent versions of *coupage*, but there is still plenty of legal *coupage* going on. Anyone driving through the southeastern part of France soon grows accustomed to the tank trucks, like those used to haul gasoline or milk, that regularly shuttle between Marseille and Burgundy, rumbling north with cheap wines from Algeria or the Midi and rattling south again to pick up another load.

Peering into the future, Lichine could see the outlines of disaster. It seemed to him that as long as wine making and wine bottling were divorced, *coupage* was inevitable, and that eventually the prestige of Burgundy wines, which account for about forty per cent of Alexis Lichine & Co.'s business, would be seriously damaged. In 1948, Lichine, stimulated, as he frequently is, by a potent *coupage* of altruism and self-interest, set about freeing Burgundy of inequity and skulduggery by arranging for every grower he bought from, no matter how small his vineyard, to bottle his own wine, and for the man's name to appear on the label of each bottle. Lichine's system of buying and marketing Burgundy hasn't changed over the years. First, he visits a grower's cellar and tastes the wine in



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each of the barrels stored there. He then indicates the barrels he is interested in, and, if both sides can agree on a price, arranges the terms of payment and explains that the grower will receive a premium to cover the cost of bottling the wine in his own cellar; if the vineyard is a small one, Lichine also offers to provide bottles and corks. When the wine is ready, the grower bottles it, using corks that are stamped with the name of the vineyard, his own name, the year, and the words "*Mise au Domaine*" ("Estate Bottled"). Lichine's trucks then call at the vineyard and transport the wine to the company's warehouse in Margaux, where labels bearing the same information are pasted on the bottles just before they are due to be shipped. (Labels pasted on when the wine is bottled would rot in the dampness of the storage cellars.) In the meantime, clerks in the Margaux office have taken care of all the paperwork—licenses, affidavits, and whatever other formalities the law requires, leaving the grower free to return to his vines.

In Lichine's view, the possibility that the growers he deals with may themselves be tempted to indulge in a little *coupage* is so remote as to be negligible. For one thing, he has an extensive knowledge of the individual reputations of the growers in the region, supplemented by his own impressions while dealing with them, but even more important, perhaps, he has faith in the character of Burgundians as a people—a faith that makes it inconceivable to him that they would think of debasing the wine from their own vineyards. The Lichine bottle-it-yourself method of buying has been so well received in Burgundy that it has lately been adopted by several rival buyers, who found that they couldn't compete with him in getting the good wines if they didn't give the growers their due. Notwithstanding the tank trucks that continue to crawl up from Marseille, Lichine is confident that the evils of *coupage* have been drastically curbed, and his optimism is borne out by the winegrowers themselves, who estimate that seventy per cent of the Burgundies being sold today are pure Burgundy—a gain of forty-five per cent since the years just before the war.

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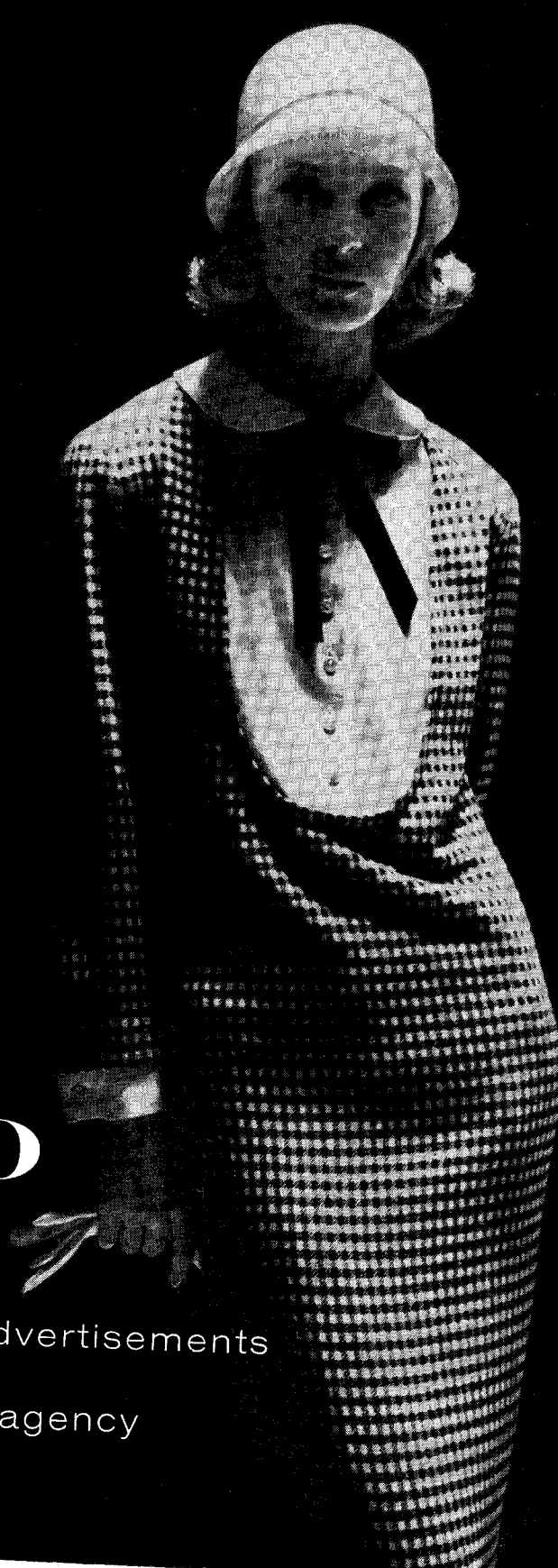
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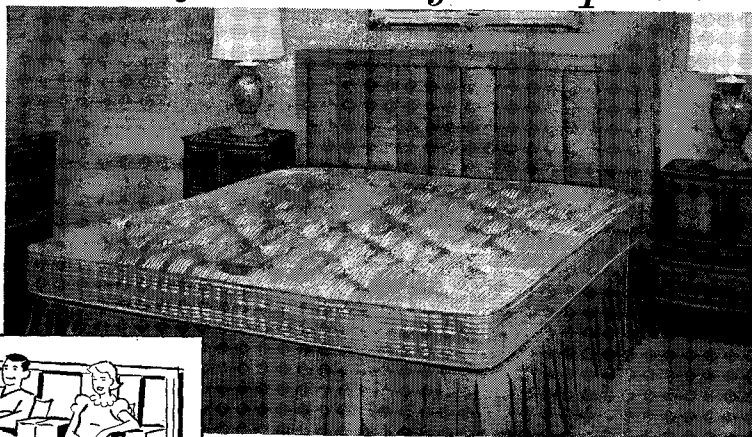
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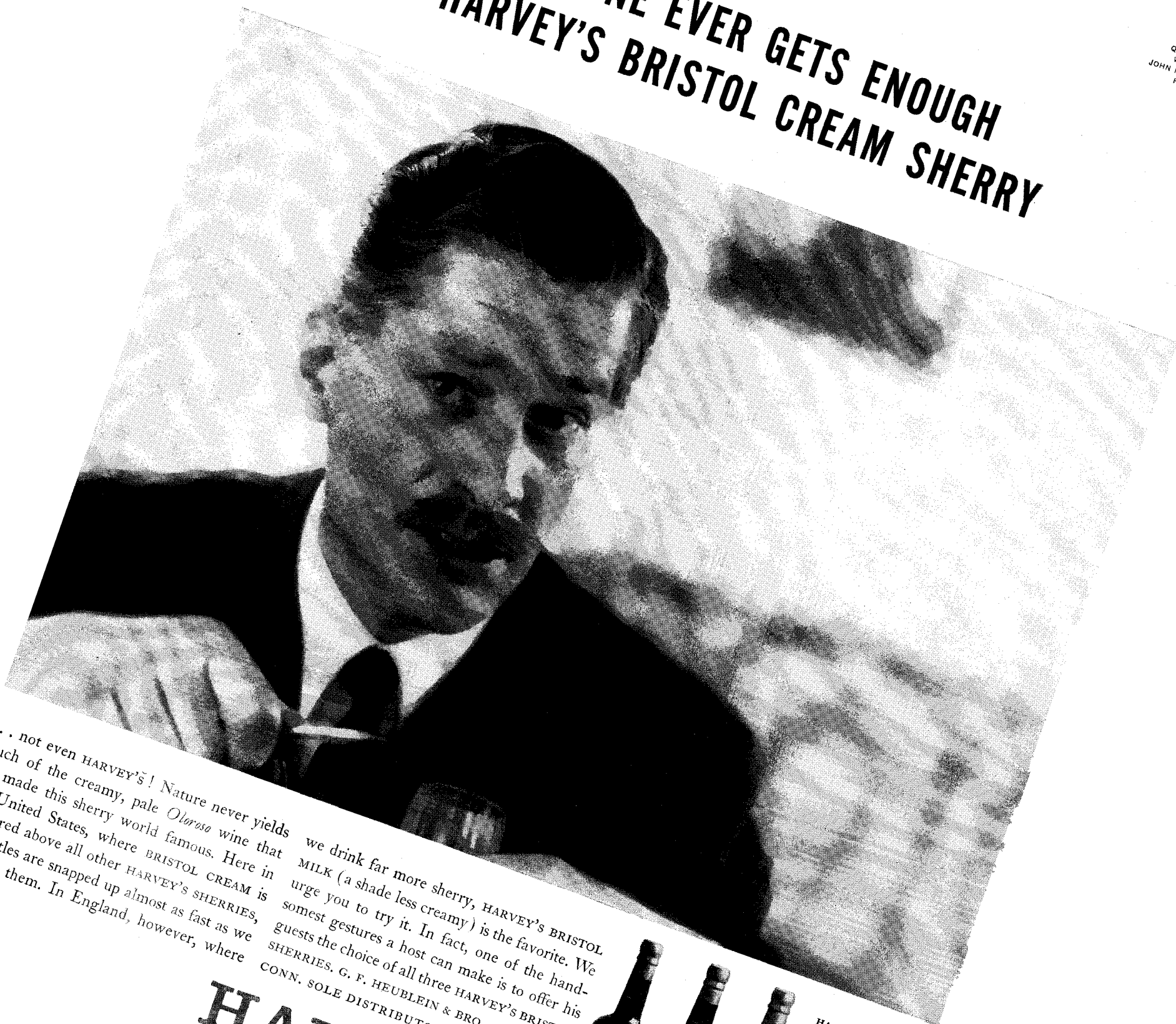
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employees and now has thirty—American, French, British, Belgian, and White Russian—half of them working in its offices and the rest in its cellars and shipping rooms. (The Lichine vineyards are tended by thirty full-time laborers, and several dozen additional workers are taken on during the spraying, pruning, and harvesting seasons.) The company's bright, clean cellars, containing more than half a million bottles of wine, are among the show places of the region. And so, at last, after six years of refurbishing, is the Château Prieuré-Lichine, where Lichine, his wife, and their year-old daughter, Alice Alexandra, live when they are in Europe, enjoying the newly provided comforts of adequate plumbing and a rain-proof roof. (In New York, they live in an apartment on West Fifty-third Street.) The Prieuré vineyard consisted of twenty-five acres at the time Lichine bought it, and now consists of thirty-seven, for although he is primarily interested in the quality, rather than the quantity, of its *terroir*, and has occasionally let a piece of mediocre land go in exchange for a good plot only half its size, he has added to his holdings by buying acreage from four nearby châteaux—Branc-Cantenac, Kirwan, Boyd-Cantenac, and Palmer. He has also dug up feeble, old vines and replaced them with strong, young ones, and, what with one thing and another, he has increased the Château Prieuré-Lichine's potential output from fourteen hundred cases to forty-five hundred. Whatever his feelings may be about the rest of the Classification, he does not hesitate to concede that the Prieuré was properly designated as a fourth-growth château when he took it over, and because it therefore offers him more of a challenge than the Château Lascombes, he has a personal fondness for the place.

I have known Lichine for some time, but it was not until last summer that I got my first look at the Prieuré. I was staying near Vevey, Switzerland, and one day Lichine called me up from Antibes, where he and his wife had been spending a week's vacation, and invited me to drive back to Bordeaux with them and spend a few days at the château; I could, he said, have "a look at the new wine." We agreed to meet in front of the Gare de Perrache, in Lyon, a convenient halfway point. Arriving there by train from Geneva on a sunny morning, I found Lichine waiting for me, dressed in suede shoes, slacks, a bright-green shirt open at the neck, and a sports jacket, with his tie hanging from one of its pockets. After an ex-

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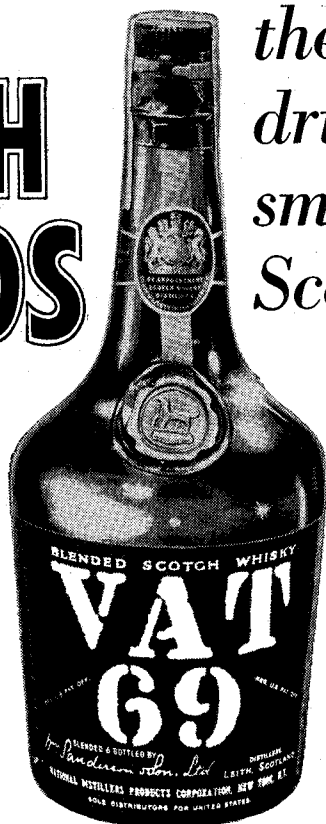
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change of greetings, he led the way to his car, a 1957 Oldsmobile, where Mrs. Lichine was waiting. A strikingly good-looking brunette of Belgian and German extraction, she has been married to Lichine for two years, and during that time she has probably been at the receiving end of more talk about wine than even the portable dictating machine that is her husband's constant companion, and that I spotted on the back seat. Lichine tossed my bag in with it, and then took a pill out of his pocket and swallowed it—an automatic gesture, like that of a regular smoker lighting a cigarette, for he suffers from various aches and ills, and carries around with him an assortment of what he imagines to be cures for them all. Then he tooted his horn—producing a noise reminiscent of the Super Chief's warning blast—and we started off. As he drove briskly past clusters of market stands loaded with vegetables, cheeses, *poulets de Bresse*, and other ingredients of the *haute cuisine* dear to the hearts of the Lyonnais, I could see that he was his usual dynamic self, refreshed after seven days of doing nothing—as I learned from his wife—but talk about wine from morning to midnight. “And dream about wine from midnight to morning,” Lichine added contentedly. “Oh, some of those vintages I taste in my sleep!”

Instead of taking the road to Bordeaux, Lichine headed in the direction of Burgundy. This surprised me—and Mrs. Lichine, too, I gathered, as she protested that she hadn't seen their daughter, born about four months earlier, for nine days, which seemed to her like as many years, and was anxious to get home that night. Lichine assured her that the little one would be all right, and said that we might just as well go by way of Burgundy—which is comparable to going from Chicago to Los Angeles by way of Butte, Montana—to have “a look at the new wine” there, too. His wife sighed, and pointed out that he had stopped to see his vines in Burgundy on the trip down, but he said that it wasn't his own he wanted to look at this time—it was some of the others'.

For the next three hours, as we hurtled north, Lichine treated us to a monologue full of fresh, if sometimes disconnected, observations and factual tidbits about wine and related subjects, such as the Beaujolais (“They're friendly people, whose friendly wines ought to be drunk young, because they're not made to last”), geography (“There's a quarry on the boundary between the Côte de Nuits and the Côte

de Beaune that supplied some of the stones for the Paris Opéra"), domestic relations ("When that grower in Puligny-Montrachet divorces his wife, she'll get the best parcels of his vineyard away from him"), napkins ("Wrapping one around the bottle is a senseless hangover from prohibition"), and cellars ("It hardly matters where you store your wines as long as you avoid sudden or extreme changes of light and temperature").

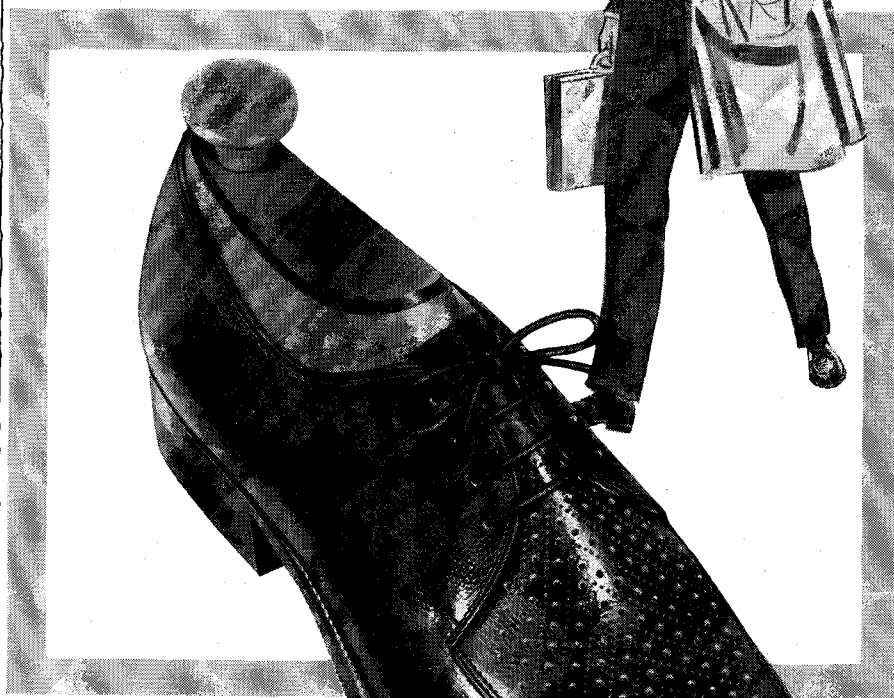
Soon after leaving Mâcon, we saw ahead of us the rounded hills of the Côte d'Or, their southern slopes covered with the vines of the precious Pinot grapes, which produce very small quantities of very fine wine, and our guide became as rapt as a pilgrim approaching St. Peter's in Rome. Leaving the highway, he drove over a dirt road that ran across a hillside planted with row upon row of low-cut vines. Presently, he stopped the car, got out, and examined a number of the vines. "They look terrific!" he said on his return. Beyond the vineyard, we came upon a group of old gray stone buildings. This proved to be the village of Chassagne-Montrachet, and as Lichine drove through its narrow, winding cobbled streets, sounding his horn and waving at the people, dogs turned and fled, and frightened mothers yanked their children into the safety of doorways. "Ah!" said our driver with satisfaction. "Everybody's glad to see Lichine in town again."

We stopped near a house with a cobbled courtyard, in which the week's wash had been hung up to dry. "You're going to meet Claude Ramonet, the owner of a vineyard called Les Ruchottes," Lichine said, his voice vibrating with respect and admiration. "Claude and his brother Pierre make some of the finest Chassagne-Montrachet, and Chassagne-Montrachet is, of course, one of Burgundy's finest white wines. I've known them for twenty years, and they've never once slipped up. Claude will tell us he's got almost nothing to sell, but the difference between almost nothing and nothing can be considerable. There'll be some tremendous haggling—you'll see—and after the sale Claude will be unhappy. To these people, selling their wine is like seeing their children leave home."

In the courtyard, Lichine patted a furiously barking dog and greeted a woman who had come out of the house wiping her hands on her apron. I thought I detected the aroma of *tomates provençales* in the air. He introduced her as Mme. Claude Ramonet, and inquired after her health, her husband's

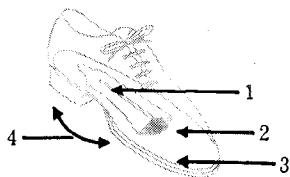
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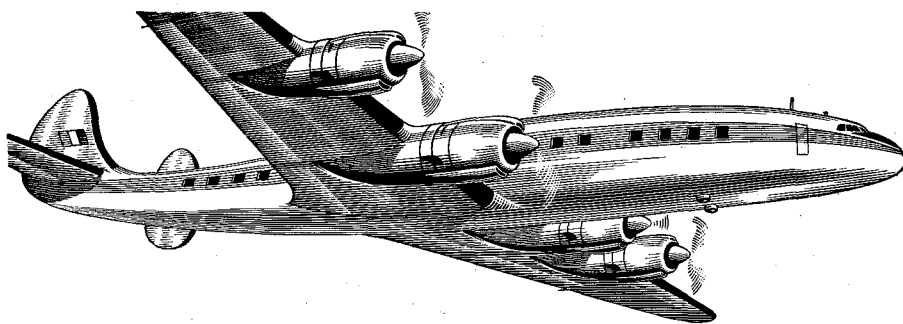
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health, and her son's health. ("Ah, monsieur, c'est triste! Il est toujours au régiment.") She inquired after *le petit chou*, and he told her that his daughter was eating well and growing at a great rate. Just then, a tractor, specially designed to straddle the rows in a vineyard, rolled into the courtyard, and Madame's husband, a slim, blond, sunburned man in dark-blue overalls and a blue beret, jumped down from its high seat. He shook hands unenthusiastically with Lichine but brightened on being introduced to Mrs. Lichine and learning that *le petit chou* was doing nicely.

Lichine started things off by saying, "The air is humid, but with all this sunshine the grapes seem to have been growing fantastically. *Il paraît que c'est superbe chez vous.*" Ramonet shrugged, and said he couldn't sell Monsieur a single barrel more than they had already agreed on. People were after him all the time, he went on, some of them even calling him from his vineyard in the middle of the morning. "*C'est idiot!* No, no, Monsieur, not one barrel more!" Lichine, far from disheartened, suggested amiably that Ramonet show us his cellar, and without further protest the grower led us up the street to an ancient stone building and, when he had unlocked the door, down into a damp, cold, dusty chamber, its air heavy with wine fumes. Mrs. Lichine shivered, and her husband remarked that if she thought this was cold, she ought to go along with him on a tasting trip in winter, when the dampness cut like a knife and there was no escaping it until a hundred wines had been tasted. Dipping a pipette into a barrel of white wine, Ramonet filled glasses for Mrs. Lichine and me and a *tasterin*—a shallow, dimpled silver saucer—for Lichine and another for himself. "This wine is still fermenting," Lichine told us, in English, when he had taken a sip, "so in judging it you've got to read between the lines. In my opinion, it's going to turn out to be excellent. You can bet I'm going to get some of it." Then, switching to French, he said, "It has the unmistakable flavor of Les Ru-chottes. Dry—soft, rather than hard. Flowery, with a certain expansiveness and a very clean finish, but no sweet aftertaste."

Ramonet looked pleased, and when Lichine, plunging ahead, asked if he wouldn't reconsider and sell him some of this superior wine, he said, "Oh, well, maybe one barrel, but not at the '55 price."

Lichine straightened up like a Soviet diplomat about to say "Nyet." "And

why should I pay more for the '56?" he asked.

"*Parce que.*"

"*Parce que quoi?*"

"Everything's gone up," Ramonet replied, but his resistance was plainly crumbling, and he gave a meek shrug. "Cost of living. Taxes. Everything."

Putting down his *tastevin*, Lichine delivered a stern homily on inflation as one of the major afflictions besetting France, after which the two men engaged in a bargaining duel that would have drawn a crowd even in the bazaars of Beirut. At one point, Lichine, in the true *nyet* spirit, actually walked out. But he was soon back, and in the end all was well; Ramonet had unhappily consented to part with three barrels of his treasure, and Lichine had agreed to pay slightly more than the '55 price.

"That's the kind of fellow I'm fighting for," Lichine said when we were back in the car. "A straight and honest grower. The people around here are so thrifty they don't even drink their own good wine—they make a *petit vin*, unbalanced and slightly acid, for themselves—but they've got the courage of a gambler who puts every cent he has on one horse."

We stopped in Puligny-Montrachet to visit the grower who was divorcing his wife, and found that, sure enough, she was going to get several of his choicest parcels. Lichine bought some wine from him, and from a few other growers we called on as we drove along. After the fifth or sixth stop, Mrs. Lichine, who had been bearing up bravely, announced that she was starving, and I admitted that I was, too. Lichine, however, admonished us not to think of anything so prosaic as food when we had the opportunity to sip some of the best wines in the world. At two o'clock, after sipping several more such wines to the accompaniment of heated arguments in cold cellars, we reached the town of Beaune, and Lichine drew up in front of a small *pâtisserie*. Mrs. Lichine and I started to get out, but he waved us back. We were going right on, he said; he'd only stopped to tell us a story about the place. The story was an involved one, and I'm afraid that Mrs. Lichine and I didn't give its narrator our full attention, but the gist of it seemed to be that Lichine had once sold the proprietor of the *pâtisserie*, right there in the heart of Burgundy, some wine from his *châteaux* in Bordeaux—an accomplishment comparable, I gathered, to that of selling a Chevrolet to a Ford dealer.

Mrs. Lichine hopefully suggested that we go inside and give her husband

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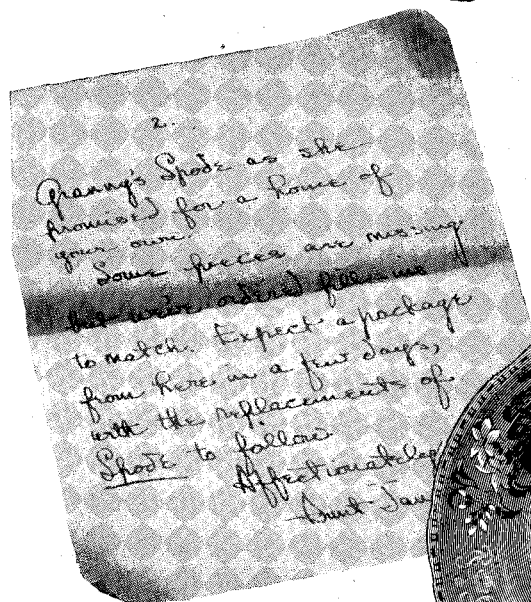
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a chance to repeat his triumph while she and I were having a bite, but he didn't rise to the bait, driving off instead toward the next vineyard on his itinerary. When we had visited its cellar and were ready to go on, Mrs. Lichine said she was going to jump out of the car unless she had at least an omelet.

"Now—at half past two?" said Lichine. "No one in France will make you an omelet at this time of day."

"You must know someone around here who would be willing to, *chéri*," said his wife.

Lichine sighed, and soon pulled up in front of a country inn, where he talked the proprietor into making us an *omelette aux fines herbes*, and then amused himself by selling him two cases of Prieuré-Lichine '53 while Mrs. Lichine and I devoured our food.

In my memory, the rest of the afternoon is a hazy montage of cold cellars and hot sunshine, of almost empty wineglasses and almost full pipettes, of dogs barking at Lichine and Lichine barking at growers. Finally, at half past eight, an exuberant Lichine drove his two exhausted passengers to Alexandre Dumaine's Hôtel de la Côte-d'Or, in Saulieu, where we were going to spend the night. Mrs. Lichine and I recovered after a magnificent dinner, and she left us to call the priory. Five minutes later, she returned, looking worried, and told her husband, "The baby's got a heat rash. They had to call the doctor. It's been very hot there yesterday and today."

"Good for the grapes," Lichine replied jovially, but when his wife failed to respond, he patted her hand and his voice suddenly became earnest as he said, "Don't worry. She'll be all right. Children are much more rugged than their parents think."

"I wish you could be as philosophical as that about grapes," said Mrs. Lichine.

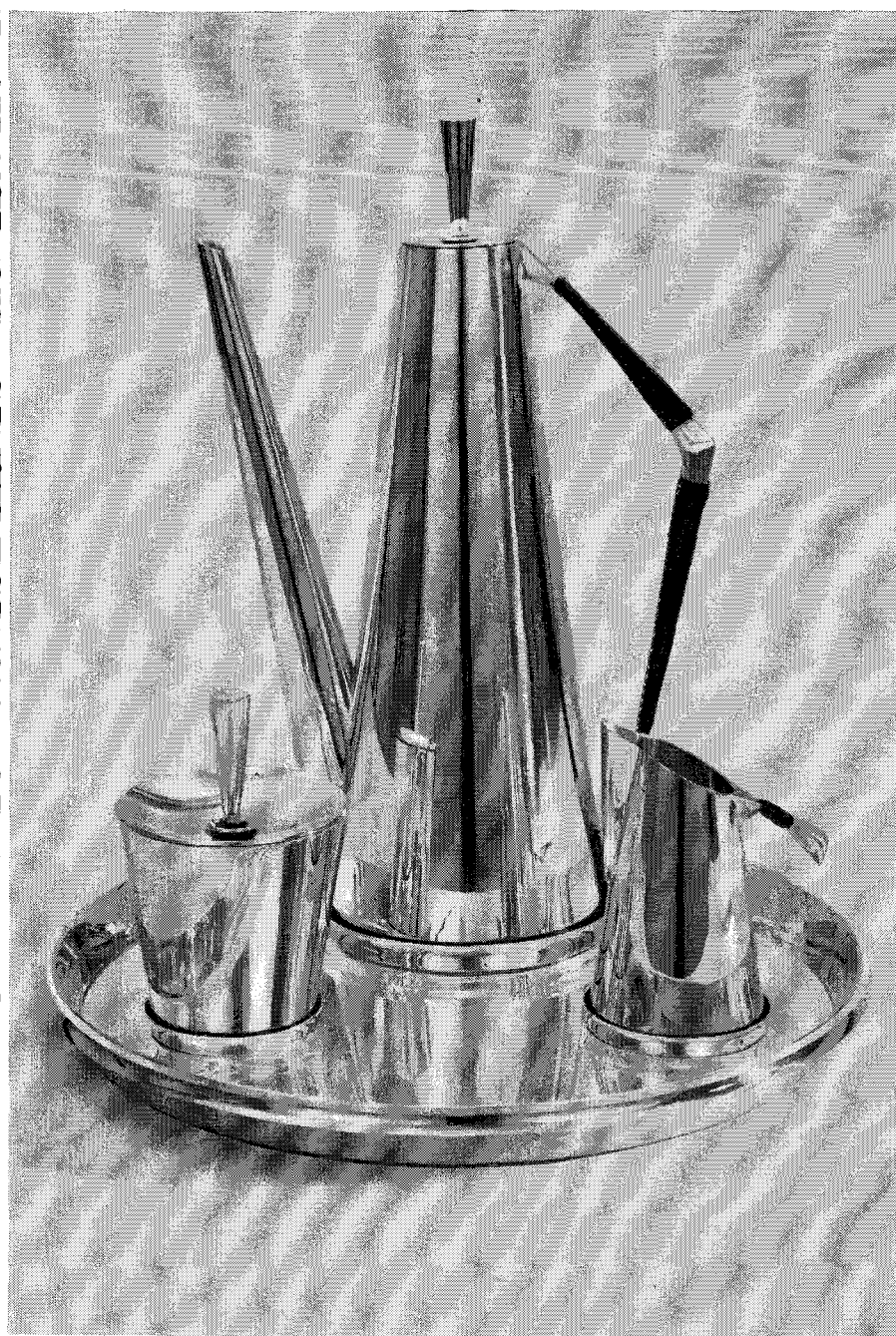
We got away early the next morning, and left Burgundy without further stops, hurrying toward Bordeaux by way of Moulins and Montluçon. Late in the afternoon, as we drew near the ocean, the temperature began to drop and the sky became overcast. So did Lichine's face. He was worrying about hail, which can destroy a vineyard's entire crop in a few minutes; indeed, hail is the winegrower's worst enemy—so formidable that insurance against it is prohibitively expensive. Lichine grew more and more nervous and swallowed more and more pills, until his wife advised him to stop at the next town and telephone the priory. He did, and came back looking relieved.

"It's been raining, but no hail," he reported. "And the baby's well again and waiting for her sweet *maman*." He gaily kissed his wife, and on we went.

It was dark by the time we drove through an arched gate into the courtyard of the Château Prieuré-Lichine, but it was easy to see what a charming place it was, for the buildings were illuminated by floodlights. Margaux, an Irish setter, and Bacchus, a Great Pyrenees, bounded about Lichine, while his wife lifted her baby from the arms of a nurse. Then Lichine held his daughter for a while, trying without much success to seem detached about it.

Waiting to welcome the Lichines were the members of his general staff: de Wilde, his buying assistant, who also serves as manager of his vineyards, with Mrs. de Wilde; Armand Moussu, the president and business manager of Alexis Lichine & Co. (although Lichine founded the company and directs its operations, he is not, as an American citizen, allowed to call himself its president); Nicolas Trambitsky, the office manager at Margaux; and Whitney Gerard, a recent Princeton graduate who was then acting as the boss's administrative assistant and has since gone into the Air Force. Lichine led me into the dining room—formerly the priory kitchen—where white-jacketed waiters were darting about preparing for the evening meal. The year before, he said, workmen remodelling the room had torn down a wall and found several stone coffins under it, each containing a skeleton. The village priest had been summoned, and, after some research, had discovered that the old kitchen stood on the edge of a fifteenth-century cemetery—part of the grounds of what was once Cantenac's church. During the French Revolution, a mob had burned the church, and afterward, a new church having been built elsewhere, the old church and its cemetery had gradually been forgotten. "It was a good thing we came across those skeletons before we'd really settled in here," Lichine remarked thoughtfully. "If we hadn't, and some local historian found out about them later on, it might be hard to decide whether to tear the whole room apart and start over again or just leave them there and try to forget about them."

There were a dozen guests at the large dinner table that evening. A very dry vermouth from Chambéry was served before the meal, but no cocktails; though Lichine consents to take an occasional cocktail during his American travels, he feels that gin and whiskey



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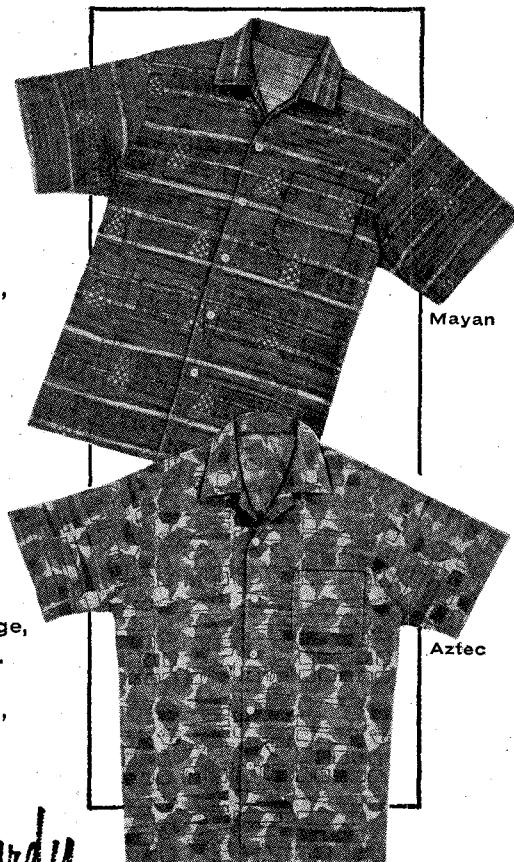
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would be out of place in the priory. At dinner, the wines, naturally, were of the best, and the *cuisine bourgeoise* they accompanied was delicious—a huge *omelette au jambon*, made by de Wilde, then a *blanquette de veau*, made by Mrs. de Wilde, and, finally, a *soufflé aux fraises*, made by Mrs. Lichine. (Mrs. de Wilde confessed that the household's regular cook had helped out with the *blanquette*—just for something to do, I suspect, since there are always amateurs around the place eager to whip up something in the kitchen.) Four or five more of Lichine's friends, who had just arrived from the States, came in after dinner. The Lichines keep open house at the Château Prieuré-Lichine the year round, whether they are there or not, and so many people avail themselves of this hospitality that Mrs. Lichine can't recall ever having dinner alone at the priory with her husband. Stockholders and their families are usually put up at the Château Lascombes, just down the road, but a couple of years ago, when eleven members of the Rockefeller clan showed up in a body, there wasn't room to accommodate them all, and the overflow stayed at the rival Château Margaux.

At seven the next morning, Lichine knocked at my door and said that if I wanted to go along with him to a sales meeting of Alexis Lichine & Co., I'd better start getting ready, because it was due to begin at eight. The firm's headquarters, a five-minute drive from the priory, are on Margaux's Rue du Général de Gaulle, in a two-story gray stone building that has been lent to Lichine by Pierre Ginestet, the owner of the Château Margaux, whose first-growth vines the head of Alexis Lichine & Co. often contemplates wistfully from a window of his office. The building itself is nearly a hundred years old, but Lichine has renovated its interior, installing fluorescent lights and electric typewriters, and has populated it with efficient young male and female white-collar workers; only the telephones are in the old Quai des Chartrons tradition, being operated by means of crank handles and insults. Moussu presided at the sales meeting, and Lichine, who had told me he would be attending it merely as "an observer," did most of the talking. After reporting on his recent visit to Burgundy, he declared that the company would buy more of the region's 1957 red wines and less of its whites; discussed a prospectus relating to the capitalization of the Château Lascombes; ordered certain changes in a new wine list the firm had prepared for

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the American Export Lines; ruled that the foil caps used to seal the company's wine bottles would thereafter be longer on Bordeaux and shorter on Burgundies; and called for a number of changes in the specifications for some copper refrigerating pipes that were to be ordered from Algeria.

After the meeting, Lichine drove me out to the Château Lascombes—a Renaissance-style structure surrounded by a large park and vineyards. Eighteen of Rockefeller's United Nations flags were fluttering from white flagpoles in front, and I asked him about the rest. He replied that if he put them all out, they would dwarf the building, so he flew only the French flag and the flags of nations that import French wines. An elderly man in a tattered straw hat, faded corduroy trousers, and a sports jacket that, in the circumstances, looked incongruous was watering the lawn in front of the château. "That's Hubert Moreau, the dean of the local *vignerons*," Lichine told me as we sat in the car, watching the old fellow. He went on to say that Moreau, who was almost eighty, had started working part time in the Lascombes vineyards at the age of ten, had drunk a bottle of wine a day since he was fourteen, and had been a vineyard worker on a full-time basis—from six in the morning to six at night—since he was fifteen. Starting at the age of twenty-one, he had gone home each evening to spend two hours toiling in a little vineyard of his own, from which he got about nine hundred bottles of wine a year. Some of this he and his family drank, some they gave away, and some they kept *en cas de catastrophe*, being well aware that wine can be not only drink but food, currency, and merchandise. Moreau's great-grandfather, grandfather, and father had all been *vignerons*; he had a son who was working in the Lascombes vineyards, and some grandsons who would soon be starting in there.

When Lichine and I got out of the car, he led me over to the old man and introduced me. Moreau shut off the nozzle of the hose, removed his straw hat, and, fanning himself with it, told me about the wonderful year of 1893, when conditions had been so favorable that the *vignerons* were able to start picking the grapes on August 16th, and the juice had such a high sugar content that the vats boiled over. They made better wines in those days, Moreau thought, because they used wooden pipes instead of metal ones; also, they used horses, and the horses knew their business, which was more than you could say



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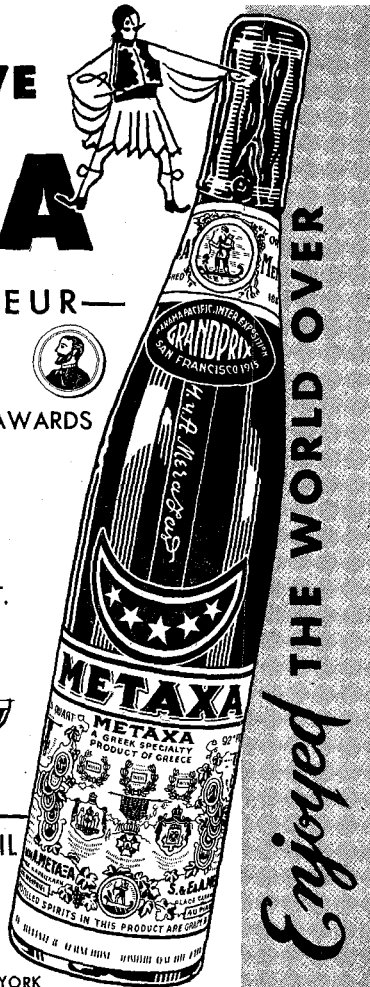


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for tractors, with their wheels that slipped and slid right into the vines when the ground was muddy. But, said Moreau, putting his hat back on, he was not one to complain. Life was pleasant, in spite of tractors and metal pipes, and M. Lichine was a good man to work for. Every year, on the eve of Noël, M. Lichine would stop in at the Moreau house for a glass of the Moreau wine. Why, last year when he came, he brought this beautiful jacket as a gift. Taking off the jacket, Moreau handed it to me, so that I could see and feel what a fine garment it was, inside and out, and I caught a glimpse of a Brooks Brothers label.

When Moreau had resumed his sprinkling, moving slowly along the lawn, I confessed to Lichine that I had been a bit startled to note the origin of the jacket. "That's not at all unusual," Lichine said. "A lot of our workers wear Brooks Brothers clothes, and things from Saks Fifth Avenue and Abercrombie & Fitch, too. My friends in New York know I can use the stuff, and save the clothes they're finished with until I'm able to come around and collect them." He turned and looked affectionately at Moreau's only slightly stooped back. "We've got five hundred and thirty thousand vines here at Lascombes, and each of them has to be cultivated, pruned, sprayed, and generally nursed along from one end of the year to the other. Without men like Moreau—men who can't imagine working anywhere but in a vineyard—we'd have to shut up shop. Come on, let's go out back and see how the grapes are doing."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Lichine.)

Question: Is it proper to leave the paper containers around small cakes when they are served?

Mrs. Post: It is perfectly all right for him to tell her if there is a dressing room where she can go to fix it. But if there is no place to fix it, he had better be quiet rather than make her helplessly uncomfortable.—*Ottawa Journal*.

Next question.

SPRING COMES TO HARDING, NEW JERSEY

[From Harding Highlights in the Morristown Record]

Health officer Josephine Michalczak states there are four German measles, one measles, six chicken pox, two scarlet fever, three marriage licenses and three dog bites. Children who ride the Parker and Snyder bus have been exposed to mumps.

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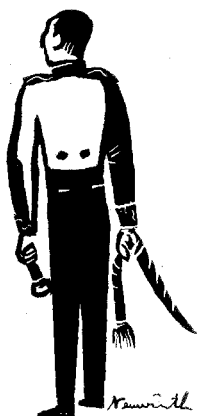
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Colette with Music



"GIGI," which was presented as a movie with Danielle Delorme a few years back, and as a Broadway entertainment with Audrey Hepburn not long thereafter, is with us once again—this time in a musical version, with Leslie Caron in the title role.

What with the likes of Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, Cecil Beaton, and Vincente Minnelli collaborating on the picture, it is hardly surprising that the songs are good, the décor remarkable, and the pace quite lively. As the adapter of the Colette novel, Mr. Lerner has managed to make a frail plot sustain a fairly sumptuous production, and he has supplied some ingenious lyrics for Mr. Loewe's tunes. Many of the songs sound a lot like the ones the two of them put together for "My Fair Lady," and, indeed, the whole technique employed to keep the film rolling along—from patter songs introduced as soliloquies to choral numbers used to advance the action melodiously—is reminiscent of their variation on "Pygmalion."

But familiarity with the method should breed no contempt in this case, for the picture has its own wit and style, and Mr. Beaton, who was, of course, responsible for the costumes in "My Fair Lady," has seen to it that the scenes are all attractively mounted. Mr. Minnelli, who directed the picture, has done a fine job of depicting Paris (where much of the movie was photographed) at the turn of the century, and the actors seem plausible enough as its inhabitants. The inhabitants that Colette concentrated upon in "Gigi" were a gamine being trained for a career as a courtesan by her grandmother and aunt; a rich young fellow called Gaston, who is not especially eager to become the protector of our heroine; and an old rake who generously helps to tutor her in the proper ways of getting along in the world. In the role of the roué, Maurice Chevalier is far and away the most ingratiating performer in the cast, but Hermione Gingold and Isabel Jeans are entirely satisfactory as,

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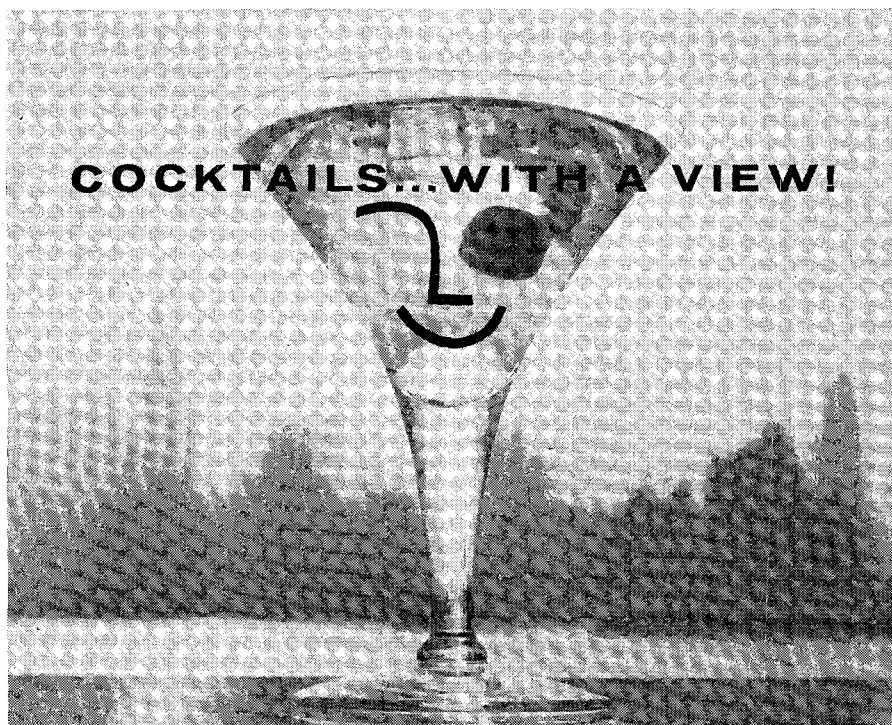
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respectively, the grandmother and the aunt. Miss Caron's Gigi is fitfully beguiling, and Louis Jourdan, the Gaston of the affair, is appropriately elegant, if not very stimulating.

NO melodramatic holds are barred in the picture called "Cry Terror!" in which Rod Steiger is cast as the mastermind of a criminal ring that is busily engaged in extorting half a million dollars from an airline by threatening to blow up the outfit's planes. Mr. Steiger's associates in this foul endeavor are a handsome, cruel lady (Angie Dickinson) and a nasty rapist (Neville Brand). In the course of the doings, Mr. Steiger and his pals kidnap a mechanic (James Mason), who has been making bombs for the gang under the delusion that the United States government is interested in them. The villains also kidnap the mechanic's wife (Inger Stevens). After this, the picture charges off in all directions, and we are favored with any number of unsettling developments, from Mr. Mason scampering up and down the cable of an express elevator like a monkey, to Miss Stevens dashing for her life through an abandoned subway tunnel. None of this makes any particular sense, and the picture jerks from one outrageous scene to another with such rapidity that before long all is confusion.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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(Every new mother faces the same problems sooner or later. Here's how other girls have solved some which may bother or puzzle you.)

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Mrs. D. Kerr, Tarrytown, N.Y.—My 5-month-old daughter and I have a wonderful time when I make the grownup bed. I put her on the bottom sheet while I arrange the top one, then on top of each blanket while I pull that into place. In between I play little games with her. She kicks her legs in anticipation when I carry her to bed!—*Baby Talk*.

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[Document found by a man while destroying some old papers]

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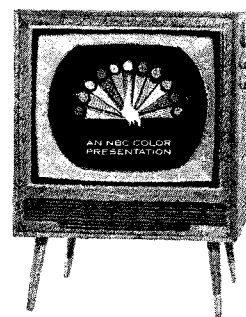
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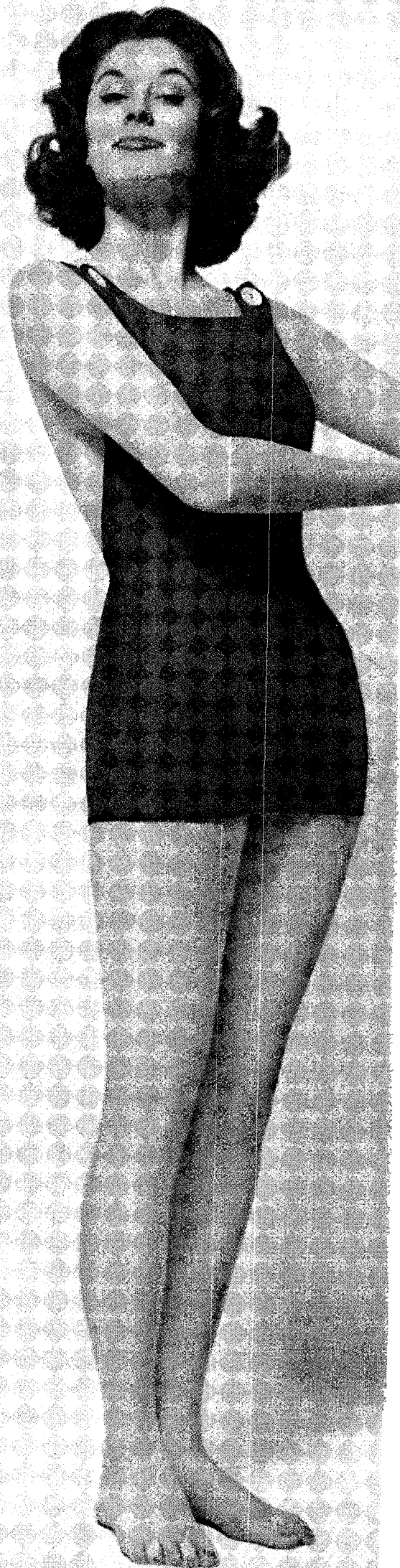
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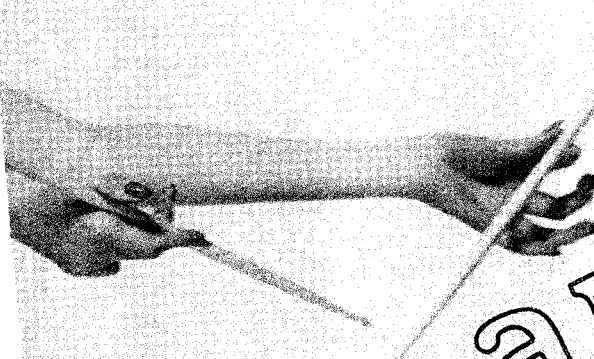
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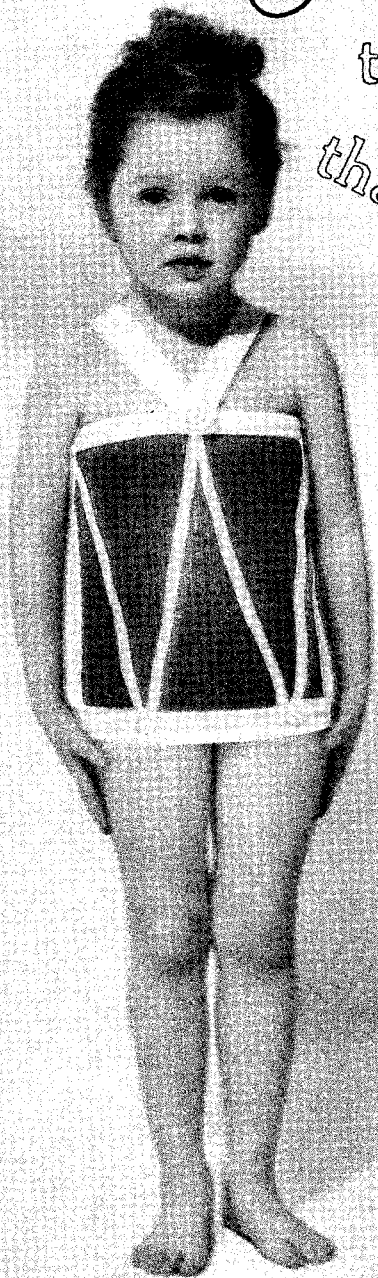
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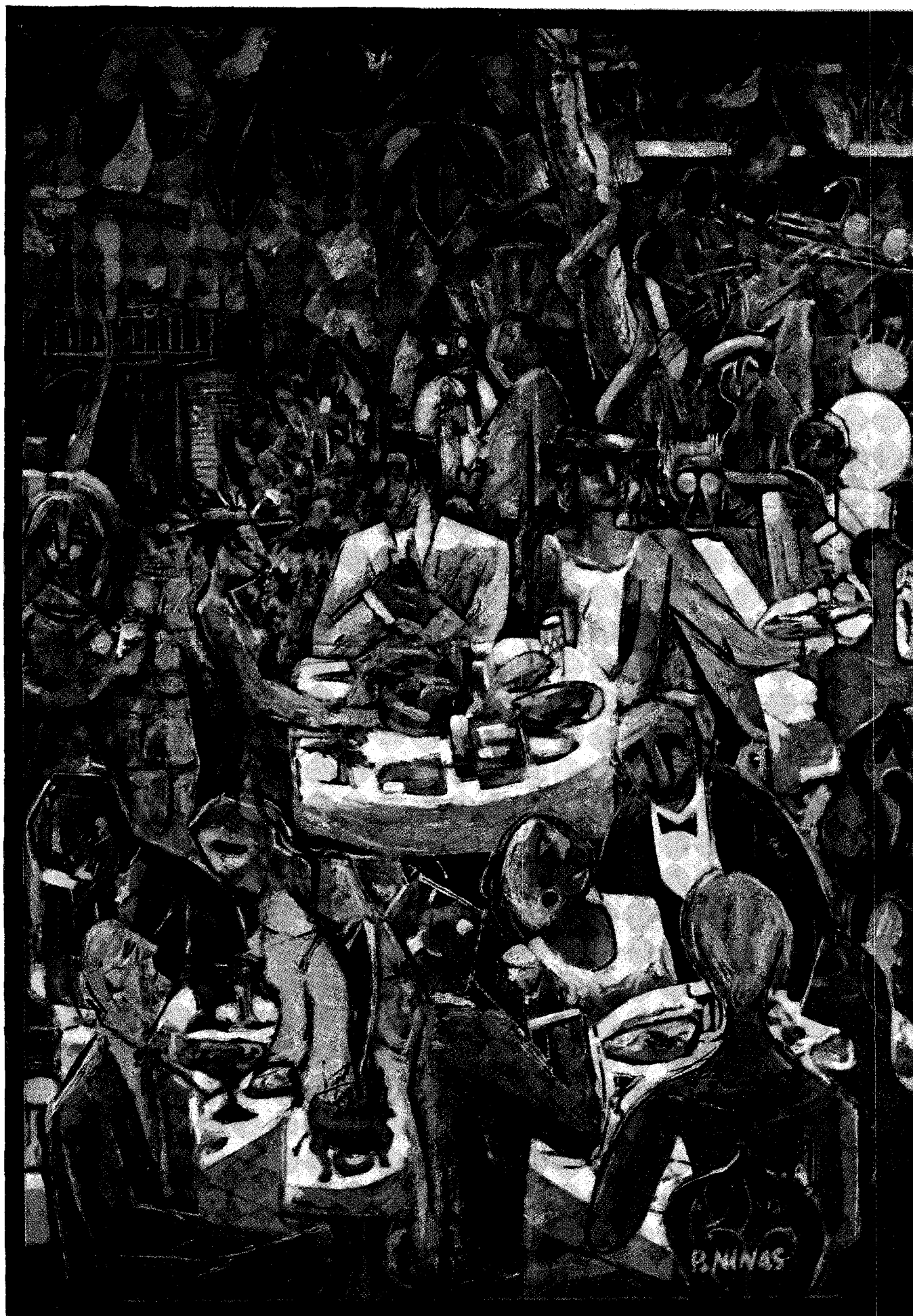
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THE RACE TRACK

Tim Tam Is Tops



NO two ways about it, Calumet Farm's Tim Tam is the best three-year-old. Although he had all the worst of the racing luck, he won the Preakness at Baltimore last weekend even more convincingly than he won the Kentucky Derby, and it takes a good one to do that. Lincoln Road finished second, Gone Fishin' was third, and Silky Sullivan, running on the fast kind of track he prefers, disappointed everybody again, coming in eighth this time, beaten by about fourteen lengths. The centers of attention in the saddling paddock were Jewel's Reward, whose coat had less sheen than usual but who looked very fit; Nouredin, who was thinner and more nervous than he had been for the Derby; and Martins Rullah, who was on his bad behavior, bucking about and scattering the spectators. Silky Sullivan showed up late, and was greeted by a long burst of applause. He's such a big, eye-filling fellow and his chestnut coat was so bright that I was surprised when Ben Jones, the Calumet majordomo, told me the colt looked as if he'd lost at least fifty pounds since the Derby. In my opinion, he somehow lacks quality, but on looks alone he'd take all the blues in a horse show. Another late arrival was Tim Tam; with his beautiful, smooth, strong action, he was easily the crowd's favorite among the dozen runners—the largest field for a Preakness in thirty years.

At the start, Lincoln Road, who had an outside post position and was quick out of the gate, headed across the track toward the rails, in front of Martins Rullah and Chance It Tony, and they crowded Tim Tam back. In the run to the first turn, Tim Tam was ten lengths behind the leaders (Silky Sullivan was twice as far behind Tim Tam), but Valenzuela, who rode him, kept him close to the rails, slipping him through every opening that appeared, until he finally caught Lincoln Road at the top of the stretch and went on to win going away. It was a fine piece of jockeyship, and I hope the boy rides Tim Tam in the Belmont Stakes next month; Hartack, the colt's regular rider, is nursing a broken leg, you know.

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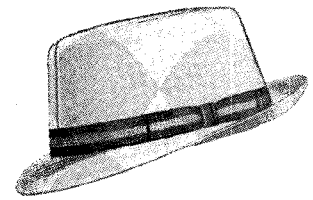


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Lincoln Road; he hasn't won a race all season, but he's been no worse than third in eight tries, either. Gone Fishin' went well, and Plion surprised me by finishing as close up as he did, in fourth place. Jewel's Reward ran no better than he had in the Derby. His jockey blamed the track, but I seem to recall that Jewel's Reward won the Pimlico Futurity last November over the same sort of footing. I hardly know what to say about Silky Sullivan. A well-advised horseman told me at Pimlico that the man who shod Silky for the Preakness told him that the colt wore smooth shoes in the Derby, which would account for the skittering he did in that race. But he didn't run much better on a fast track than he ran in the mud. As you know, some California horses haven't done well away from home—On Trust and Noor, for example. I suppose the only thing to do is to send Silky back where he started from.

Churchill Downs was rough on every horse who ran there. Jimmy Jones said the Derby took so much out of Tim Tam, whom he trains, that he was afraid the colt wouldn't be quite up to concert pitch for the Preakness—but, obviously, he was. His next start will be in the Belmont Stakes on June 7th, and he should have no difficulty winning that one, too. If you care for statistics, Tim Tam has won eight races in a row, four of them with telephone-number purses (his earnings are now \$444,555), and this was the sixth time that Calumet Farm has won the Preakness. Altogether, last Saturday was one of those big days for Calumet. While Tim Tam was collecting \$97,900 for his triumph at Pimlico, his stablemates were doing all right at Garden State Park; A Glitter picked off the Betsy Ross Stakes and \$18,638.75 in prize money, and Pintor Lea won a race worth \$4,625, making a total of \$121,163.75 for the day. Having mislaid my abacus, I can't tell you to the dollar how much the stable has won this season, but I'd venture to guess it's half a million.

IT was pleasant to return to Belmont Park last week, but then it always is. The place looks spick and span, there's more parking space for motorists (and more entrances and exits for them), and the Turf and Field Club has a new enclosure at the upper right end of the stand—smaller than it used to be but very attractive just the same. The meeting runs through July 5th, and, for a change, it opened with the historic Withers Stakes, instead of the Toboggan Handicap, which was moved up to



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Saturday. The Withers brought out thirteen three-year-olds and was as spirited an affair as you'd care to see—especially if you had a ticket on Sir Robby, who paid a \$37.20 mutuel. (A few horseplayers did, having remembered that he beat Nadir at Hialeah last winter.) Another gay scamper was the Distaff Handicap, for fillies and mares, at seven furlongs, in which Happy Princess, a 10-1 shot, led all the way. Those hurdles races and steeplechasing also returned, and, on the whole, the former seem to be improving. However, the Charles L. Appleton Memorial Steeplechase was not very memorable; six jumpers started and three finished, strung out lengths apart. The winner, Narcissus II, was bred by Queen Elizabeth of England.

Of course, what everybody who didn't go to the Preakness was staying home for was the Toboggan, in which Bold Ruler, the Wheatley Stable's 1957 Horse of the Year, made his first appearance under colors since last autumn. As had been expected, he won, but, on the word of this department's resident observer, he had a hard time doing it. He carried a hundred and thirty-three pounds, giving from sixteen to twenty-seven to his opposition; he was bumped shortly after the start; and when he settled down, Arcaro, who rode him, had to give out with one of his strongest finishes to get him home half a length ahead of Clem, who carried a hundred and seventeen pounds. Colonel Martingale, the old conservative, is going to reserve judgment on Bold Ruler until after he runs for the Metropolitan next month.

—AUDAX MINOR

EASTERN GREYHOUND is re-equipping with air-conditioned buses, air-suspension ride, and built-in restrooms... Daniel F. Collins, in the controller's office of the Schwitzer Corp., has been elected to the American Institute of Accountants.

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And what do you say, Mr. Collins?

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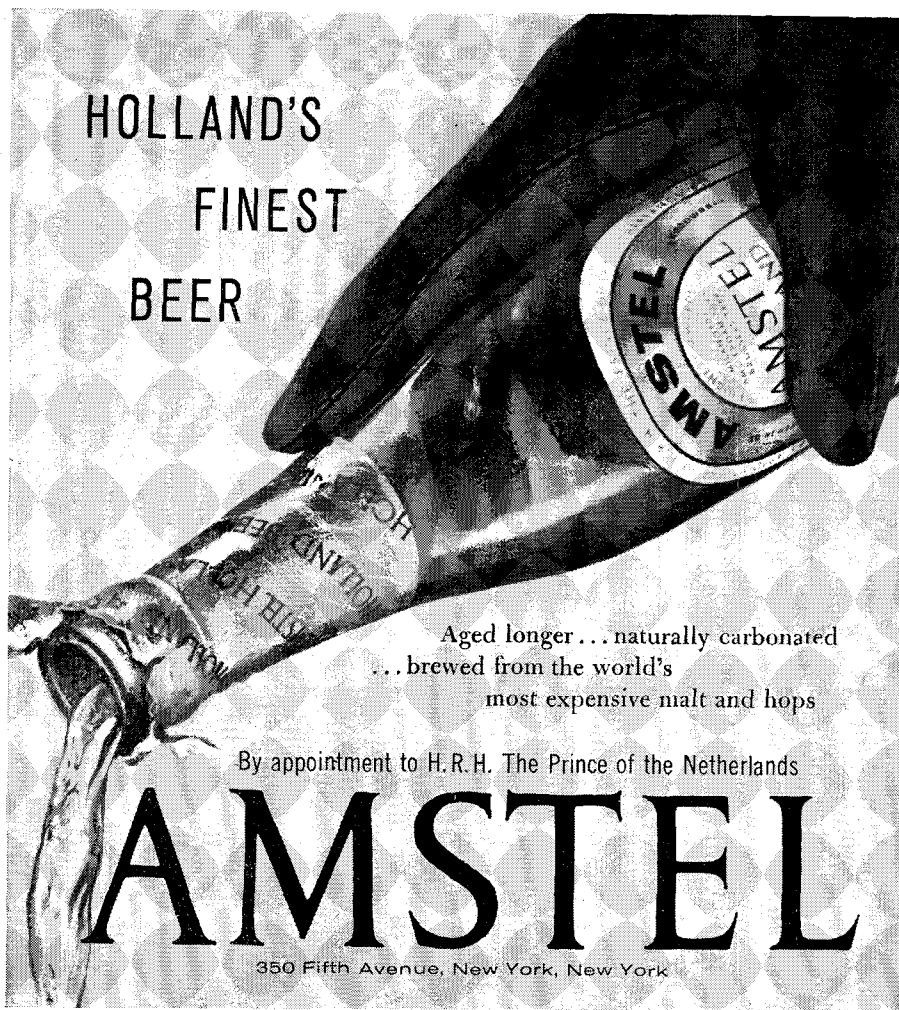
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Jazz



"MONTE KAY PRESENTS AN EVENING WITH THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET," given a week or so ago at Town Hall, marked the first time that a jazz concert has been served up—greaseless and perfectly cooked—under glass. There

were none of the Katzenjammer aspects of the usual jazz concert; in fact, the presentation was impeccable. John Lewis, a pianist and the Quartet's leader, briefly described all the numbers, which (astonishingly) appeared in the order given in the program, which in turn expatiated on the selections in firm, no-nonsense terms ("Angel Eyes," by Matt Dennis. A lyrical American song popularized by Ella Fitzgerald"). The group, arranged in a neat semicircle on the stage, was dressed in tuxedos, and bowed in effortless unison to the applause. The concert, which was neither too long nor too short, was carefully worked out in both choice of materials and change of pace. Not a whistle or a catcall eddied the air. Indeed, the audience seemed to be steadily holding its breath, a band of bird watchers who had suddenly stumbled on an unknown species. Part of this general decorum was the result of the staging, and the rest was due to the Quartet, which, poker-faced and never fluffing a note or missing a beat, went at its instruments like jewellers intently at their work. After a time, one longed for a good sneeze or a rude shout to soften the atmosphere of unremitting industry.

The M.J.Q., which also includes Milt Jackson on vibraphone, Percy Heath on bass, and Conny Kay on drums, has made invaluable contributions to jazz in the four or five years of its existence. It has resuscitated, in quiet fashion, the art of collective improvising. It has reintroduced, through Lewis's compositions, the delicate, lyrical element of jazz (also present in the work of Jimmy Giuffrè, Gerry Mulligan, and Charlie Mingus) that was stomped underfoot by the bop era. It has pointed the way toward the use of classical forms—the fugue, the rondo,



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Eye-Level Journalism

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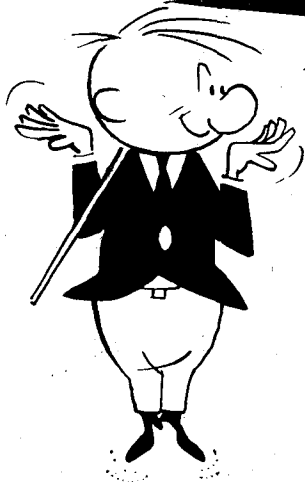
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and the episode—while maintaining, through some memorable improvisations and a frequent use of the blues, direct contact with the fundamentals of jazz. In the past year, however, the M.J.Q.—whether because of restlessness or too much conscientiousness—has tended to refine and refine these approaches, with queer results. Many of the numbers it played at Town Hall seemed overboiled distillations of earlier versions of the same pieces. The solos, except for the ones by Jackson, who now and then played as if he might pop a button, were tentative and restrained, lest a loud noise or grinding chord stain the materials at hand. In addition, the tonal qualities of the group appeared to rise higher and higher, as if from fright, until they became almost falsetto. Lewis stuck largely to the middle and upper registers, in both solos and accompaniment; Kay, a flawless if rather static performer, spent much of his time tiddling with his cymbals, which had a hard, high-pitched sound, or with a variety of tambourines, triangles, and finger cymbals (the few times he struck his snare drum, it sounded like thunder); and Jackson's vibraphone, an instrument that in the most skilled of hands has a light metallic timbre, was no more than a reflector for Lewis and Kay. This steady shrillness was particularly noticeable because of the absence of microphones, and Heath's bass, which normally provides a respectable balance, was barely audible.

There were seven pieces by Lewis, three by Charlie Parker, one by Dizzy Gillespie, and three standards. "Willow Weep for Me" was done as a solo by Jackson, who, though the best of the modern vibraphonists, revealed the limitations that always threaten his work. He does get a round, quavering tone from his instrument (some vibraphonists sound as if they were rattling a bag of quarters), but at Town Hall he relied heavily on devices—a complex, staccato seesawing figure; the rapid hammering of a single note; a four-note phrase not unlike a traditional trumpet flourish—that after a while made every solo seem like a variation on the last one, instead of on a new melody. (Harry Edison, once a Basie trumpeter, has a good deal in common with Jackson in this respect.) Two examples of the M.J.Q. as distillers occurred in "2 Degrees East 3 Degrees West" and "A Night in Tunisia." The first is a simple, charming blues by Lewis, yet the Quartet peeled off all the outer melodic wrappings, delivering in its ensembles a series of clandestine chords that only im-

plied the melody. "A Night in Tunisia," whose repeated descending phrases build gradually and irresistibly to a breathtaking break and the entrance of the first soloist, received the same treatment. Moreover, the break was eliminated, and so was much of the excitement of the piece. The first half of the concert was closed by a flowing but tenuous fifteen-minute work by Lewis, "Fontessa" (described as "a little suite inspired by the Renaissance Comedia Dell'arte"), which involved a series of improvisations on three extremely pleasant themes in the form of a blues, a ballad, and a hoplite number.

Four of the numbers in the second half were from a score by Lewis for a recent French motion picture, and though they consisted of such things as a triple fugue, funeral music, a blues, and some heated triangle work by Kay, they sounded much like "Fontessa." The rest were by Charlie Parker, and in them the Quartet finally began to loosen its galluses, an attitude that continued during the three encores, when it really got down to business by playing with a lightness and fervor that hid, for the first time that evening, its glistening techniques.

A DOUGHY, fast-talking disc jockey named Art Ford is both master of ceremonies and producer of a new, no-holds-barred jazz program, "Art Ford's Jazz Party," which lasts no less than an hour and a half and can be seen Thursday evenings over WNTA. Most of the jazz on television in the past ten years has seemed to be piped from a museum or a vaudeville stage; Ford, who, in the first two shows, has said a great many things like "This is history-making television," "This is the kind of jazz you can't buy," and "Our switchboards are jammed with phone calls," in addition to talking about the genuine, no-rehearsal spontaneity, is apparently aiming toward the virgin forests between the two extremes. His talk has at least been more agile than the music, which, though surrounded by all the paraphernalia of somebody's back room at 3 A.M.—loosened ties, bottles, cigarette smoke, casual bystanders—fits easily into the vaudeville tradition.

On the first program, a band made up of, among others, Rex Stewart on cornet, Pee Wee Russell on clarinet, Wilbur de Paris on trombone, Chuck Wayne on guitar, and Zutty Singleton on drums elbowed its way through such pre-Boer War numbers as "Royal Garden Blues," "Basin Street Blues," and



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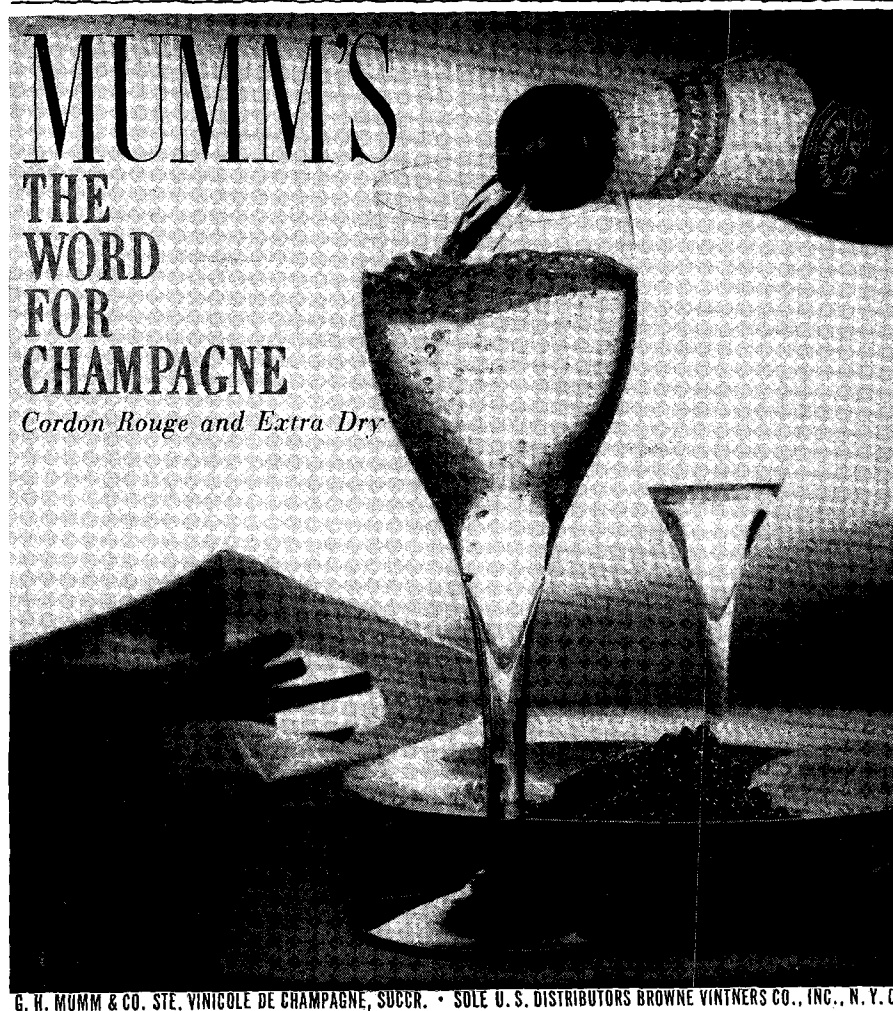


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"Sweet Sue." Russell, who is now in the queer position of being at once a legend and a neglected musician, sounded defensive and forced in "Sugar," done as a solo, and Singleton, who has refined the use of the cowbell, wood block, and tom-tom into a set pattern that he never tires of, played, in his solo number, as if he were shifting a log pile. In between, a loud trombonist from Johnny Long's band was featured, as well as a young tenor saxophonist who very nearly played in tune. Josh White, presumably in the wrong studio, sang, and Stewart played a slow blues that began with great poignance and ended abruptly in a screech, just three choruses later. There was also a ten-minute sack race, "Honeysuckle Rose," which was described in the *Times* the next day as "unforgettable." The *Times* was right.

The second show was built around Stewart, Ben Webster on tenor saxophone, Miff Mole on trombone, Buster Bailey on clarinet, and Johnny Guarneri on piano, plus a guitar, a bass, a vibraphone, and drums. Although predominantly a swing group, they chose such numbers as "Basin Street Blues," "Muskrat Ramble," and "That's a Plenty," which had, largely because of Bailey's flat clarinet and Stewart's cleverlike tone, a rather Oriental flavor. Maxine Sullivan sang two songs well; an enormous blues shouter, Big Miller, confused the styles of Joe Turner and Joe Williams; and there were brief display numbers for Stewart, Webster (who growled almost continually, a smoke-screen device he disappears into when ill at ease), Bailey, and Mole, who, though sixty now, roared and swashbuckled along all evening like a ten-year-old. A welter of riffs, based on "St. Louis Blues," closed the program. Everyone was in shirt-sleeves. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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LETTER FROM TEHERAN

MAY 6

PEOPLE here tell you that spring has come early this year, after an exceptionally mild winter, and they sound pleased that you are on hand to admire a phenomenon that, like so many other things, is much better in Iran, they imply, than anywhere else. Indeed, after walking around for the first few deliciously warm days under the fresh green trees that line the long, straight boulevards, you begin to agree, and to understand why Persian poets have always celebrated the season so lovingly in numberless verses. The break in the long, drab months seems dramatically beautiful here, because Teheran is architecturally a somewhat drab city, set in a splendid, granite-hard landscape that stretches on and on in the thin, clear air, apparently to infinity. From the center of the shopping district you see snow-streaked black mountains looming at the end of an avenue vista, and they provide the town with a seemingly perpetual backdrop of winter. If you drive toward the outskirts, the surrounding countryside starts to erupt untidily, between the scattered suburban villas, in stretches of arid brown wasteland, where goats and parties of big, shaggy, fierce-looking mongrel dogs wander with questing expressions, which seem

doomed to disappointment, and the scene is colored with such a low, sombre palette that the eye begins to single out for refreshment some rather brighter mineral shade in the distant mountain face. The small grape hyacinths that suddenly spring out of this rocky desert strike you, therefore, as part of an improvisation so startling that someone might have just thought it up for the first time. This year, the lilacs and the dark, wine-colored Judas trees in people's gardens were a month ahead of their usual time, and they are a wonderful sight. Large galvanized pails stuffed full of the small-flowered, sweetly scented lilac are on sale at street corners, and bundles of fantastic rags, hunched up and dozing in the sun, quite often sport a sprig in their dilapidated round felt caps. Businessmen in natty suits stroll along bareheaded, idly swinging their strings of amber or mother-of-pearl prayer beads, and the curbside hawkers have set up little stalls of young lettuces and damp-looking green almonds. The policemen have blossomed out into bright-blue summer uniforms, trimmed with yellow stripes up the trouser legs and worn with soft-topped braided caps that make them look like operatic generals or admirals. Even the un-Westernized women in their *chadors*—long, shroud-

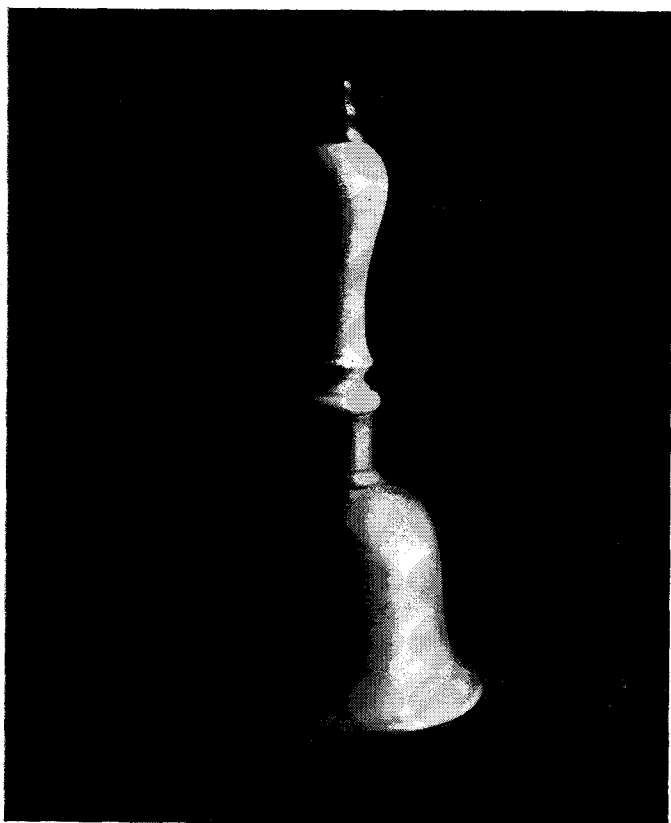
ing veils of black or navy chintz, which in cold weather they yank around themselves from top to toe, leaving hardly a chink to see through—have relaxed their hold on the things and exposed their faces to spring. Altogether, there is a sense of budding and blooming that you do not experience in lands where the whole process is taken more for granted. On a Friday, which is the Moslem day of rest, family parties can be seen careering in their cars along the twisty, unasphalted roads out of town to the nearest patch of green grass, running water, and pink pistachio blossom fluffing over somebody's mud wall, where they halt and sit gazing, with apparent satisfaction, at the pretty sight.

THE news of the Shah's divorce was, of course, a tremendous sensation here, and the subject is still being discussed at Teheran dinner parties. It is generally agreed that the dignified tone of the official announcement of his decision to end his childless second marriage, to Queen Soraya (his first marriage, to the Egyptian Princess Fawzia, who gave him a daughter, was dissolved in 1948), contrasted sharply with the tone of a good many of the foreign press stories, which caused annoyance here. Many people who are close to court circles say that the news came as a genuine surprise to them, since they had not supposed that the Queen's departure for Europe with her mother was anything but a perfectly ordinary skiing and shopping trip. Some of those who were present at the Shah's customary reception for his generals and the *corps diplomatique* on the great national occasion of Noeruz, the Persian new year (by which time the impending divorce had been announced), felt that he looked older and sad when he made this first big solitary appearance in public. As far as can be judged, though, the general feeling among his subjects is sensibly matter-of-fact, rather than emotional. Most Iranians tell you that the reason for their ruler's decision is so simple and obviously right that it is hardly worth comment. "If the Shah should have no son by his next marriage, he will marry again, naturally, and if none by that wife, he must, of course, remarry," one man declared briskly.

At one time, there was talk that the Shah was meditating the revolutionary step of naming his eighteen-year-old daughter as his successor, but though distaff rule may be all right for such comparatively new countries as England, nobody seems to feel that it would work out successfully in



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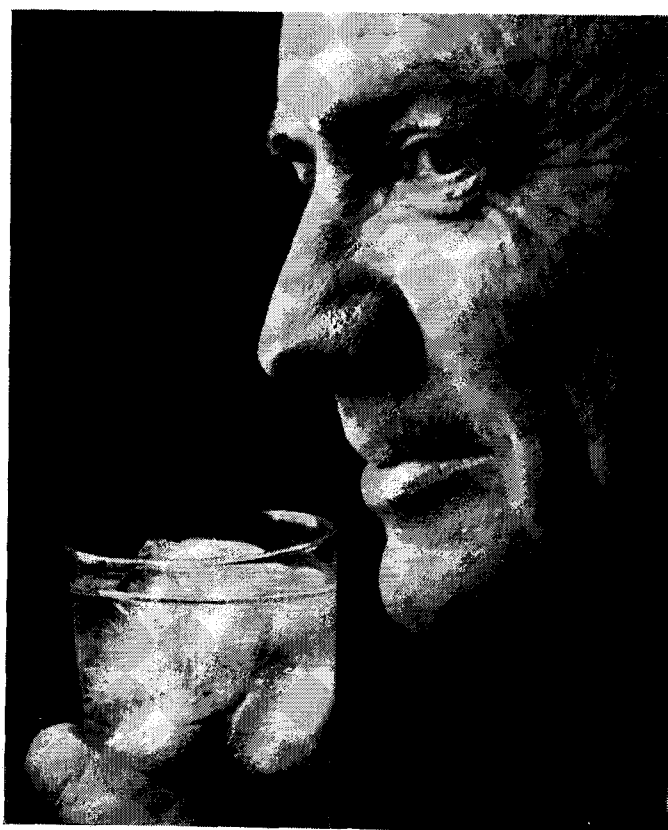
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Iran, where females are poorly regarded, on the whole, and where dynasties of tremendous warrior Shahinshahs march back to the seventh century B.C. The necessity for the Shah to make another marriage and furnish this masculine throne with a male successor therefore seemed perfectly logical to everyone, but a good deal of sympathy is expressed for Queen Soraya, whose looks and public charities had made her popular. The other day, a newspaper kiosk on one of the big boulevards hung out a row of copies of a newly arrived Italian magazine opened at various large and attractive photographs of Soraya that illustrated an article on the Persian royal predicament, and quite a little crowd of people—mostly men in shabby dark suits, some of them with long strips of paper-flat Iranian bread tucked, like a folded newspaper, under their arms—gathered around and stood silently studying the pictures. When they moved away, others edged in to take their places and stare without comment—or, indeed, expression of any kind. Most of the enormous billboard photographs of the ex-Queen that, together with photographs of the Shah, used to be displayed prominently all over town have disappeared. In some cases, the walls now provide a rather melancholy edited version of the loyal decoration, with the customary handsome, aquiline portrait of the Shah hanging alongside an empty nail that someone, either through sloth or through a feeling that one day it may again be needed, has not bestirred himself to remove from the plaster.

PEOPLE here say that things have improved in the last year or so, and while the genial effect of the spring sunshine may have something to do with it, Teheran does have an air of increased prosperity that is rather marked to returning foreign visitors. The two indexes that such transient observers often check for information are the number of new buildings going up and the number of new cars on the streets, and both these signs of economic health are plentiful. Pedestrians stand a better chance than ever of being knocked down or forced to leap for safety into the *jube*—the ever-present stream of water that runs alongside the curb—by the rush of large, shiny American cars in the paler pastel shades roaring along the avenues. (Many of the cars appear to have received a bash. The extreme chanciness of daily existence is emphasized by the Teheran *Journal*, an English-language newspaper, which runs a daily column head-

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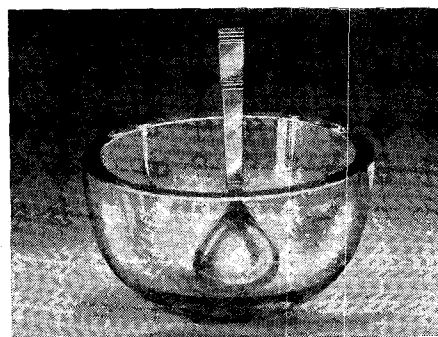
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dency to gain weight easily, successful lasting weight control is a matter of "re-educating" the appetite to the point where you feel satisfied with just the right amount of food. This is almost impossible to do with stop-and-go dieting, by changing to foods that you do not normally eat, or by experimenting with misleading "eat-all-you-want" diets. The most successful program is the easiest to follow. You eat the same foods you normally do. Don't *cut out* anything you like—simply *cut down*. Sugar, due to its great satiety value, makes it easier to cut down, keep your appetite happily satisfied with smaller portions and without second helpings.

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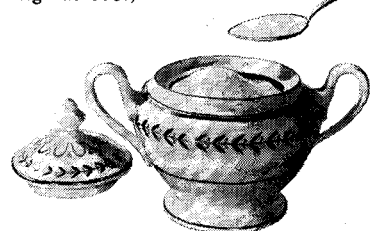
A. These products have been tried and found wanting in an important study of overweight people made by a leading university. It was found that *people who gave up sugar entirely lost no more weight than those who used sugar regularly in their diets*. The

scales did not show that people were losing weight by using artificial sweeteners—even after three years of use!

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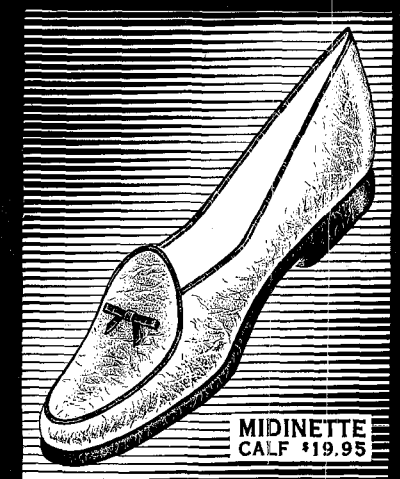
ed "Events and Accidents.") The general impression is lively, but the large amount of new building that you notice in a walk around Teheran is, as a matter of fact, mostly office blocks, shops, and apartment houses obviously destined for well-to-do tenants. It is doubtful whether this building boom and the increasing traffic on the streets are really signs of a national prosperity that goes very far below the crust of those who, as an Iranian acquaintance may tell you with a shrug, always do well for themselves. Disraeli's observation about there being only two nations—the privileged and the people—might have been specially designed for Iran. Measureless chasms of time as well as of money appear to separate the cheerfully milling crowds in the bazaar, where the Middle Ages still seem to be the day before yesterday, from the well-dressed Teheran citizen with a comely wife in a spirited local reconstruction of a Christian Dior.

If all goes well—and there are, of course, plenty of Iranians whose natural skepticism leads them to point out to a foreigner the obstacles in the way of this "if," listing such gloomy charges as local corruption, commercial unreliability, and a good deal of resistance here and there to the idea of any reform at all—the improvement in the national fortunes ought to channel down more perceptibly to the man in the bazaar before long. Iran's economic situation is actually excellent, so much so that the United States aid programs, which began when the country was in chaotic bad shape after the fall of the Mossadegh government in 1953, have been steadily tapering off. Iranian revenues look as though they might increase, too. In 1956, the rich new oil strike at Qum, seventy-five miles southwest of Teheran, started a great deal of excited jockeying among foreign interests for the rights to explorations in other parts of Iran. According to the latest report, around nine hundred and thirty-six million dollars out of the National Iranian Oil Company's income from the existing Abadan fields is earmarked for completing the country's second Seven-Year Plan, which, under its energetic director, Mr. Abol Hassan Ebtehaj, is just entering its third year. The plan aims at connecting up all parts of the vast, wild country with new roads, railways, and airfields; teaching modern farming methods to peasants who use ox-drawn wooden plows and sow and reap by hand; building more schools to combat illiteracy, which at present runs to about eighty per cent;

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and putting up more hospitals to take care of a people who suffer from an alarming variety of diseases, though the worst pair of killers are probably ignorance and not getting enough to eat. All these projects are going ahead with the help of American and European experts who were firmly brought in on the job by Mr. Ebtehaj in the teeth of opposition from the surviving elements of the violent anti-foreign feeling that was fostered by Dr. Mossadegh. (Mossadegh has now been out of jail almost two years, incidentally, but in spite of the premonitions of some people that he might try to stir up trouble again, he has reportedly been living quietly on his country estate without uttering so much as a peep politically.)

All the same, it is a long and uphill struggle to make a modern nation out of a country that received its first big jolt of Westernization only a generation ago from the Shah's father, the famous Reza Shah, who drove broad thoroughfares through his capital, built universities, ordered women to discard the veil (as soon as he was dead they took to wearing it again), and is to be seen in statue form at civic points in towns all over Persia—a trim military figure in tunic, breeches, and riding boots, keeping a sharp critical eye, it seems, on the traffic passing before him. The present Shah is admirably keen on the modern-nation idea, and just recently he made a speech—in tones possibly pitched to carry to his wealthier subjects—in which he declared that the national income must be more equitably shared. The great impoverished mass of his people may feel proud of as much as they get to hear about the big schemes now afoot to bring Iran more into line with modern nations—though the instinct of nationalism is possibly not overly strong, to judge by the mayor of one small provincial town who not long ago advised a foreign contractor recruiting labor for the building of a new road that it would be politic to tell the local men it was being built for their benefit alone. The fight to keep alive, however, obviously remains the most urgent problem in sight for most people. Minimum wages for an unskilled worker are supposed to be fixed annually by the government, but in Teheran this was apparently last done in 1946, when the daily pay packet was thirty-four rials (about forty-five cents), and since then the rate has probably been unofficially fixed by the old hard-bargaining system between boss and employee. There is a Trade Union Congress of Iran in existence,

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to be sure, but, what with one thing and another, it does not seem to do much about fighting the workers' battles for them.

TEHERAN is full of instances of the West's pull against the old traditions, and sometimes this gives life a rather bewildering air of being lived on entirely different levels. Until recently, there was only one political party in Iran, but not long ago the Shah decreed that there should be a Loyal Opposition, and one is now in existence, headed by Mr. Asadollah Alam. It is difficult to get any clear account of how its policy differs from that of the Government party, and after thinking the matter over with concentration most Iranians will tell you that the two policies are probably not startlingly dissimilar. But the debates in the Majlis, they agree with satisfaction, will assuredly be better and more democratic. Another modernizing innovation that is causing much excitement is television, which is due to start next month. The service is being installed by R.C.A. and financed by a private Teheran firm. It will present mostly live programs, complete with commercials, for four and a half hours daily, and twelve hundred sets have already been ordered. Its wonders will undoubtedly be popular here, where the hunger for entertainment is so acute that a street crowd milling around in such numbers that you feel a public demonstration of some sort must be in progress often turns out to be passionately examining cinema stills outside a movie house. To judge by the luridly colored posters plastered about the place, featuring, say, a beautiful almond-eyed girl and a monstrous gorilla in some riveting situation, the local taste in films runs to simple adventure.

Progress is marching on in other ways, too. Recently, a German firm (the Germans and the Japanese are going great guns in this market) opened a large, handsome department store just down the street from the imposing Bank Melli, the national bank of Iran. Nothing of the kind had ever been seen in Teheran before, and everybody flocked along to wander up and down its spick-and-span aisles and gaze admiringly at the bottles of perfume, the hormone face creams, the nylon lingerie, the miniature green-lapelled Bavarian hunting jackets for aspiring little Persian *Menschen*, the starched dresses sewn with red hearts and edelweiss for little Persian *Mädchen*, and so on. The biggest thrill of all, however, was and remains the escalator,

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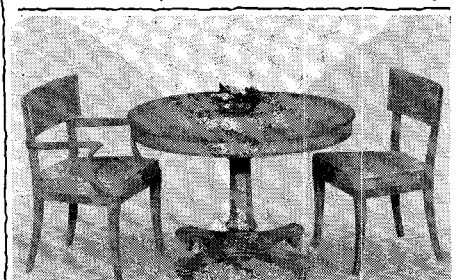
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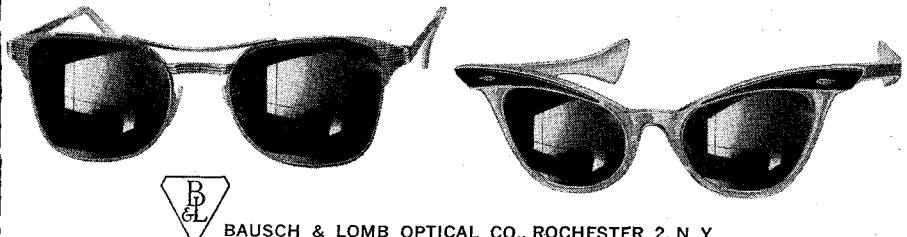
on which customers in *chadors* are forbidden to ride, since the ends of the veil might get snarled up in the machinery and add some nasty items to the daily "Events and Accidents" column. Veiled ladies are often to be seen hesitating at the bottom of the escalator, torn between reluctance to remove their covering and desire to step on and be whirled to the delights on the floor above. Many Teheran residents say that the crowds came to look when the store was first opened but went right back to the bazaar to buy, and they feel that the venture, although it has unquestionably added a note of Western elegance to the city, may not pay off as handsomely as was expected. A further experiment in educating public taste is the government's reported imminent opening of a large bakery that will sell Western-style bread and rolls. Here again the feeling seems to be that it is doubtful whether the locals will take to a newfangled loaf with enthusiasm. "If the Persians don't like a thing, they just quietly find some way of sabotaging it or boycotting it," someone said the other day. "There are numberless small bakers around town, and they'll fix it—you see if they don't." One modern habit that Teheran has taken to with a will, however, is the drinking of Pepsi-Cola. The factory is out on the road to the airport, and on holidays and festival days there is always a crowd of men, women, and babies who have come to have a free look around the place.

THE Iranian government has great plans for encouraging the tourist trade. A record number of foreign visitors turned up here during the last twelve months, and the prospects for this year look good, although, according to one harassed local travel agent, the booking of accommodations in advance is made a little tricky by hotel proprietors' asking reproachfully how they can possibly tell whether or not their hotel will be full six months from now, and suggesting pleasantly that the agency ring them a day or two before the party is due to arrive in Teheran. Eighteen Russian tourists descended from the skies *en bloc* the other day and created a mild stir of interest. They were apparently the first citizens of the U.S.S.R. to visit Iran since a large consignment of their countrymen paid a lingering military call in 1941—a call that lasted until 1946 and is unfavorably remembered. The Iranians feel calmer about Russians in general now, for one reason and another. Intourist, the Soviet

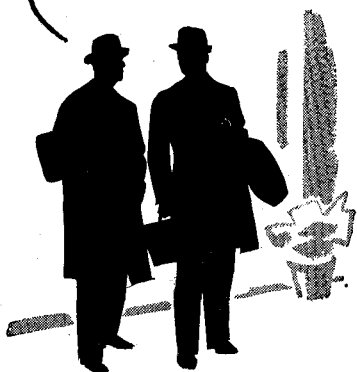
IF YOU WEAR GLASSES YOU CAN GET Ray-Ban[®] SUN GLASSES IN YOUR PRESCRIPTION



Step out smartly in a new Ray-Ban style . . . and see what it does to bring out the youth in you! Ray-Ban Sun Glasses in your prescription shut out piercing glare while they keep your vision quick and sharp! They banish squint . . . train away wrinkles and crowsfeet. They glamorize. For a man, they lend dash. Scores of new Ray-Ban frames, styles and colors . . . with professionally-famous Orthogon single vision and bifocal Ray-Ban lenses. Get them now . . . where you got your regular glasses.



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government travel bureau, is eager, for its part, to start up a trek from this side, but the tours it offers are extremely expensive, and those who can afford to take trips at all mostly go to Europe, for their health (wealthy Iranians appear to collect European clinics as travellers of other nations collect cathedrals, bullfights, and picture galleries), for pleasure, or for educative reasons. As a start at creating a more relaxed situation, the Russians will open the Dzhulfa route—the main northern gateway—to tourists in June; at the moment, it is virtually impossible to enter Russia by way of this frontier. The Soviet and Iranian governments are also dicker over a bilateral air agreement by which Iranair, the Iranian airline, would be able to fly a service between Tabriz, up on the border, and Baku, but because the Iranians employ American pilots, the Russians have so far been making difficulties.

Air travel is very much a part of everyday life here; since the railway system is limited and the roads are so indifferent and the distances so vast, everybody who has the cash buys an air ticket for local hops as well as for long international ones. This gives Teheran a cheerful air of much coming and going, and most people can tell you the days when Pan Am or Swissair or K.L.M. gets in as though quoting from a village bus timetable. The other day, B.O.A.C., which has not had a service to Teheran since the oil troubles, announced that in the future its Britannias will call here on a regular run, and Iranair has just taken delivery, to considerable fanfare in the local press, of the first of three four-engine turboprop Vickers Viscounts it has ordered—minor events, perhaps, but emphasizing many Iranians' proud feeling that their country is increasingly putting itself on the map and keeping up with its Western allies in modern matters. "Here we've gone straight from the camel to the turboprop," an Iranian businessman said not long ago. He made the remark in connection with a story he was telling about a recent flight he had taken from Teheran; apparently, his plane had been held up on some bleak little desert airstrip for a tardy and possibly influential passenger, who suddenly posted furiously into sight on one of these displaced beasts, leaped off, and strode briskly up the landing steps into the glorious twentieth century.

IN its modernizing fervor, the government has also been anxious to encourage people who are interested in the local arts to take a look at what is going

Says Mrs. Ted Kluszewski wife of famous baseball star



"My Husband and I PREFER 'the mustard with a TANG'!"

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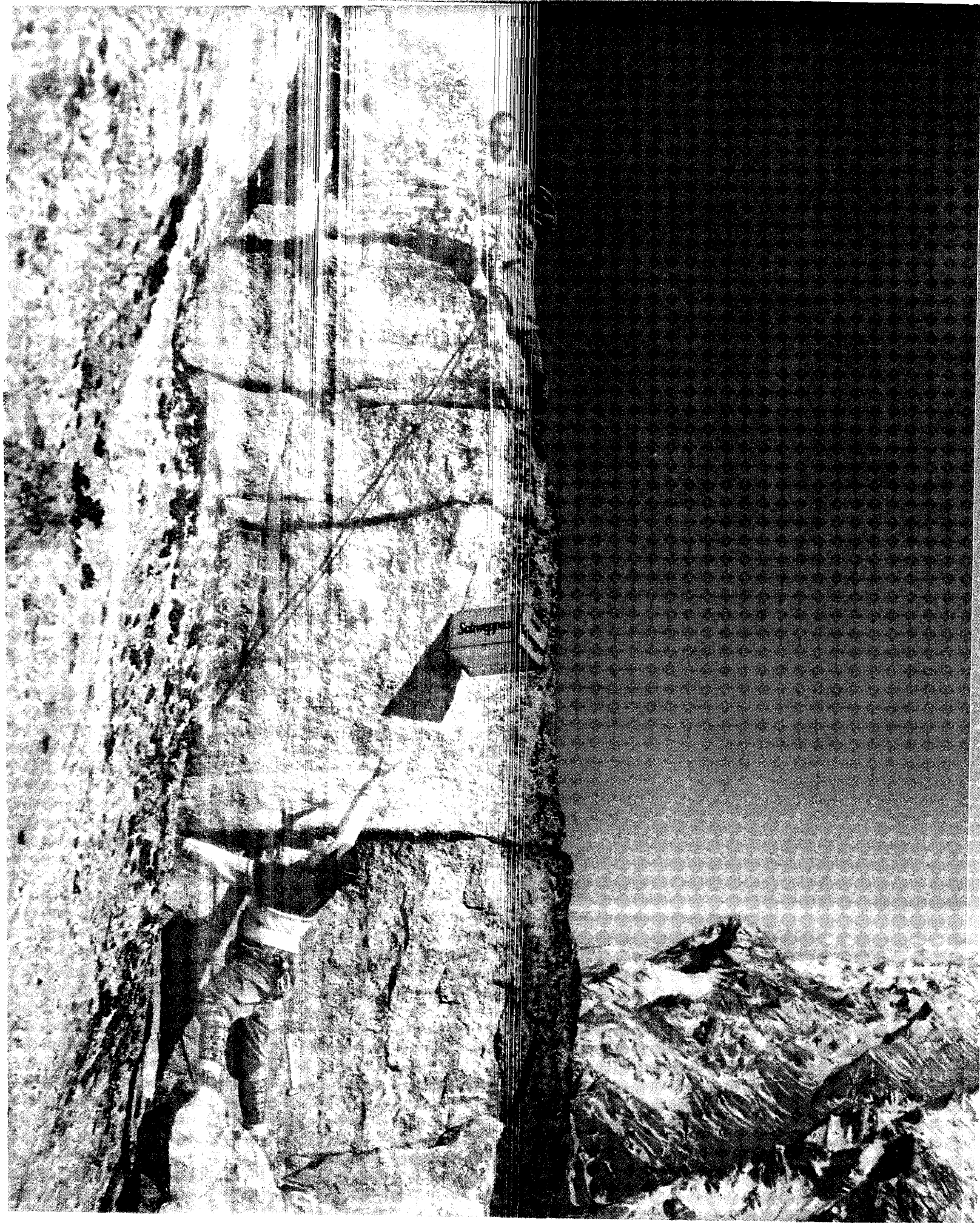
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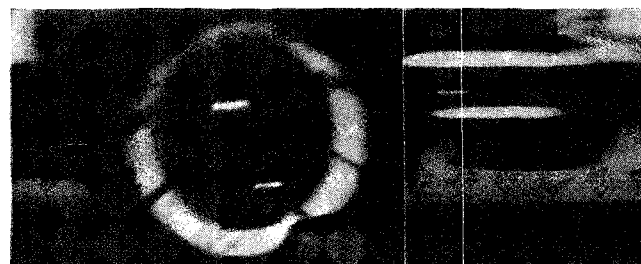
Only rayon cord tires actually gain strength as they grow hotter at modern highway speed, and they give more safe mileage too! Scientific tests prove up to 26% extra tread-life . . . plus further bonuses: quieter ride, better steering control, terrific impact resistance, superior retreadability. No wonder rayon cord tires are specified for every make of 1958 car! For premium safety at no premium in price, insist on rayon tire cord.

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on outside Iran and maybe draw some new creative inspiration from foreign ideas. Strangely enough for the descendants of craftsmen who influenced the world with their stunning inventions, new inspiration seems to be conspicuously lacking among Persian potters, painters, and textile designers today. There are many beautiful things to be seen in Teheran, but most of them are in the museum, silted up in Persia's great past. Or you may be lucky enough to find something good in the numerous antique shops, which are crammed with charming lacquered penboxes, softly colored brocades, pottery pitchers and bowls so old that their glaze remains only in greenish patches like verdigris, spurious Luristan bronzes, and mirrors painted with pink birds, crimson peonies, and plum blossoms. The modern stuff on sale in the Teheran shops is mostly depressingly sleazy, and you begin to wonder what has happened to the craftsmanship and the exquisite taste that designed the objects filling case after case in the museum.

One person interested in finding out is a young American named Sergio Dello Strologo, who is here, with the joint blessing of the Iranian government and the State Department, to advise on and teach ceramics—an art that had its last golden age in Persia in the twelfth century and has now fallen sadly into monotonous imitation. Modern Iranian potters are seldom highly skilled, it

seems, and they go on repeating only about a dozen basic shapes, which vary not by a hairbreadth from the shapes that have been used for hundreds of years as ordinary household crocks—a water pitcher, a pickle jar, a little round dish for *mast* (a sour-milk concoction rather like yogurt), two or three kinds of cooking pots, and so on. Mr. Dello Strologo is trying to encourage them to adapt the traditional forms and to experiment a bit with the colors, giving a rest to the inevitable blue that local potters cling to so lovingly. He recently held a little show of ceramics made in Teheran under his guidance, and everyone seemed pleased and interested. But one wonders if the Iranians will not resist innovations on these lines, just as the women quietly resisted the modernizing order about their *chadors*, and will not go on eating their *mast* in the same little round dishes as of old. Despite all the busy projects aimed at making Iran over into a modern state, complete with airlines, television commercials, Pepsi-Cola, and the rest of the blessings of Western civilization, there is something curiously impervious to change in the atmosphere. The status quo seems to be as present and visible, as ancient and formidably unbudging, as the silhouette of snow-striped mountains that one sees from the city, and equally difficult to ignore or forget in any calculations about the Iranian landscape.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

FOGHORN

Surely that moan is not the thing
That men thought they were making when they
Put it there for their own necessities.
That throat does not call to anything human
But to something men had forgotten
That stirs under fog. Who wounded that beast
Incurably, or from whose pasture
Was it lost, full-grown, and time closed round it
With no way back? Who tethered its tongue
So that its voice could never come
To speak out in the light of clear day,
But only when the shifting blindness
Descends and is acknowledged among us,
As though from under a floor it is heard,
Or as though from behind a wall, always
Nearer than we had remembered? If it
Was we that gave tongue to this cry,
What does it bespeak in us, repeating
And repeating, insisting on something
That we never meant? We only put it there
To give warning of something we dare not
Ignore, lest we should come upon it
Too suddenly, recognize it too late,
As our cries were swallowed up and all hands lost.

—W. S. MERWIN



Nothing makes a woman
more feminine to a man



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to
60.00
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



IF your interest in camping burns with a small, unsteady flame that is easily extinguished by contact with the harsh realities of camp life, maybe you had better not consider going out, as I recently did, to 10-21 Fiftieth Avenue, Long Island City, where the Morsan Tents factory and showrooms are located, and where all the necessities and so-called comforts that a camper can reasonably demand are exhibited. If, on the other hand, you are not likely to be put off the whole idea of camping by the company's many contrivances that show a grim preoccupation with rain, if you are pretty sure not to be dismayed by the presence of various kits for the treatment of snake bite, and if a jolly selection of dehydrated foods is your notion of normal holiday provender, then it's obvious that you are the stuff campers are made of, and will find an expedition to see the outdoor-house-keeping equipment at Morsan well worth your while. Apparently, there are a great many people who feel this way. The United States Department of the Interior has issued the information that last summer 14,765,305 campers came to roost in our national and state parks, and in addition, of course, there were those free spirits who headed for wildernesses too wild and streams too unfrequented to make a bed check possible. Any way you count it, an awful lot of Americans camped out last year, and all indications are that there will be even more this summer.

To get back to Morsan's Long Island City plant, the whole half acre or so of the rambling building's roof is a forest of tents on display, nearly all of them made in the company's workrooms below, and although at first glance they may look very nearly identical, they actually differ a good deal, being designed for the most varying tastes and occasions. There are pyramidal tents, square

tents, pup tents—all kinds of tents—some with screened porches, some with four windows, others with sides that roll up to reveal a completely screened interior, and still others with a curtain-like canvas partition that makes the tent a two-room affair. The most popular type that Morsan has to offer is, I was told, the umbrella tent (so called because it has a metal frame that opens up something like an umbrella), which comes in several superior cotton tent materials, including a rain-resistant drill and a lightweight suma cloth, and in designs and sizes that range from a simple nine-by-nine-foot model, priced at \$34, to a twelve-by-twelve-footer that has all the refinements of camp construction, at \$159.95. The newest Morsan tent, and one that I understand is making quite a stir in camping circles, is a variation on the umbrella style called the Duo Bungalow, which has double walls—an inner one of insectproof netting and an outer one (it rolls up) of

canvas. The big thing about this tent, which costs \$94, is that it can be set up in less than a minute. For what my own hopelessly undependable taste in tents is worth, a rather old-fashioned—or, at any rate, non-umbrella—type called Homestead, with telescoping aluminum uprights and a telescoping steel ridgepole, struck me as especially cozy. It has a floor space thirteen and a half feet long and nine feet four inches wide, and plenty of ventilation, and it can be made into two rooms by means of a dividing curtain. This one also costs \$94, but it would probably take much more than a minute to put it up.

Neophytes in the camping fraternity, uncertain of their true vocation, will perhaps be glad to learn that tents, as well as practically everything else they will need out-of-doors, can be rented, as well as bought, at Morsan. Rentals for a two-man tent for five days—the minimum period for any rentals—begin at \$8; an air mattress for the same period



"I'd like to see one of these Zen Buddhists of yours get up seven hundred and fifty bucks' alimony every month!"

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DU BARRY
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Precious preparations with Royal Jelly of the Queen Bee!



ROYAL VELVET. A light, liquid make-up that beauty treats your skin. 3.50



CLOUDSILK PEARLED FACE POWDER. Made with "powdered pearls" for a lovely, luminous look. 3.50



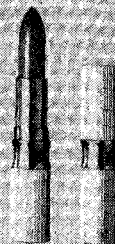
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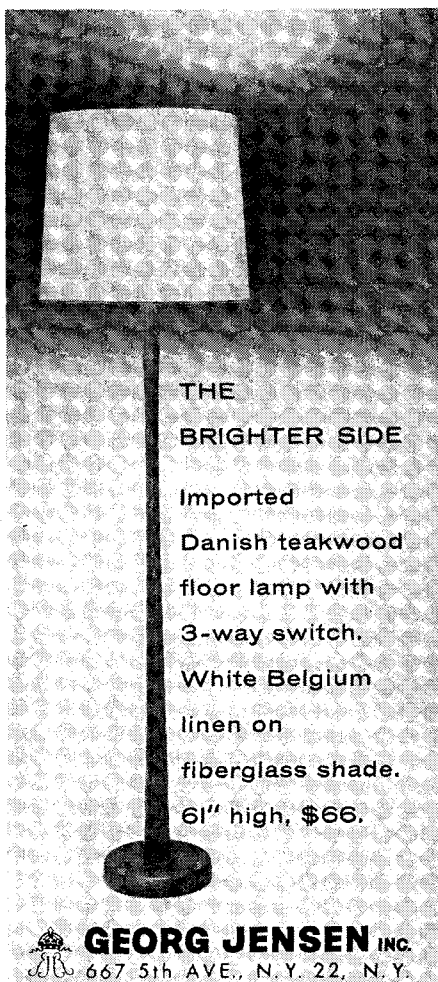


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Imported
Danish teakwood
floor lamp with
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White Belgium
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61" high, \$66.

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She *deserves* to eat out

—at least once a week!

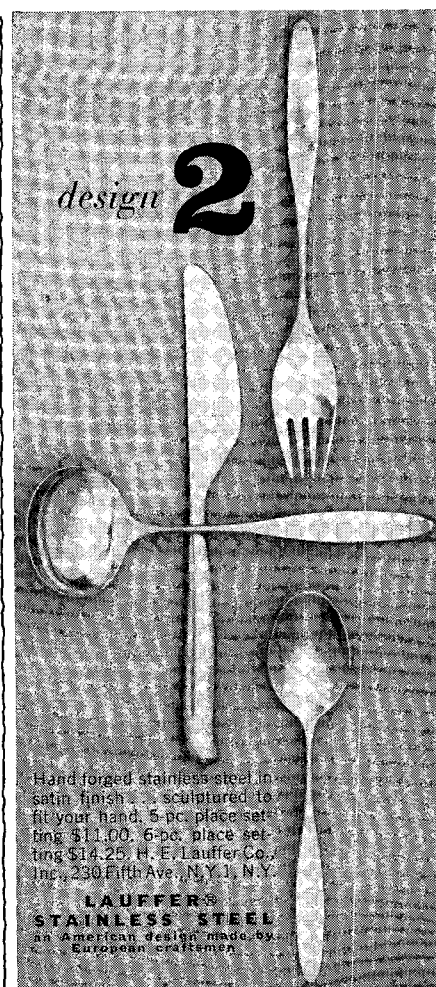
Whether it be dinner, breakfast, brunch or lunch... the pleasure's made greater by America's best-loved beverage—coffee! And Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand!



is \$2.25, an icebox \$3, a two-burner camp stove \$3.50, and so on. This accommodation, I am told, is not taken advantage of as often as indoor types might think, since the experimental camper finds from a little shopping around in the Morsan showrooms that he can buy all the basic necessities of camp life for not much more than it costs to rent them. In fact, Morsan figures that two campers can easily be outfitted with all essentials for around \$100. The company's list of basic equipment includes a nine-by-nine-foot umbrella tent (\$34), two plastic air mattresses with built-in pillows (\$2.99 each), two sleeping bags with full-length zippers (\$11.95 each), a two-burner camp stove (\$11.75), a pump for inflating the mattresses (\$3.25), a two-gallon water bag (\$1.15), a capacious, Fiberglas-lined aluminum icebox (\$9.95), a camp lantern (\$10.95), and a gasoline can (\$1). This list does not take into account the cost of the necessary knives and forks and pots and pans, since it is assumed that every household has a supply of such things it can draw on; in case kitchen cupboards can't produce this sort of utensil, Morsan will provide Army-surplus eating, drinking, and cooking implements at negligible cost.

ALTHOUGH an insect repellent is not included in Morsan's semi-official listing of basic outdoor requirements, realists must certainly recognize that it has an important place in a camper's kit. A brand-new product of the kind, called Off!, has recently been developed by the makers of Johnson's floor wax, and while I haven't been able to get in touch with a mosquito so early in the season, I have heard it enthusiastically recommended by returning Southern travellers, and I can at least testify that when it is sprayed on the skin it has no unpleasant smell or oily feel; moreover, the Department of Agriculture has given it a fine O.K. for outdoor workmen and sportsmen. It is to be had at most drugstores, hardware stores, and supermarkets, in a five-ounce pressurized spray can, for \$1.19.

SOME three years ago, when I wanted to report on the private swimming pools that were beginning to crop up in this vicinity (they had previously been, for the most part, a California manifestation), I had a terrible time finding even a couple of pools that I could study as a basis for my factual essay. But when I decided, just the other day, to bring my survey of the subur-



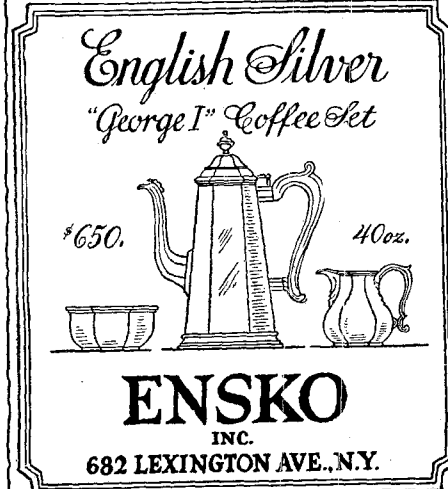
design **2**

Hand forged stainless steel in satin finish... sculptured to fit your hand. 5-pc. place setting \$11.00. 6-pc. place setting \$14.25. H. E. Lauffer Co., Inc., 230 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

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STAINLESS STEEL**
an American design made by European craftsmen

English Silver
"George I" Coffee Set

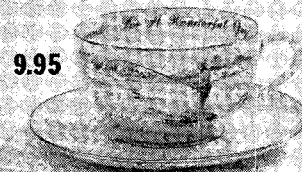
\$650. 40oz.



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Gem of a gift for Father —
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JUMBO COFFEE CUP & SAUCER



Of fine Lenox china... appropriately decorated, inscribed and gift-boxed. Beyond delivery area, add 75¢ for postage.

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NEW YORK 19

ban swimming-pool situation up to date, I had no more trouble locating a dozen such constructions than I would have had in rounding up as many family television sets. In fact, it's pretty certain that before the summer is over, there won't be many back yards in Westchester without something to swim in. Well, it just shows how briskly our standard of living moves ahead, and how close Mamaroneck has come to catching up with Hollywood.

Pools Unlimited, at 112 Court Street, White Plains, is an outfit dedicated to the work of satisfying the swimming-pool ambitions of small-property owners who, with their tail fins already snugly stabled in the garage and their television antennae soaring from the rooftop, have only one more blessing to pray for. To prove its concern for this type of client, an officer of the company recently drove me out to a nearby Westchester community to inspect a swimming pool in the back yard of a family that, to judge by the general setup, was only moderately well fixed. The pool, which had been constructed a couple of years ago, seemed to be in absolutely top condition, and was apparently none the worse for having been used all last winter as a skating rink. In a pretty, free-form shape, it measured eighteen by thirty-six feet and had a depth of from three to eight feet, and it had cost \$3,600. (The same pool costs \$3,700 today, but that is to be expected.) Like all the company's constructions, this type of pool is made of a special concrete mix reinforced with steel rods and heavy steel mesh, and since the concrete is poured in a single operation, it is without joins or seams. It has three broad concrete steps (included in the price of the pool), a one-foot coping around the rim, and gently sloping sides, which not only add to its looks but, I was informed, increase its resistance to the various ills that pools are heir to. The standard working time for putting in a pool of this type is six days, provided blasting or grading is not involved. An automatic filter (also included in the price) is installed underground near the pool, with controls accessible

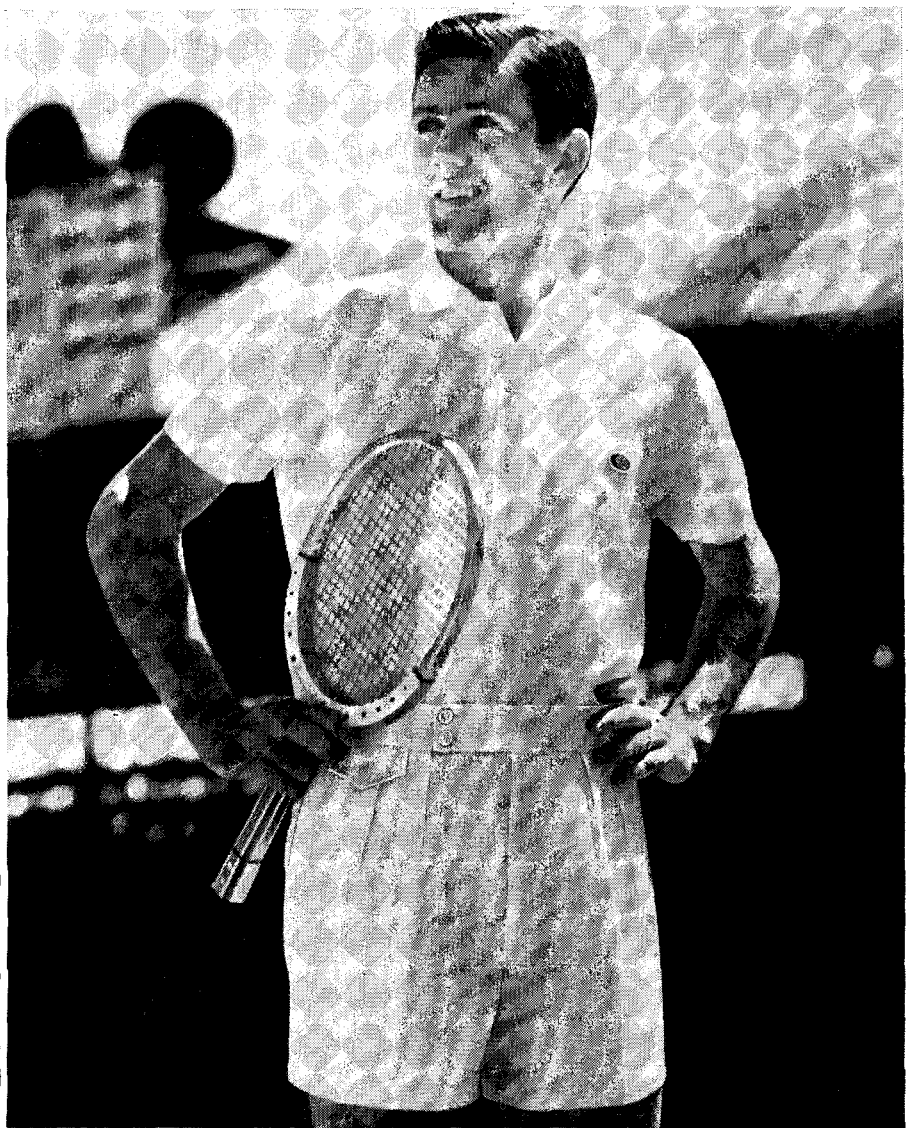
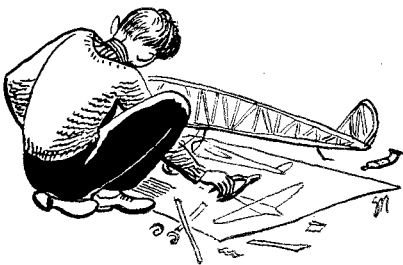


PHOTO OF KEN ROSEWALL, FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN TENNIS PRO, TAKEN AT FOREST HILLS BY ROD HORNE.

Would Mr. Ken Rosewall report on the Jantzen tennis shirt and shorts?

One thing about members of the Jantzen International Sports Club, when they like something, they tell us. (You never hear about the things they don't like, because we correct them.)

Take this good-looking shirt with the "International Sportsman" emblem on the pocket. "Extremely well made," says Mr. Rosewall. "Comfortable. Handsome. Famous name, you know."

The "International Sportsman" shirt (\$7.95) comes in red, navy, and black, as well as tennis white. The fabric is mercerized

cotton birdseye. Wash it and it's as good as new. All sizes, including extra large.

The gabardine tennis shorts with navy trim have a back patch pocket and button side tabs, and sell for \$3.95 in sizes 28 to 44. At better men's stores.

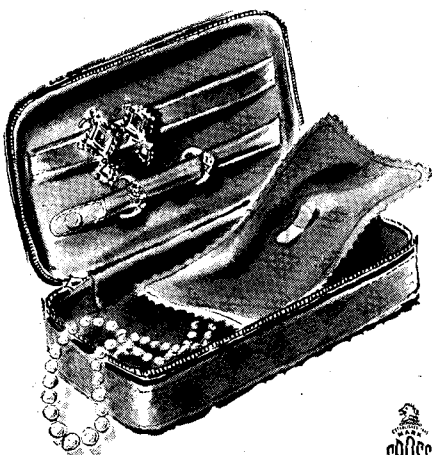
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MARK CROSS

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through a covering that is raised only a few inches above ground level. As everybody must know by this time, filtration of a pool consists of pumping water from the pool, forcing it through a filter, and returning it, so that the water (seventeen thousand gallons of it, in this case), if it is also given a small bi-weekly dose of chlorine and anti-algae crystals, remains as clear as the water in your bathtub and needs to be changed only once a season, if at all. The filtering usually takes around eight hours, and is done every day—or, as in most cases, every night.

Inevitably, there are a number of accessories that aren't included in the original price and, while not absolutely essential, are certainly highly desirable. An automatic surface-skimmer, for instance, to get rid of floating leaves, grass, and the like, may not be a necessity, but unless you are prepared to skim off such trash by hand with a long-handled net, you might as well resign yourself to spending around \$200 for one. Other refinements of pool life are an underwater light, which, complete with a protective shell, Pools Unlimited will provide and install for \$100, and a diving board, which can cost as little as \$150 and can also cost much, much more.

A setup of considerably greater elegance than the one I saw in Westchester is a Fiberglas pool made by the U.S. Pool Corporation, of Scotch Plains, New Jersey, a specimen of which I recently inspected in a Jersey residential community. When I last reported on the use of Fiberglas for swimming pools, only one size and one shape (an oval pool thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide) was being manufactured; today the Scotch Plains outfit makes such pools in eight different shapes, each available in from three to ten sizes. The one on the Jersey estate I visited was a handsome free-form, forty-three feet long, fifteen feet wide at its widest point, and graduating from three to seven and a half feet in depth. The price of this pool, if there are no exceptional problems involved in putting it in, is \$6,995, completely installed, with a filter, an automatic skimmer, a chrome ladder, and a good-looking two-foot coping of simulated stone. The fact that in this case the client turned over an extremely elaborate (and what turned out to be a very handsome) job of grading and terracing to the pool engineer brought the cost up considerably, but the figure quoted is the standard one for such installations.

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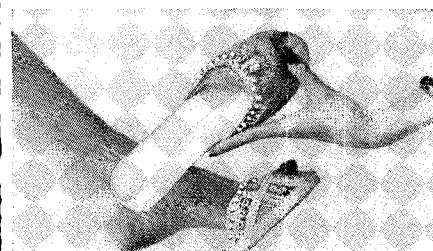
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CHEQUER

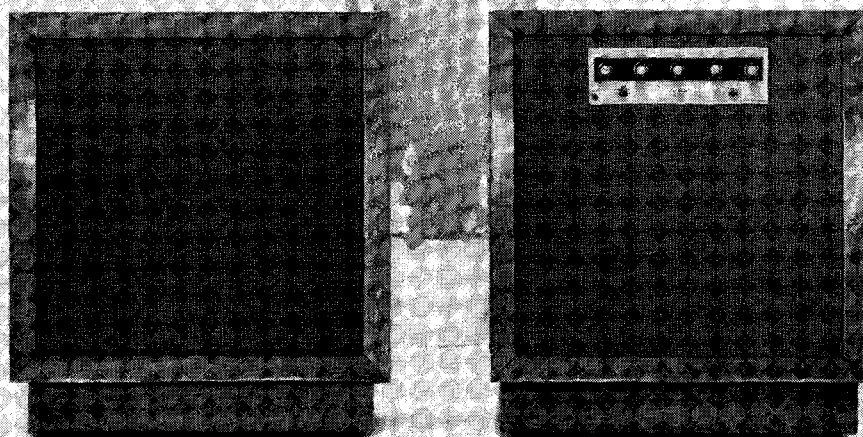
816 Third Avenue (at 50th), New York, N. Y.

structions come in seven pieces, which are fitted with rubber gaskets and bolted together before being lowered into the prepared excavation. Once they are in place, the various accessories (filter, automatic skimmer, underwater light, and so on) are installed, the coping is put on, and the pool is filled, the whole process taking just under seven days from the time the order is received. A smaller pool (ten feet by twenty-five), which I saw at the company's Scotch Plains headquarters, consists of a single piece of Fiberglas; it costs \$3,500, and can be installed in three days. Although I inspected only these two U.S. Pool models, I saw pictures of others, in various shapes and sizes, and priced at from \$3,000 to \$12,000, and they all looked very impressive, I must say. With every model, a guarantee of ten years is given, but it is explained that this might just as safely be extended to eternity, since there is absolutely no way for Fiberglas to wear out or to be affected by weather or temperature—and that includes freezing the water for a skating rink in winter.

I TRUST I shan't be thought hopelessly out of step with the hundred and thirty-three thousand American householders who, the swimming-pool people say, have built pools in their yards when I suggest that some yard owners would perhaps like to consider the advantages of putting in a tennis court—which costs about the same as a pool—instead. Anyone who is interested might follow me to the office of the Qualico Construction Company, 51-26 Broadway, Woodside, Queens, where Mr. George Hariy, the president of the concern, which specializes in tennis-court building, can tell them all they need to know about the construction, cost, and maintenance of first-class courts. Mr. Hariy, who is a tennis pro himself, operates the Boulevard Garden Tennis Courts, at the same address, and he informed me that the twelve clay courts there, which are in almost continuous use, have required practically no maintenance since they were built, by his firm, eleven years ago.

The three types of court that Mr. Hariy is most frequently called on to provide are a court of an all-weather asphalt composition (either Grasstex or Laykold), a so-called fast-drying court, and a court made of a mixture of clay and crushed slate. According to Mr. Hariy, the Grasstex type, which has a quarter-inch surface of fibrous material over a bed consisting of crushed

now stereophonic



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The Ensemble 1030 is priced at \$329.50 in cordovan mahogany, and \$339.50 in cherry or blond mahogany or walnut. The SA-1032 is priced at \$249.50 in cordovan mahogany, and at \$259.50 in cherry or blond mahogany or walnut. Prices slightly higher in West. All Pilot consoles are stereo adaptable with the SA-1032. Ask your Pilot dealer for details. For further information write to:



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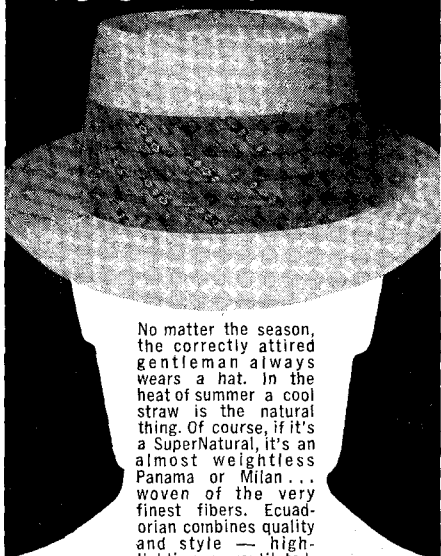
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rock and a layer of fine-crushed stone and sand, is just about tops in tennis courts. The cost ranges anywhere from \$5,500 to \$6,600, depending on the amount of work involved—tree-removal, drainage, grading, and so on. The Laykold court is built in much the same way as the Grasstex, the chief differences being that the surface is of a composition of sand, rock, and stone dust, mixed with an asphalt binder, and that the price ranges from \$4,800 to \$5,500. Both courts can be used all year, regardless of rain or frost, and neither requires any maintenance to speak of. Fast-drying courts have a surface of powdered bluestone mixed with a chemical binder; this, as you may have gathered, is usable very soon after rain, but it requires some attention in the way of rolling, brushing, and watering. A court of this type costs around \$4,000. Clay courts—the sort that are in most frequent use in this part of the country—are surfaced with a composition of clay and slate over a two-inch base of crushed cinder, which, in turn, is superimposed on a two-and-a-half-inch layer of straight clay. Such courts, which require a moderate amount of upkeep, cost around \$3,000. Net, net posts, and the customer's choice of a variety of marking tapes are included in the initial price, and for \$1,800 more the company will build a ten-foot fence of heavy-gauge wire, with two gates, around the court. If you want to have a court in your yard that will be ready to play on this season, you had better get started right now, since construction, Mr. Hariy says, takes from three to four weeks. —S. H.

Hoest even disagreed with Herst over Mrs. Hoest's age. Hoest gave it as 72 and said Herst's earlier statement that she was 5888 was wrong.—*Miami Herald*.

He'd make a liar out of anyone.

The record reviewers are confirming what we reported: The Frank Sinatra-Keely Smith platter, "How Ya Fixed for Love" is—to use Frank's pet adjective—a gasser.—*Walter Winchell in the Mirror*.

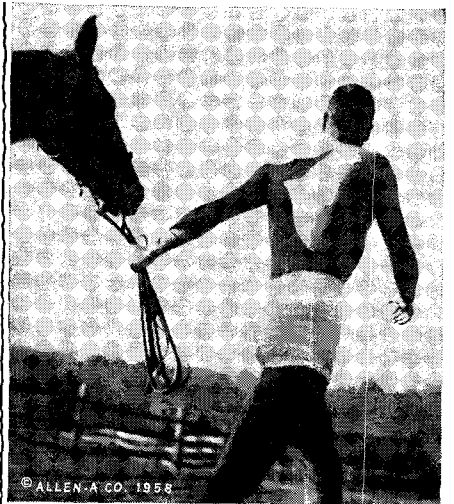
How ya fixed for nouns?

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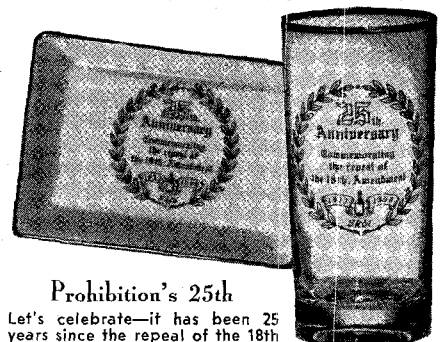


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Summer catalog on request

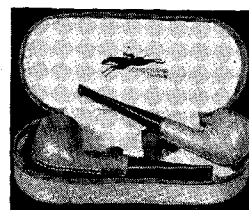


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Beverly, Mass.

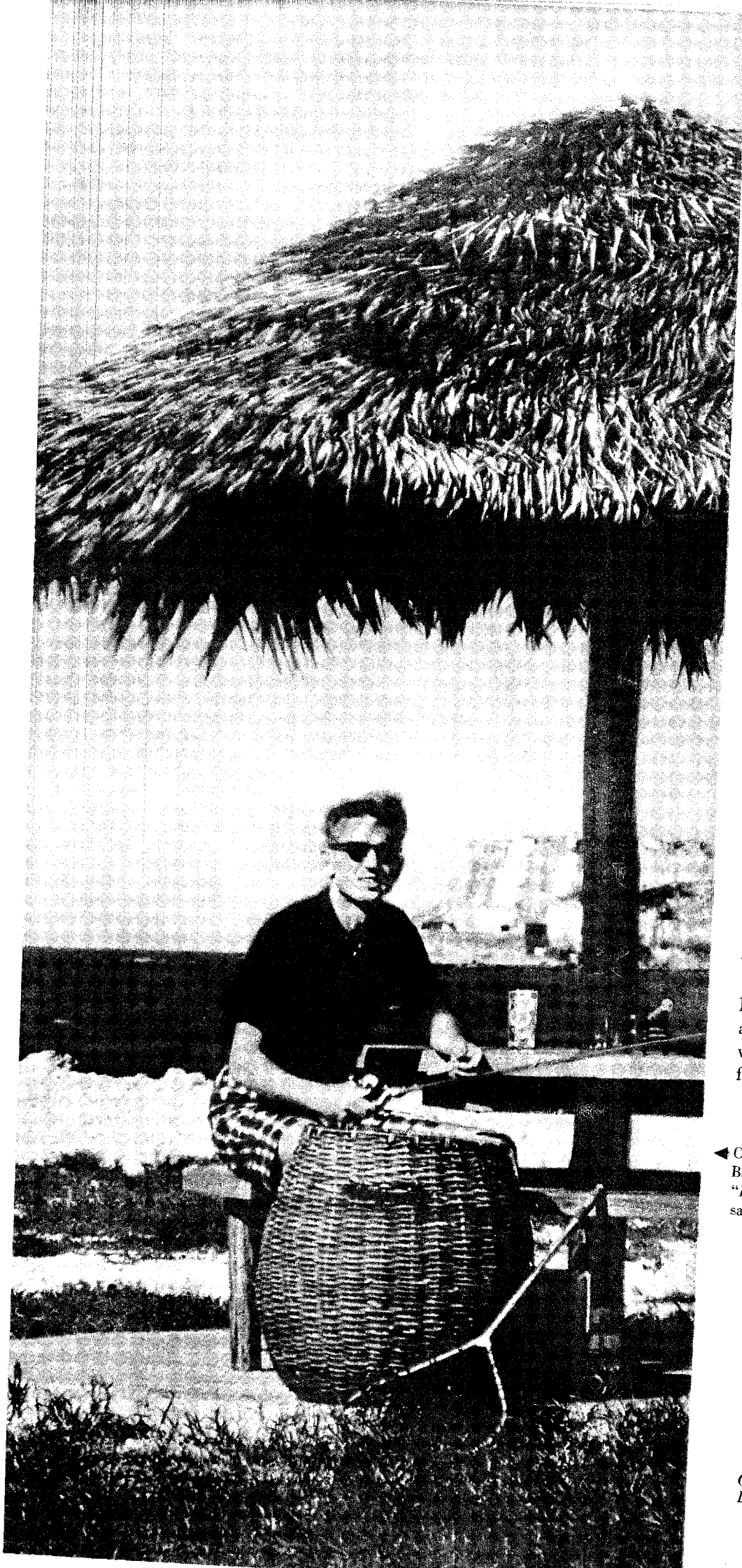
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full of sunshine, and
so is the rum!"**

*says Dandridge Caldwell
of Nashville, Tennessee*

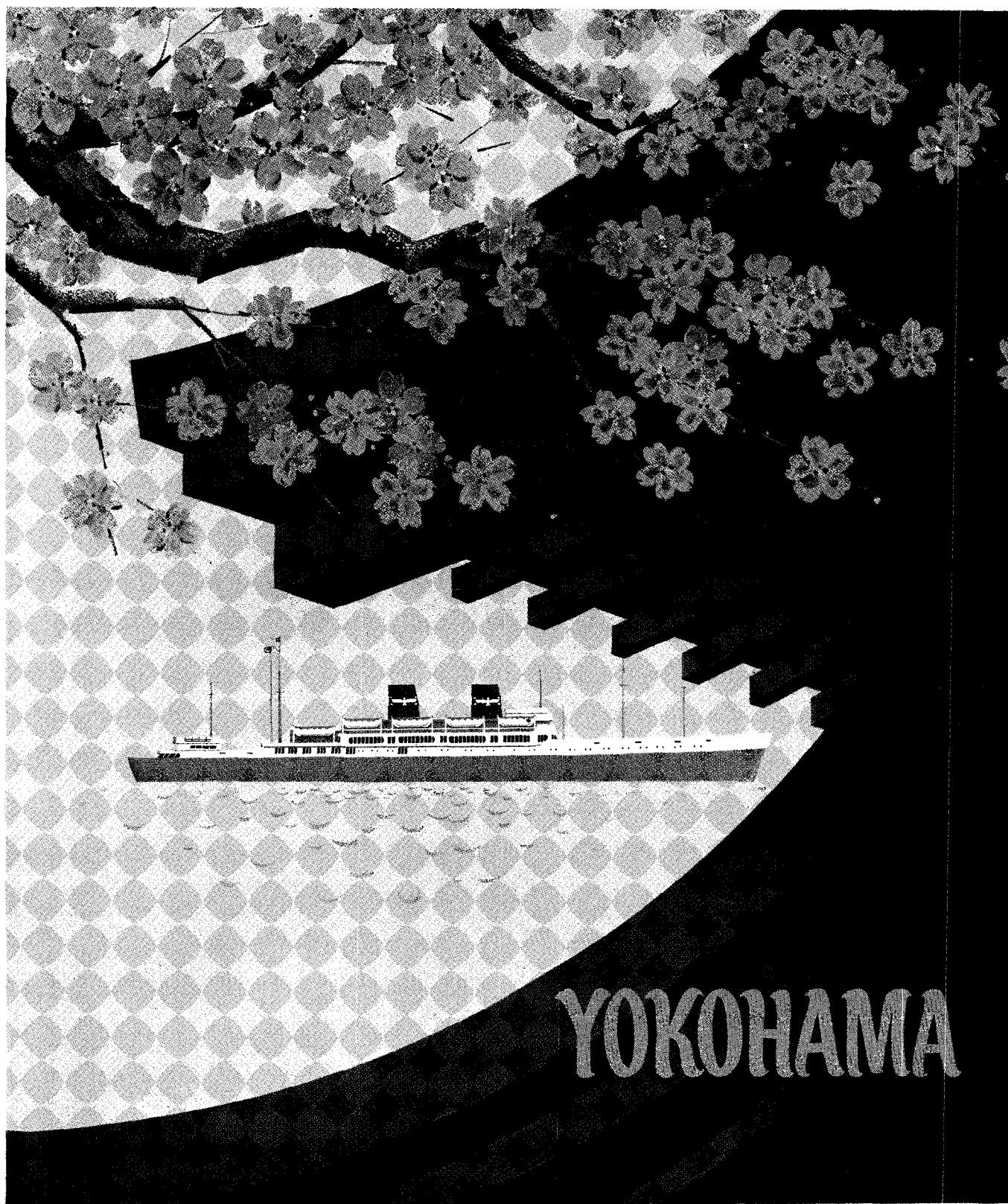
"Puerto Rico is a delightful island," says Dan Caldwell. "Everything is drenched in sunshine. Even the rum.

"I hadn't tasted rum in twelve years when I went to Puerto Rico. Ordered a rum and tonic there and was I surprised! That rum is *dry*. Light as a breeze. It makes the best tonic drink I ever tasted.

"I really went for the climate in Puerto Rico. You tan during the day and sleep under a blanket at night. The trade winds are marvellously cool and refreshing. Perfect weather for vacations."

◀ Cocktail hour finds Dan Caldwell relaxing across Bahía de San Juan from an ancient Spanish fortress. "Rum and tonic is the word at my house after this," says Mr. Caldwell now. "You can quote me on that."

*Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Rum Promotion
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BARNSTORMER

A COUPLE of Sundays ago, I took my three children, none of whom had ever been up in an airplane, on an exploratory visit to the airport of the large Southern town in which we live. There was considerable activity in the area where private planes are housed and serviced, and while we were watching it, a uniformed guard approached us and asked whether we'd like to take a trip over the town. He said the price would be three dollars for the four of us, which struck me as extremely reasonable.

The children wanted to go. The plane, standing nearby, was a trim, reassuring little four-place ship with a tricycle landing gear, and in a few minutes we were climbing aboard. The children sat in the rear of the well-designed cabin, and I in front, beside the pilot. We took off, under the direction of the control tower, first rolling smoothly down an asphalt runway. And as we left the ground, I glanced back at the three children, comfortably and happily making their first flight, and I thought of my home town in North Carolina, and its airport, and the Sunday flights of a quarter century ago.

Like most other small towns in the late twenties and early thirties, Huntsville—as I will call it—was far removed from the travelled paths of commercial aviation. What flying needs it had were catered to in the main by a



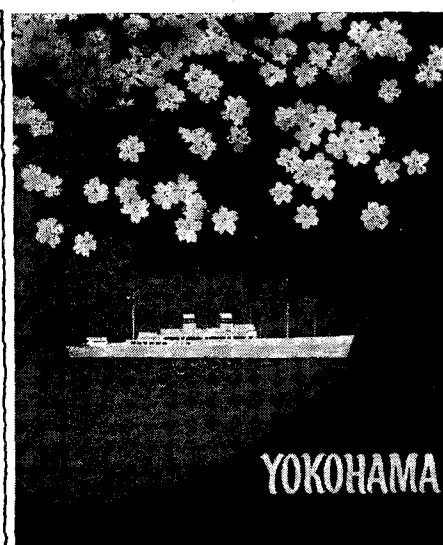
man known as Red Carpenter, a superb pilot engaged in the precarious occupation of barnstormer. I suppose Red could be considered primarily as an entrepreneur whose chief income was derived from taking people, two at a time, for short flights at the standard rate of five dollars per person, but in looking back I realize that he was much more than that. In addition to being a hard-working businessman and a skillful and courageous pilot, he was an actor playing the lead in his own production. Richard Barthelmess himself could not have looked more authentic. Red was a poised, compactly built man of about thirty, exuding confidence and an air of romance. He never really smiled, but he was occasionally observed to screw up his face into the sort of frozen grin I've always associated with the art of taxidermy. His uniform consisted of dusty riding boots, white breeches, a black suede jacket, a white helmet, and a set of goggles pushed up over his forehead. In this outfit, even his most routine movements seemed

tremendously significant; entering or leaving his airplane, for instance, was an elaborate ceremony. When he stood motionless beside it, a cigarette dangling casually under his crisply trimmed mustache, and grimly surveyed the awed onlookers gathered at the edge of the landing field, he appeared to be issuing a challenge to every red-blooded man in the crowd to come aloft with him.

Red's acting might not have withstood expert scrutiny, but to me in those days he represented the spirit of flight. Huntsville's young bloods used to say of him, "He don't give a damn for nothing," by which they meant that he was fearless and beyond reproach. These words of adulation, never lightly bestowed, had in the past been reserved for such local celebrities as a boxer who had once been the ninth-ranking middle-weight contender, and a promising football player who had emigrated to California and become a second-string guard for U.S.C. While no one had ever disputed Red's clear title to the phrase, he had irrevocably established his right to it by one of his most daring exploits—the winning of a five-hundred-dollar bet that he could fly his plane under a narrow bridge spanning an unpretentious stream called the Catawald River. Not only did he clear the bridge, with just inches to spare, but he promptly celebrated his achievement with a dazzling half-hour display of aerial acrobatics that stopped traffic all over the county.

RED flew a large and powerful green biplane, with a leather-cushioned forward cockpit that would accommodate two passengers, and a cockpit aft for the pilot. The plane was equipped with such streamlined novelties as a hood for its radial engine and pants for its balloon-tired wheels. All in all, it was quite the most elaborate ship Huntsville had ever seen. During the good weather, Red would make his appearance at intervals of about eight weeks, announcing his arrival by screaming his plane upside down over the town at an altitude of some four hundred feet. After a couple of passes in this position, he would run through an extensive repertoire of stunts before bombarding the area with leaflets saying that he and his airplane would be available for hire at the airport the following Sunday.

The airport was an uneven, rutted field with a very short north-south



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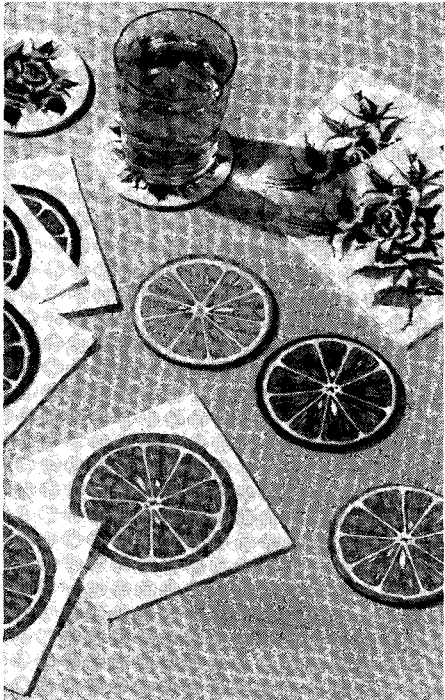
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runway, on which an extraordinarily skillful pilot could land a small, slow plane when both the direction and the velocity of the wind were favorable. The field was bounded on the north by a power line and a bank of billboards with a highway beyond them, on the south by a large barn, on the east by a fence, and on the west by a dirt road, across which was the Penelope Baptist Church. (Just how the Penelope Baptist Church persevered against the noise and dust accompanying Red's visits is a mystery to me now, but I remember wishing at the time that my church could have been so fortunately situated.)

Red always landed from north to south—on the theory, I suppose, that if he overshot the runway, it would be better to hit the barn than smash through the billboards and across a highway full of heavy traffic. It was a difficult achievement under the best of circumstances, but when the wind blew strongly from the north, the problem became major. Red would have to sideslip his airplane in over the runway, pull it up at the last minute, mush it into a landing, and then have it make a sharp turn—a sort of ground loop—just before it reached the barn. Often, on this dangerous turn, the plane would teeter uncertainly on one wheel before finally coming to rest with its nose pointed north. Most of Red's passengers seemed blissfully unaware of the extent of his daring, and would swoop in for a landing like this waving happily to waiting friends and relatives. As a matter of fact, it was some years before I found out that his performances with that airplane were all but aerodynamically impossible.

Red never wanted for customers. People stood in line for the privilege of being whisked aloft on a ten-minute ride. He maintained this schedule from about eight in the morning to dusk, averaging perhaps forty trips a day. He would stop the engine only to refuel, and then he might leave the cockpit long enough to smoke a cigarette or munch a sandwich while the next pair of passengers were being buckled into place.

All arrangements were handled by Red's business agent, a short, fat man called Stumpy. He was florid-faced and brandy-voiced, and his customary attire included a grease-spattered navy-blue beret and an unbuttoned double-breasted jacket. With a cigar clamped firmly between his teeth, and his hands jammed into his pants pockets, he would waddle, slue-footed, back and forth in front of the crowd, rasping out some pet expressions regarding the joys of flight.



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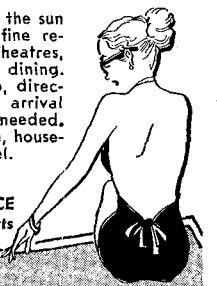
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This was the sales talk, and Stumpy was a devoted salesman, though his notions of the virtues of flying were arrived at vicariously, as far as I could tell. He never got any closer to the plane than he had to, and both he and the ground crew—which was made up solely of a thin, concave-chested man, whom Red had nicknamed Possum Face—travelled in a battered old Dodge panel truck, which also served as a maintenance shop and operational headquarters.

Prospective passengers coming forward in response to Stumpy's talk were handed over to Possum Face, who would help them into the plane, provide them with a helmet and goggles, fasten their safety belts, and flag them off with as much ceremony as if they were setting out for Richmond or some other distant place. Then Red would make the powerful and thunderous engine of his green airplane roar, and down the crippled surface of the Huntsville landing field it would bounce. Seconds later, it would be airborne, banked into a long, climbing turn above the town.

RED's conversations with his staff rarely strayed from business. "You spend entirely too long talking to the passengers," I once heard him say to Possum Face. "They're not paying to hear you talk. They're paying to ride with me in this ship, and the quicker we let them do that, the happier they'll be and the more money we'll make."

Possum Face had a buoyant disposition, and no amount of criticism seemed to disturb him. "That's right, Red," he answered happily. "You're sure right about that."

"I have to be right," Red said. "In this business, I have to be right. If I make a mistake, you and Stumpy go back to selling peaches. Is that about it?"

"That's about it. You're sure right about that, Red," Possum Face said, his smile wide. "Lemme tell ya, Red, I'm sure gonna stop this talkin'."

Sometimes Red, a tiny smile flickering across his own features, would say to Possum Face, "I have a long list of applications for your job."

And Possum Face would answer joyfully, "Why, Red, you know this old airplane couldn't get off the ground without old Possum Face bein' here to help it a little."

"I'd hate to think you were right, but I'm afraid I'm stuck with you," Red would say, his expression relaxing a bit more as Possum Face, still smiling, returned to his numerous duties.

Red was equally hard on Stumpy. "As soon as Possum Face gets the

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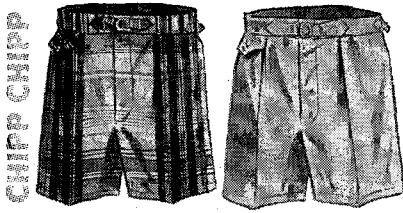
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chocks down, you ought to send the next pair out to the ship," he once said to him. "Last Sunday, we had two hundred dollars at three o'clock. Today, we've got only a hundred and eighty. That means we're running ten per cent slower. You may be getting old, but I hope you aren't slipping at the rate of ten per cent a week."

"You got a rough wind today, Red," Stumpy answered.

"It's only rough going out," Red said. "It brings us back twice as fast. By the way, you better give me a hundred and fifty of that money. I wouldn't want you to lose any of it while I'm out there. Now let's see if you can get going and pick up those two trips we've lost."

These conferences were not intended for public consumption. I managed to hear them by slipping in as close to the plane as possible and straining. Once, urged on by overwhelming curiosity, I approached too near, and Red noticed me and spoke to me. I remember his words vividly, for he had never spoken to me before. "Get the hell back off the field, kid," he said.

FOR months, I had been desperate to ride in Red's big green plane, but I knew no way of legally acquiring the necessary five dollars. At the time, I was just under twelve years old, and my main sources of income were lawn-mowing (twenty-five cents for a good-sized lawn if you brought your own mower, and seasonal work at that) and commissions on door-to-door sales of the *Saturday Evening Post*. My total earnings barely covered my expenses in the local candy emporiums.

Then, one day, my oldest brother, Livius, returned from a trip to Florida, where he had been spending several months as sales representative for an underwear manufacturer. At nineteen, my brother was already regarded locally as a man of great and varied experience. When he was seventeen, he had served a term as principal of a county school, and in his job for the underwear company he had travelled all over the eastern United States, sometimes even on commercial airlines. All of Huntsville's youth stood in awe of him.

Livius's return coincided almost exactly with the appearance of Red Carpenter in the autumn sky, his plane upside down, a white scarf streaming from the back of his helmet as he whistled over the city. My brother was impressed by Red's novel sales pitch, and as soon as he had greeted the family, he set about making arrangements for

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a trip with Red. His first step was to look up his old friend Herb Huffman.

Livius often solicited Herb's help with his more romantic projects, and though neither had yet attained the enviable status of a man who didn't give a damn for nothing, they were both regarded as front-rank characters with a long list of dazzling accomplishments to their credit. Herb's collaboration had been most outstanding on the occasion when the two of them, dressed in swallow-tailed coats and derbies, intruded Herb's chauffeur-driven Whippet sedan into the middle of a parade given by a neighboring community in honor of the Governor.

Naturally, it was unthinkable for two such celebrities to content themselves with lining up on a Sunday, like ordinary citizens, for the usual ten-minute trip over the city. Instead, they got in touch with Stumpy to see if a more elaborate flight could be arranged for another time. It turned out that Red was planning to stay over for a day and would be available for a special booking on Monday afternoon. Stumpy made an appointment with Herb and Livius, and on the great day I managed to tag along with the two adventurers when they went to the airport.

THE field was deserted, by Sunday standards. Red, his crew, and the airplane were present, but there were only a few onlookers, some of whom would occasionally drift over to touch and examine the airplane. While I stood by and stared self-consciously at Red, Livius, followed by Herb, walked up to him and introduced himself as naturally as if he were approaching one of his own customers.

Red said he understood my brother and his friend wanted a special ride, which might include a little stunting. "I don't generally give special trips on Monday," he said, "but Stumpy here tells me this is an unusual case."

"Well, there *are* some unusual things about it, Red," Livius answered calmly. He might have been addressing Red Baumgartner, the lifeguard at the American Legion swimming pool.

"I could give you a good little run down over the new dam and back, I guess," Red said.

"That would be fine, Red, just fine," said Livius. "I've never seen the dam from the air. Ought to be an interesting experience, Herb, seeing the dam from the air like that."

Herb, who usually let Livius do the talking, merely nodded.

"What the hell, Stumpy," Red



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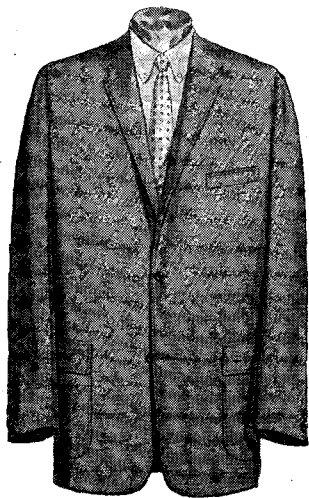


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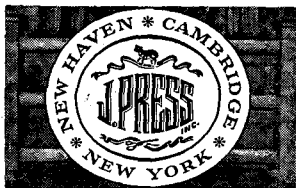
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said. "What do you say we just fly these boys on over the dam?"

"Fine," said Stumpy.

"Now, boys," Red said, "these special charter-type flights run you fifty dollars." He paused to let this sink in, and then, on noticing their negative reaction, quickly went on. "But Stumpy here argues we ought to let you boys go up for twenty-five, since you're both local people and— Hell, Stumpy, can we come out ahead on twenty-five?"

"We can just about come out even is all," Stumpy said.

I wasn't sure what Livius and Herb had been expecting, but I had a distinct impression it wasn't anything quite so expensive.

"Twenty-five dollars," Livius said slowly.

"Twenty-five dollars," said Red firmly.

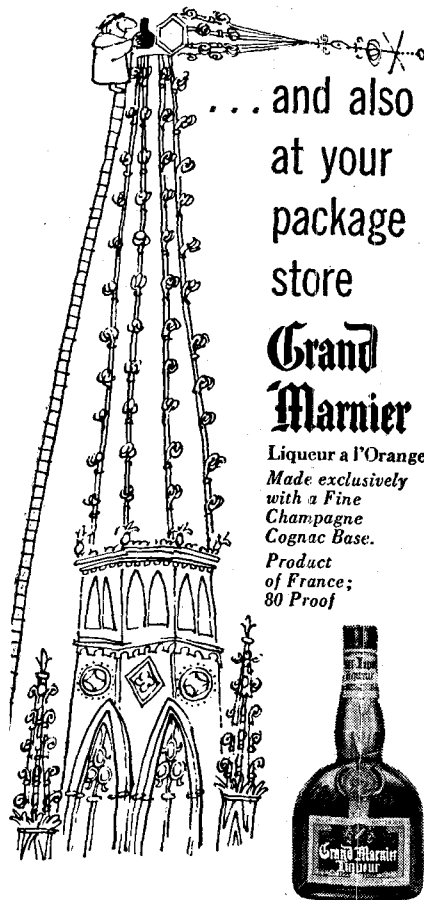
"Naturally, Mr. Huffman and I will want to discuss this a minute," Livius said.

Red didn't seem to think it was particularly natural. "Go ahead, but be quick about it," he said. "I'm tying up valuable men here, just waiting on you."

Livius and Herb walked away for a few minutes, and on their return Livius announced that they had decided to accept Red's terms—on one condition. I could hardly believe my ears when he named it. He said they would pay the twenty-five dollars provided his brother could come along at no extra charge. "He's just a little brother," Livius added. "He could easily fit up front between the two of us."

I thought this the most astoundingly generous gesture that had ever been made on my behalf. Red looked me over with a critical eye for what seemed a good hour, and finally agreed to take me. Then he suggested immediate payment—a request that necessitated another whispered consultation between Herb and Livius. Finally, they made up the right amount and handed it over. I was glad they did, because I felt we'd have a more enjoyable trip if Red wasn't worried about collecting his money.

Red himself helped us aboard, and if there is any more exciting experience than being buckled into the open cockpit of an airplane for the first time, I have yet to encounter it. It is true that my position left something to be desired—I was squeezed in between Herb and Livius, sitting not on a seat but astride a slight elevation in the floor that must have served to cover the connections between the controls of the two cockpits—



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but I was oblivious of discomfort. I was also, I judge now, oblivious of danger, for it never occurred to me that the one belt, which served to secure Livius and Herb fairly well, was actually not holding me at all. It was supposedly looped around the three of us, but it missed me almost completely. Still, I was being buckled into an airplane; that was all that mattered. Livius and Herb joked back and forth as Red climbed into his seat and called to Possum Face to take up his position by the propeller. Before I was even fully conscious that we were under way, we had bounced down the runway and up into the air.

The first thing I thought of once we were airborne, was that I had not been given—had not even been offered—a helmet and goggles. This was a deep affront that it was now too late to correct. Swallowing it, I tried to look nonchalantly about, but I was too far down in the cockpit to see anything. There was a greasy rag on the floor. I studied it, and the holes in the instrument panel where the instruments would have been if the passengers' cockpit had had any. I watched the rudder pedals moving back and forth as Red operated them. I listened to my brother and Herb yelling at each other whenever they spotted a point of interest below.

At last, Livius—sensing, perhaps, that I was not getting all I should out of the experience—boosted me onto his lap for a minute, and I caught a glimpse of the Catawld River before I slid back to the floor. I thought that the only way I'd really be able to see anything would be for Red to fly upside down, but the stunting he had promised turned out to be pretty tame stuff—conceivably because if it had been anything else, I would have fallen out. Just the same, Livius and Herb enjoyed it thoroughly. It consisted mainly of some shallow dives and pullouts, with a few steep turns thrown in, and before I knew it I felt the plane bump onto the field again.

I don't think I would have minded

terribly not seeing anything if Red hadn't bypassed me with the helmets and goggles. At least half the thrill of flying, I was sure, came from wearing those essential pieces of equipment. Many nights, I had ridden my bicycle at high speed down the steepest hill in Huntsville, my Montgomery Ward helmet and goggles firmly in place, and imagined that I was diving with Red Carpenter in the big green plane. Down, down, down we went, with me peering over the side, then gazing back triumphantly at Red as I spotted whatever it was we were looking for and directed his attention to it with an elaborate motion of my arm. Now, after all that practice, I had been flying in a real airplane and hadn't even been provided with the equipment of a real flier. Why, without his helmet and goggles Eddie Rickenbacker himself would have been laughed out of the sky!

Still, I was grateful to Livius (the twelve dollars and fifty cents he had spent amounted to more than the commission from the sale of six hundred *Saturday Evening Posts*), and I resolved that he would never know how crestfallen I was. I comforted myself with the thought that I was, after all, the only boy in my school who had been up at all, and that my classmates would regard me with considerable awe. Someday, I determined, I would take Herb and Livius up. Red would have a larger plane then, and we would all be able to see over the side as we reconnoitred.

It was only about three weeks later, as I recall it, that Red flew his big green biplane into the ground in a town in eastern North Carolina. According to the newspaper account I read, he had been flying upside down at a very low altitude when, for no reason apparent to the onlookers, his plane suddenly dived sharply, striking the ground with such force that the engine buried itself. Red was found in his cockpit, impaled on the joy stick. When I read the story, I felt that my world of aviation had died with him. —WESTON P. HATFIELD

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TABLES FOR TWO*Watchman, What of the Night?*

THE scheme to impose the format (if that is the word for so dishevelled an art form) of television on the city's night life made progress this past winter—presumably on the theory that New York is a good tryout spot for Las Vegas, a Nevada gold-rush town so addicted to the less complicated sorts of amusement that it uses up the supply faster than the stuff can be turned out. The method is simplicity itself: Ballads, funny sayings, intramural references, dance steps, costumery, and orchestrations are drawn from who knows what dusty files and mossy banks, strung into necklaces, cut to length, and left in a hot sun. The enlisted personnel to which this matériel is issued is recruited largely in Hollywood, and, because of the recurrent famines, is only too willing to serve. As you can imagine, it was a hard winter hereabouts. But lately the presumption that it would never stop raining cats and dogs (especially dogs) has been disproved by the arrival at the Waldorf of Maurice Chevalier and the arrival at the Plaza of Celeste Holm. They have another axe to grind—something to do with performance being more important than format. Chevalier, who would have been George M. Cohan if he had been born in this country, represents a Paris of twirled mustaches and twirled skirts, and a point of view that found its epitome in the pages of *La Vie Parisienne*. As fantasy, his work doesn't quite rank with Anouilh's, but it has spirit, it has fun, and it will do, even though the Chevalier singing voice differs hardly at all from the Chevalier speaking voice. Like Cohan, like Churchill, Chevalier is a grand old man. Miss Holm, who would have been Billie Burke or Ina Claire if she had been born a generation or two earlier, represents the comedy of manners—a lady of fashion in whom the voice of the turtle and the buzz of the wasp are pleasurably joined, a lady who will take nonsense from a man she likes, a lady of a New York that was beginning to evaporate even before the wreckers got around to the Ritz. She, too, is therefore fantasy, up to the moment when, in a pair of tights reveal-

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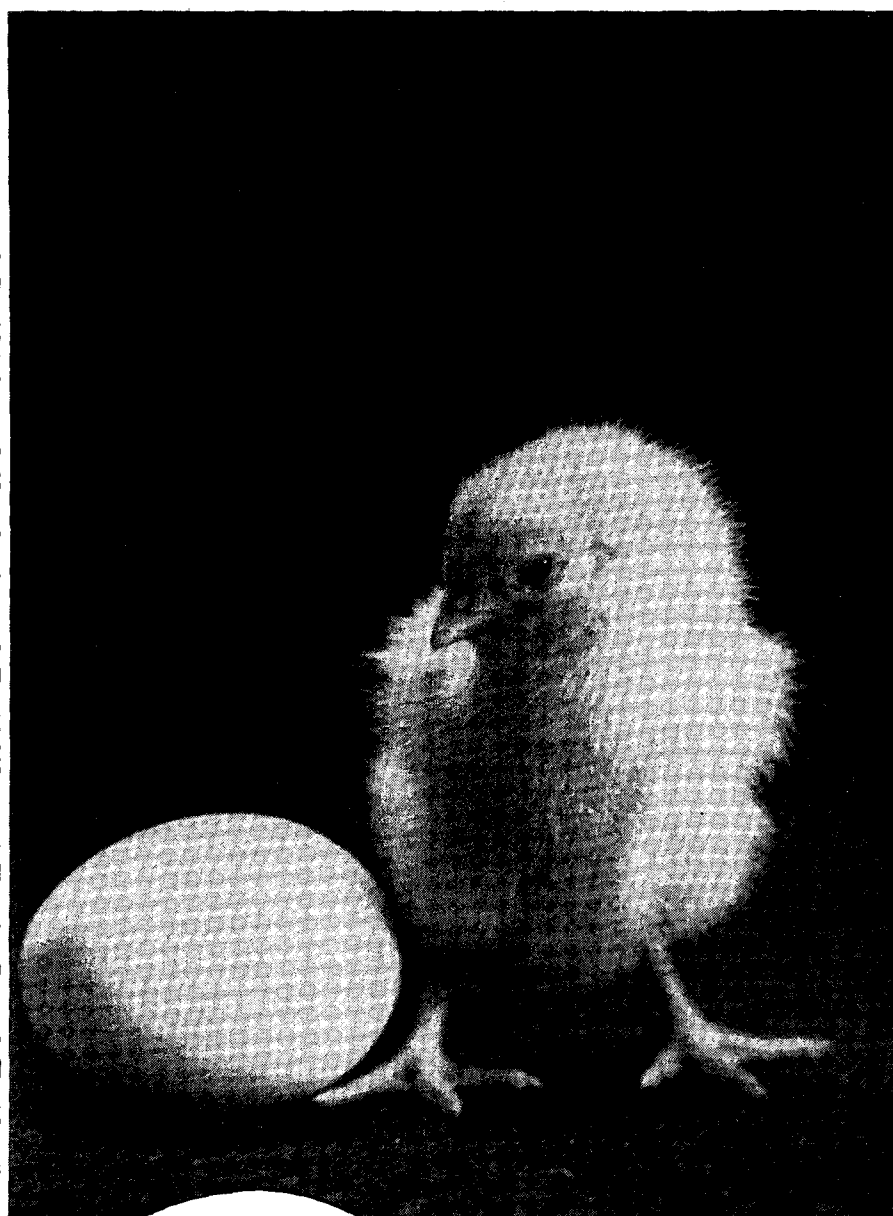
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ing legs that would guarantee her front-row center in the Latin Quarter chorus, she leads the house band, Ted Straeter's orchestra, around the premises to the tune of "Seventy-Six Trombones," a bit of bombast from Broadway's "The Music Man."

THE Latin Quarter, as it happens, survives, though without benefit of Celeste Holm. In lieu of her, and in surroundings reconstructed and softened (it's sort of under new management, a more meet-the-people one), half a dozen showgirls, all approximately seven foot seven, and a pony ballet of a dozen more pretend, but not very hard, to be interested in the words and music of a large, cheerful, and infinitely meaningless revue. It is turbulent while Sallie Blair, a comely child (who may by now have departed for another pasture), rips vehemently through a series of songs whose message is that someone had better come and get her while the getting's good; it is sleepy but beautiful while everyone sashays through sets that may or may not suggest hot nights of passion in old Venice; it is electric while the Bob De Voys Trio, dancers descended from acrobats, hurl each other about; and it is rowdy while the Bernard Brothers, whose métier is pantomime to other people's recordings, are let loose. The huge apron of the stage, which rambles shoulder-high out into the audience, is still there, twice as big as the one that once graced the Winter Garden, and often just as full of fair to middling to very lovely young ladies.

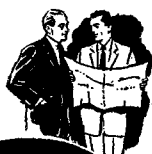
CURRENTLY, however, the revue form blossoms most often on the side streets. The reason may be that "Take Five," a grab bag of merriment occupying an old Sixth Avenue mushroom cellar that Julius Monk, the deviser of the grab bag, has renamed the Downstairs Room, has been going on since last October. Others, employing, like "Take Five," only four or five young people, and endeavoring, also like "Take Five," to live by their wit, have since come and—for the most part, fortunately—gone. The one regrettable departure was that of a masque put together and performed just twice in a Village club by five or six undergraduates of Bard College. It was an unabashedly amateur performance, put on mainly in dumb show but with a sprinkling of words by Steven Vinaver and music by Jonathan Tunick, young men who have made several small marks for themselves in the little-theatre movement, and done with what



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has to be called complete charm. It may be around again next season. Still surviving is another Village revue, a two-girl, two-boy potpourri in an upstairs hideaway, the Showplace, on West Fourth Street. Some of it is shrewd and funny commentary by any standard, and some of it merely demonstrates that parody is often indistinguishable from its supposed victim, but it is worth a spare evening any time. You've probably never heard of the author or the cast—I know I never had—but Fia Karin, a handsome girl in her darkling, bewitched way, sings a ballad easily and well, and the settings and the costuming, which must have run to well over ten dollars, use fabric, color, and space to the best advantage.

THE wreckers got to the Ruban Bleu, too, this season, but the Blue Angel, its spiritual offspring, remains, and in excellent health, principally because it persists in experimenting with as many newcomers, finished or fledgling, as it can lay hands on. Right now, all the performers are rather new and none of them are fledgling. Miyoshi Umeki has been around before, of course, but in "Sayonara," which is not the same as night clubs—and, technically, she doesn't belong in night clubs, for her low, sweet voice is occasionally wobbly, she forgets lines, and once in a while she giggles herself into a state of superlatively pretty confusion. Just the same, she retrieves the situation with such casualness that one realizes that this is an actress, not simply an Academy Award winner. Shelley Berman, a young man whose finishing school was the Chicago nighttime institution known as Mr. Kelly's, goes through life with a purely fictitious telephone in hand. It is a shared amusement, or torment; the audience guesses—from his irritated, aghast, or cackling retorts to what is being said to him over the wire—the sort of remarks, and even the sort of people, he is listening to. George Matson, who moves with such agility that Martha Graham might have been his finishing school, also has the grace to leave a number of things to the audience's imagination. His is an ancient formula—grimacing and jiggling in time to a battery of recordings—but the characters he becomes (a frightened American driving in Paris traffic, a leader of a choral group who has forgotten the words, a few idiotic housewives) are people you don't often meet. In an era when there are few valid excuses for sitting up late, these strolling players should be welcome guests in our town.

—R. W.

BOOKS

"Miss Buttle" and "Mr. Eliot"



LAST summer a number of literary people in England and the United States received copies of a book called "The Sweeniad," which purported to have been written by one Myra Buttle. Myra Buttle, as the preface explains, is "a very ordinary girl," who is "kept pretty busy" in the shop, "what with my grandmother being bedridden," but who does manage to read a certain amount of modern poetry and has been getting rather depressed about it. "The underlying message of the 'main stream' poets seems to be that life is a sorry business anyhow, but that it might just be worth losing if, as an interim measure, we could undo the Renaissance and restore the Middle Ages, thereby making everybody as miserable as ourselves. Being a healthy girl with a good appetite, engaged to be married to a judo champion, this was too much for me to swallow and I was kept awake at night worrying about it all." These anxieties give rise to a dream, the subject of the long poem that follows—which turns out to be a satire on T. S. Eliot (Myra Buttle, *My Rebuttal*).

This book has now been regularly

published in both England and the United States (in New York by the Sagamore Press), and it is an open secret that the author is a Cambridge professor named Victor Purcell, a lecturer on Far Eastern affairs, who has previously published only one book of verse, "Cadmus: The Poet and the World" (Melbourne University Press in association with Oxford University Press, 1944). Curiosity about the author of "The Sweeniad" has led the reviewer to look up this earlier volume and to discover, in the contrast between the two, a literary case so odd that one cannot think of anything to match it. "Cadmus," like "The Sweeniad," is a long, varied poem, which covers a good deal of ground and involves frequent changes of meter, but it is seriously, not humorously, meant, and, far from being brilliant, as "The Sweeniad" sometimes is, it is incredibly, hilariously awful. The unintentional comedy of "Cadmus" is as funny as anything in "The Sweeniad," and before going on to the satire I want to give a few examples of passages from the earlier poem and discuss their relation to the later one.

Now, "Cadmus" is a kind of epic, which aims at nothing less than to cover the whole history of Western poetry.

The first canto prepares the way by describing the origin of the earth and the evolution of life:

The shallow threshold of the sounding sea
Was floored with crumbled layers of
debris,
A liquid mud of silicates and lime,
And with this mud was other mud, a
slime,
A viscous ooze, a dimly vibrant plasm,
A pungent, flowing mass—Great God's
orgasm!...

The chapter closes in climatic rigour
Which tests the mammals' balance and
their vigour.

The orbit of the earth was now elliptic,
Its axis heeled towards the new ecliptic,
And age by age the length of winters grew
While summers shortened. . . .

America as south as Ohio
Was overwhelmed by ice, and rocks, and
snow.

And when this chill and rigorous age
began
The hidden scene was being set for man.

The second canto traces the rise of ancient civilization to its climax in the glory of Greece, which is treated in a burst of Greek meters—hexameters, alcaics, and sapphics. In the third canto, Rome takes over:

But there was a nation
Which sucked as it could its mighty ex-
halation
Into its blood and then outbreathed a
breath
Redeeming Europe from a cultural death.
The shape of Rome was never of a piece
With the fine pattern of defeated Greece,
But though to the better part it had no
claim
It still had solidarity of aim,
Forming the structure of society
Upon the most rigorous filial piety.

But,

Goths and Visigoths, Vandals, Huns and
Franks
Bore down upon the weakened Roman
ranks
In crushing avalanches, Rome was sick,
Effete, diseased in body politic.

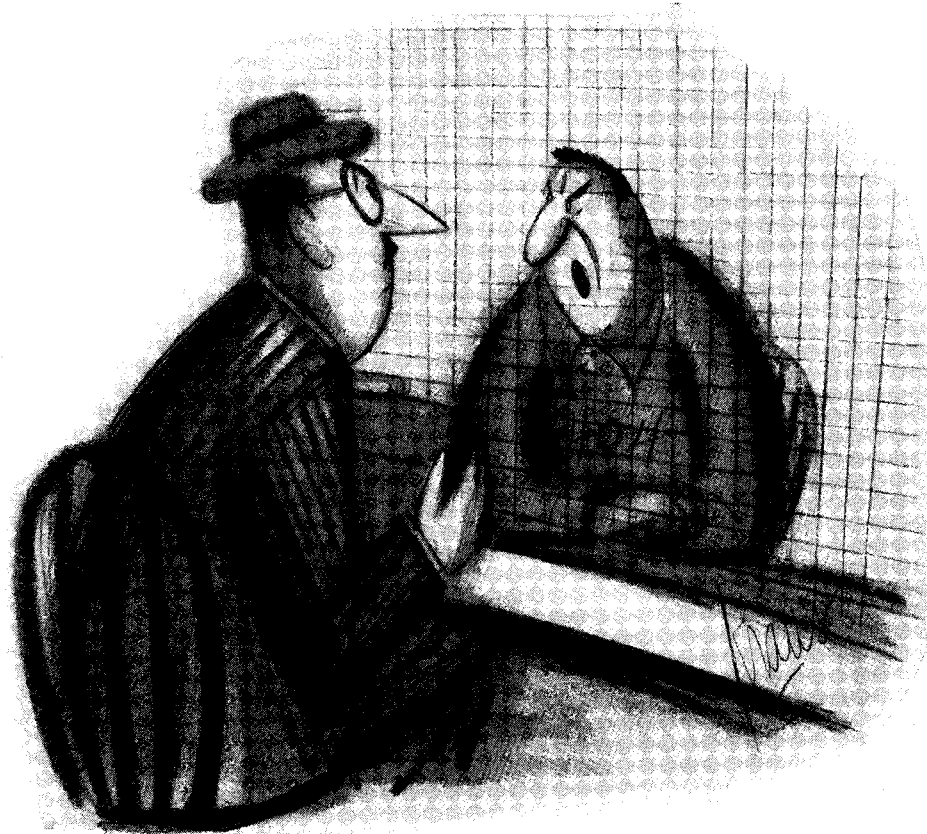
Then Christianity, the Crusades, the
cathedrals—arriving at the Renais-
sance.

The fourth and the fifth cantos pre-
sent a whole costume pageant of Euro-
pean poetry through the ages. Here the
poet further exercises his virtuosity by
composing the section on Dante in me-
diocre *terza rima*. Dante is followed by

Petrarch with his beauteous Laura.
He beckoned me to throb within her aura
and by Villon, who frankly confesses
that

We womanized, we cheated, and we stole.

Eventually we come to Tennyson



"You're darn right you haven't received your fee!"

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whose advent is introduced by a passage on the industrial revolution:

From the remotest ages up to now
That great and basic instrument, the
plough,
Was king and overlord among machinery,
And fields and pastures formed the social
scenery

but

Factories and mills began to block the
view
And unseen powers began to interact,
Obscuring the basic agricultural fact

with the result that Tennyson is forced
to take refuge in the world of Arthurian
legend. He figures as

the Poet Laureate,

A royal servant, pillar of the state,
A metrist of the very first ability
Whose muse had no superior in fertility.

We end with Kipling and Eliot, the
latter of whom is treated with a certain
respect:

Defence of the ancient tragic viewpoint
with
Imaginative restatement of a myth,
Dispensing with all the logic of narration,
Inventing a symbolical notation,
Like a new scale, a revolution planned
And brought to fruit in Eliot's "Waste
Land."

There are moments when it is difficult
to believe, through all this, that the
author does not *mean* to be funny. Besides
the metrically awkward and the anticlimactic
lines, we stumble over false rhymes of which
one would say that they can only have been
planted to bring a laugh:

No weed or tare
Can prosper there,
No bat, no faun with cloven heel,
No worm or snail
Or serpent's scale
To mar this idyll and ideal!

A variant of the solar chemistry
That made the splendid earth—for men
And worms, and light, and rocks are
brethren.

This age was Nicolette a trull, Aucassin
By turns a pimp, a poet, and assassin.

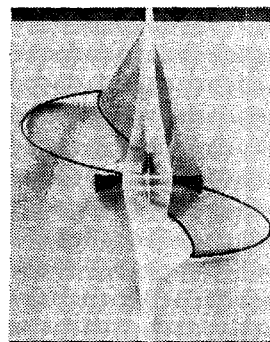
When the poet turns his hand to
a lyric interlude, the result is close to
Gilbert and Sullivan:

As nature ranges my measure changes
to follow its pattern of life and mood.
My down-beats follow the darting swallow,
my up-beats soar with the falcon's
brood.

But the case is not so simple as these
passages suggest. Mr. Purcell is not
merely inept; he is not merely a bad poet.
The curious thing is that though his
purpose is undoubtedly lofty, his accent
seems naturally, invincibly, involuntarily
satirical. When these verses are at
all well turned, they fall into the pro-

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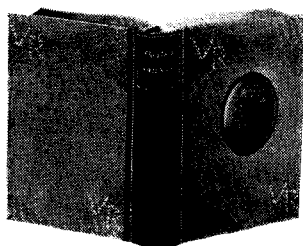
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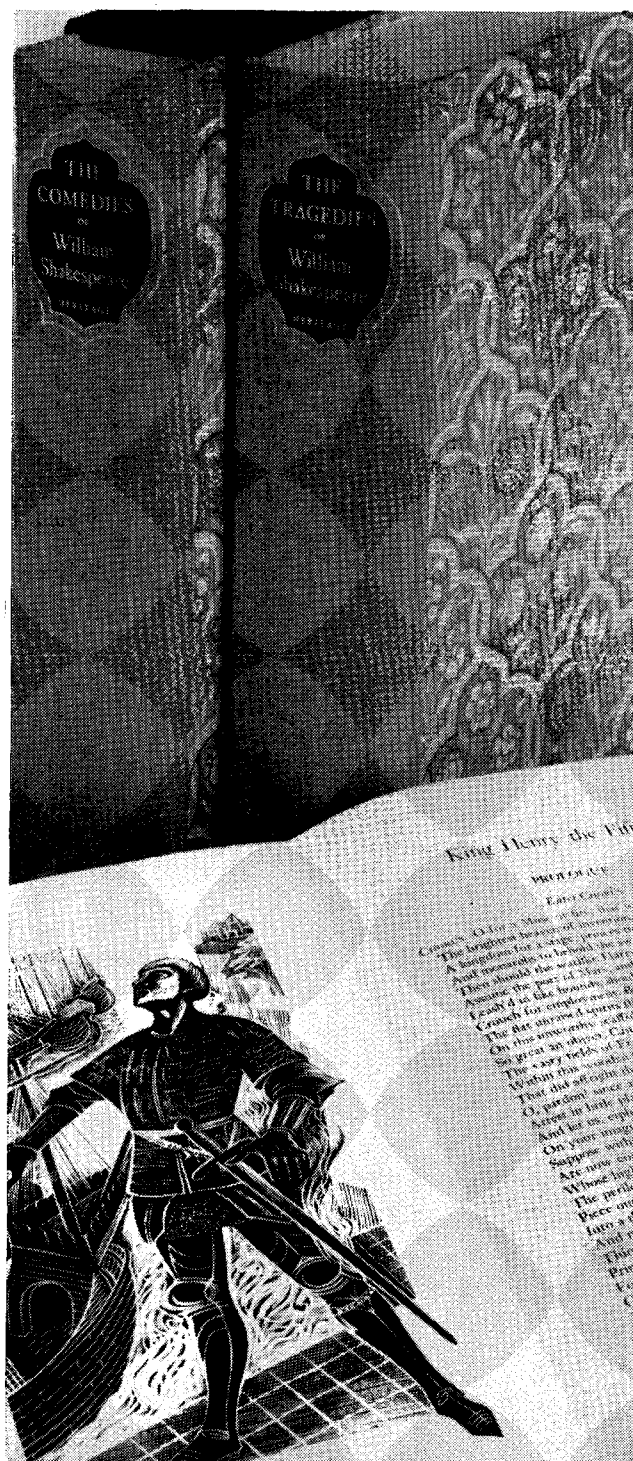
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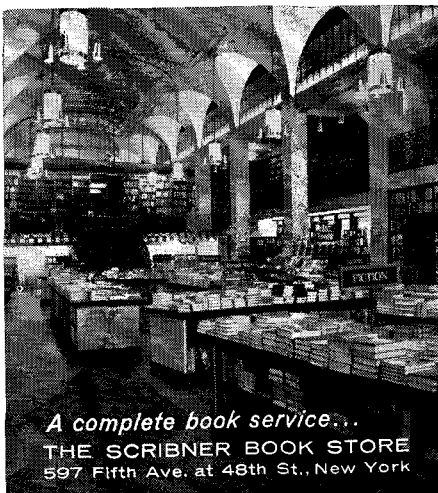
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saic wit of a respectable eighteenth-century versifier, and when not, they sound like the specimens in "Martinus Scriblerus's" comic treatise, "The Art of Sinking in Poetry." Now, in cantos six, seven, and eight, in which the poet is dealing with contemporary England, he becomes deliberately satirical both in tone and in form, and though these sections are not really successful either, they are a good deal better than what has gone before. But when we come to "The Sweeniad," we find that the qualities of "Cadmus" have surprisingly been transposed in such a way as to achieve a vein of knockabout burlesque. The bathos, the reckless rhymes, the tendency to drop into doggerel, the ready hand at improvised parody, the Gilbert and Sullivan touch all contribute to an effect of an opposite kind from that at which "Cadmus" aims. What is peculiar in Purcell's case is that, following his true bent, he should have been able to turn into intentional humor his unintentional humor, and make people laugh at his subject instead of himself. And it is even more unexpected that the often clumsy metrist of "Cadmus" should, now that he can clown at his ease, appear as so accomplished a versifier that, before the secret of its authorship was out, it was natural to guess that "The Sweeniad" had been written by somebody as technically proficient as Robert Graves or C. Day Lewis.

THE "argument" of "The Sweeniad" is as follows. A Prologue shows a darkened "Ghost Theatre"—

This vast unlighted room
Is the symbol of the tomb
And likewise of the womb—

in which reigns a general confusion of mind created by modern science, in its whole range from physics to psychoanalysis:

Who's that up in the gallery? What's he trying to convey?

The Second Law of Thermodynamics, did you say?

"When the position and velocity of molecules are distributed absolutely at random the entropy is complete."

Bravo, my boy! Your obfuscation is a treat,

The words are in the dictionary; the syntax is correct—

Reductio ad absurdum of the "Indirect"! But though your talent cannot be denied, Some may think you would be better occupied

Sitting in the kitchen doing your philately, Or in the WC, re-writing *Lady Chatterley*.

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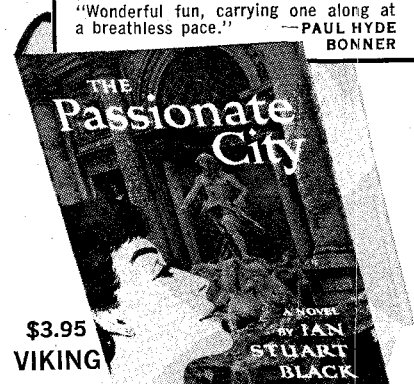
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inspissated by the presence of Empson. Then,

But hark! I hear the distant tread of Him,
Of Him, the Twentieth Century's undisputed Cham
Of Poetry, and Britain's brightest gift from Uncle Sam!
(There comes a hush:
All traffic stops from Russell Square to
Shepherds' Bush.)

And

Now to the roll of muffled drums
To us the fabled Sweeney comes.

The dictator Sweeney begins by delivering a parody of "The Waste Land"—a little late in the day, perhaps, for parodies of "The Waste Land," of which there have already been a good many, but the quotations at the end are amusing, including as they do a line of Egyptian hieroglyphics, which is explained in the notes as

Literally, "Thy breath of life is sweet in my nostril"—"Life" here is an occult symbol for death

followed by

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and

AAAA

A message in manual code from Microcephalos, the deaf-and-dumb soothsayer of Thebes, to Tiresias (who was blind anyway).

The poem is expounded at length, and this is followed by the principal action of "The Sweeniad"—the trial of the "Blessed Sweeney," whose

cult is authorized in person or by proxy
By all the cardinals and priests, the ruling laity, and the acolytes of orthodoxy,

before the Tribunal of the Republic of Letters, the citizens of which insist

that a writer should receive his meed of praise
Not as a halo but a crown of bays.

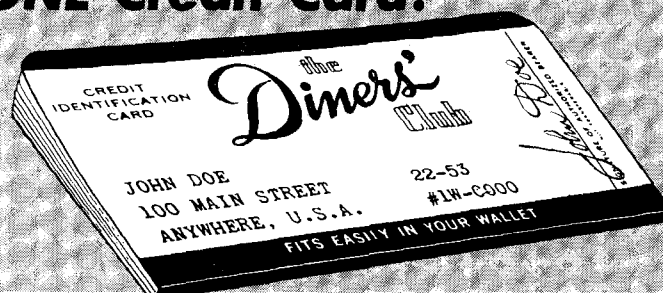
To decide whether Sweeney deserves one "as poet, critic, sociologist, and man," in terms of "good and evil," not of "grace" and "sin," his case is argued before a "Pope" by a Postulator and a Devil's Advocate. The speeches are in prose but are interrupted by a variety of rhymed choruses. The Devil's Advocate concludes as follows, "That he [Sweeney] is, or originally was, a genuine poet is not contested by me, but I do assert that he has for altogether different reasons been 'beatified' while still on earth." He recommends Sweeney

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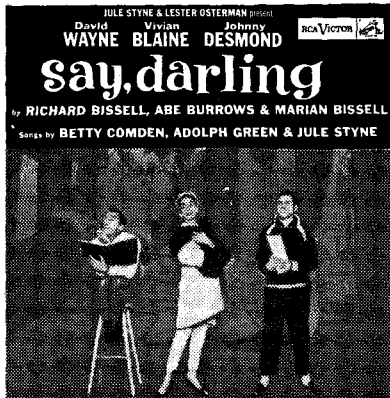
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ney's exclusion "from the communion of Humaner Letters."

The "Pope" invites Sweeney to speak, and the voice of the invisible poet is heard to reply in parody:

Because I do not want to think again
Because I do not want
Because I do not want to think
Desiring the blessed fame and saintly crown
I no longer want to want what you want me to want
(Why should the baptized infant want the font?)
Why should I plead
To Gentiles branded with the mark of Cain?

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

He means, your Holiness, that he denies the jurisdiction of this court.

THE "POPE"

Just as I thought.

The parodies here are never quite so good as Henry Reed's "Chard Whitlow," but they have their amusing moments. Sweeney, for example, is made to speak of

An experience so ecstatic
That it makes a good dinner
Seem like a bad one.
(I sometimes wonder whether this is what Krishna meant.)

The verdict, in the humanist court, goes against the saintly Sweeney, who is heard intoning as follows:

Between the mystification
And the deception
Between the multiplication
And the division
Falls the Tower of London

Many Nouns in is we find
To the Masculine assigned:
Amnis, axis, caulis, collis,
Clunis, crinis, fascis, follis...
Take away the number you first thought of...

Stop breeding...
Stop breathing...

Pop!

And "The Sweeniad" ends with a chorus that declares war on "Anti-Lifemanship."

In all this, there is much that is unjust to Eliot. It is incorrect to represent him as hostile to Gibbon and Bertrand Russell, for both of whom he has several times put on record his admiration. It is silly to be outraged by his criticism of Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley—especially in the case of the first, whom he can hardly be accused of underrating. And it is hardly a novel heresy to believe, as Eliot does, and as the reviewer agrees with him in doing, that Dante—whom Yeats calls in one of his poems "the chief imagination of Christendom"—produced in the "Divina Commedia" a work of art that transcends any of Shakespeare's plays, or even all of them

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taken together, in its philosophical grasp, its criticism of moral experience, and the perfection of its execution. As for the predominance in Milton of the auditory over the visual sense—Eliot's emphasis on which brings loud protest from "Myra Buttle"—one would think this so perfectly obvious that nobody would venture to question it. And although one may like Shelley's poetry better than Eliot seems to, his criticism of Shelley's loose writing has been very much to the point in connection with the exact kind of writing which Eliot himself has practiced and which, with Pound, he has been trying to teach. Especially, the "Pope's" final summing up of the case against "Sweeney" is weak:

But we, a court of men, have other tests—
Whether or not the Claimant manifests
A talent for credulity or revels
In lice, or fasts, or fisticuffs with devils,
Is quite irrelevant. We do not care
Whether he's nude or wears a shirt of hair
Or, like St. Simeon, lives up in the air.
We proffer questions of a different
grain—
Whether he's enlightened or humane,
How would he pleasure a wench or drive
a spigot?
Is he of tolerant mind or just a bigot?
Has he the zest for life of Rabelais
(Accepting, of course, the standards of
our day)?
Is he as joyous as Boccaccio?
In both these cases we must answer "No."
Would Falstaff choose him as a drinking
pal?
How would he fare with Bardolph or
Prince Hal?
Has he the quiet detachment of Mon-
taigne?
Can he compete with Milton's epic strain?
Would Dryden praise his satire, or would
Pope
Approve his riddles or his narrow scope?
Has he a touch of Browning's lyric gift,
Or *saeva indignatio* of Swift?
Has Blake's compassion taught his heart
to sing?
Has he the lift of Shelley's heavenly wing?
Has he the humour that would save his
feet
From falling in the pitfalls of conceit
Waiting to trap the clerical élite?

These questions are completely irrelevant. Why should Eliot, an artist in his own right, be expected to do or be any of these things? He should, in fact, not be expected to duplicate the qualities of anyone else. As for the question about Dryden and Pope, they would not have approved his "riddles"—if any such speculations make sense—but they might well have admitted his skill with words, which at moments is quite close to their own. Nor has the supposed austerity of Eliot's habits anything to do with the matter. There *is* certainly a cult of Eliot, but it has never—so far as I have known—been based on any such assumption. How this cult has come into being I

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shall in a moment attempt to explain. But in the meantime I want to return to the somewhat obtuse author of "Cadmus," who appears, in the passage just quoted, rather embarrassingly from behind "Myra Buttle." That "The Sweeniad" should be unjust is something to be taken for granted; all satirists are unjust to their subjects. And that the author should be something of a Philistine may be also an essential feature of the successful satirist's role, as in the case of W. S. Gilbert, or even of Aristophanes. Mr. Purcell, with far less ability, really has something in common with such writers of the superior kind of revue; and on the whole he has handled his Philistinism cleverly by inventing the anxious young girl who is occupied with Grandmother's shop and is about to marry a judo champion, and using her as a mask for his outburst. It is a part of the comedy, its mainspring, that a limited and well-meaning person should give voice to a long resentment. Myra Buttle has the crude common sense of one of Molière's servants who cannot swallow the pretensions of their masters, who laugh at the bourgeois gentleman or rebel against the precious ladies.

AND why is it possible to some extent to enjoy "Myra Buttle's" reaction? Why is it that one finds in the advertising material put out by the publishers of "The Sweeniad" quite a number of delighted comments by distinguished contemporaries of Eliot, who are, nevertheless, one imagines, neither unfriendly toward him nor unappreciative of his merits? I shall try to answer this question, but since the subject is rather complex, the inquiry will not be simple.

To attempt at the beginning, however, to formulate a useful distinction, I would suggest that there are two personalities involved—T. S. Eliot, the author of "The Sacred Wood," "The Waste Land," "The Cocktail Party," and other excellent things, and "Mr. Eliot," the public figure, the pillar of British culture, and the remote, inscrutable deity who presides over the American academic guild of what its members call criticism. The point is that Eliot is a genuine person, whose work is of exceptional interest, but that the public "Mr. Eliot" is a fictional character, a creation of T. S. Eliot's, almost as truly as "Myra Buttle" is a creation of Victor Purcell's.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that "Mr. Eliot" wears two aspects—one British and one American—and we have to distinguish between the two. The English, with their

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sense of hierarchy, like to have a grand master of literature, an Archbishop of Canterbury, a privileged veteran who has received all the possible honors. Thomas Hardy, after the death of Meredith, was lifted to this position, and, after Hardy's death, Bernard Shaw. To pay a visit to Meredith, Hardy, or Shaw, once they had attained this eminence, meant almost in the literary world what it meant for a débutante to be received at Buckingham Palace. When Shaw died, there was no one of his stature to accede to the vacant throne. E. M. Forster was magnified, but his work had not the weight of these others', and he did not care to be a great figure. The result was a kind of triumvirate, with the much-respected Forster in quiet retirement in the upper rooms of the palace, Eliot very much to the fore as the well-groomed head of the literary state who presided on official occasions, and Somerset Maugham installed in a comfortable reception room to make contact with that part of the public which was not up to "Mr. Eliot." As a consequence of his occupying this princely position, it seemed for years impossible in England to write any serious criticism of Eliot's work. A visitor from the United States was astonished at the extent to which Eliot had those hypercritical old Britishers buffaloed. There had been nothing to prepare one, for example, for the feebleness of his comedy "The Confidential Clerk," which was running with immense success and which one made a point of seeing—only to find that the author's researches into the secrets of the dramatic art, about which there had been some publicity, had resulted in the careful exploitation of a few rudimentary tricks, and that his upper-class English characters (that dutiful old retainer! that vague but compelling lady!) seemed like somewhat faded memories of some Galsworthy novel that the author might have read in crossing, on the occasion of his first visit to England. I found, when I discussed this play with people in London, that everybody seemed to agree with me, but I gathered that respect for Eliot had made it impossible for anyone to commit himself by printing a sincere opinion. There was as yet no Victor Purcell, as there was not as yet any Lord Altrincham.

The triumph of the British "Mr. Eliot" was also illustrated, at about this time, by a pamphlet called "The Literature of Politics," by "T. S. Eliot, O.M., with a foreword by the Right Honourable Sir Anthony Eden, K.G., M.C., M.P.," published in 1955 by the Conservative Political Centre. This is a

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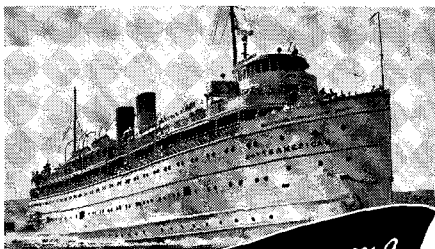
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lecture "delivered at a Literary Luncheon organised by the London Conservative Union," with "The Rt. Hon. D. Heathcoat Amory, M.P.," in the chair, and a self-parody of an exquisite absurdity that "Myra Butt" could never achieve. The discourse commences with the usual note of abysmal self-deprecation: "Not today, for the first time, but for some time past, have I been aware how very rash it was of me to accept your invitation to address this Literary Luncheon: my acceptance is only one more illustration of a truth that I should have learned from experience, that one can face nearly any danger intrepidly, and even court it wantonly, so long as it is far enough off. My foolhardiness, on this occasion, was twofold. While I do not suppose that everyone in this room is an accomplished public speaker, I take it for granted that those who are not are at least seasoned listeners, with pretty high standards of what they expect in the way of oratory. And a man of letters, far from being thereby licensed to the platform and the rostrum, is more likely than not to be a poor speaker, relatively at ease—but only relatively—when he has prepared, as I have today, not only his thoughts but his words. Second, I was rash in consenting to appear in an unfamiliar role and context. That, of course, may have increased the size of my audience: you are, very likely, at this moment experiencing the thrill of a crowd gathered to watch a man take a very high dive, when the rumour has been put about that he does not know how to swim. I hope you will be disappointed: but I do not know myself whether or not, after the splash has subsided, my head will emerge from the water." This goes on for over two pages of the fourteen pages of the "lecture."

He then asks himself the question "What is the literature of Conservatism?" and answers, "There are four names which we could all, without any prompting, repeat in chorus, for they constantly turn up together. . . . They are, of course, the names of Bolingbroke, Burke, Coleridge and Disraeli." What, he inquires, have these four writers in common? "I am inclined to believe it a good thing that we should find the question difficult to answer. If, in my attempt to give grounds for my belief, you find me descending to platitude and commonplace, I hope you will attribute it to my simplicity and inexperience; if, on the other hand, you convict me of uttering nonsense, I ask for no quarter at all." He now tells us that there are two types of political

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development: one that starts with "a body of doctrine" and goes on to try to "realize a programme" based upon this doctrine, and another that begins with a practical party and goes on to an attempt to discover "what its fundamental tenets are." "When a party committed to an unalterable doctrine finds itself in a position of power, two things may happen." On the one hand, the leaders of the party will try either to "postpone the part of their programme that they see to be impracticable" or, fraudulently, to make it appear that they are actually carrying it out; or, like the Jacobins, they will try to be logical at the expense of the social realities. The two opposite dangers—of opportunism and fanaticism—make the substance of another paragraph. This is followed by an approving reference to somebody or other's statement that in the United States "the true conservatives... in recent times" have been not "political figures" but "philosophic observers and moralists, often in academic positions," such as Irving Babbitt and "Paul More," who have no direct influence on politics. But this is not as it should be. The "legislator" and "the man whose business is merely to think and write" should keep in closer touch with one another. A further platitude on the opposite dangers of excessively doctrinaire theory and excessively opportunistic adaptability, a plug for Charles Maurras, a snubbing of Bernard Shaw, and you've had it.

THE American "Mr. Eliot" appears in a quite distinct role—less official and social than academic. Though "appears" is perhaps not the word. The American "Mr. Eliot" is the constant, all-pervasive presence that was characterized by whoever made the joke about "The Blessed Thomas Eliot Considered as the Air We Breathe." I would not hold Eliot responsible for everything his adorers have done, but I think it is undeniable that the aridity of our literary monthlies and quarterlies partly derives from the old *Criterion*. This review—so elegant in format—used to seem to me, from the very beginning, rather dreary and disappointing, as if put together by Eliot without much discrimination, or even any very great enthusiasm, and always with too wary an eye on the people who might be put off by rowdy or erratic writings. There was an effort to establish an interchange between the cultural activities of the various countries, but remarkably little real contact, even in the literary field, with what was going on in the world during the period



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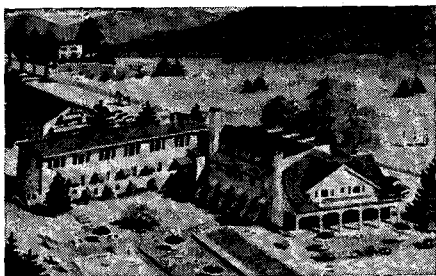
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between the two World Wars. The *Criterion's* format and tone were imitated by Lincoln Kirstein in his quarterly the *Hound & Horn*, which was founded in 1927 and ran till 1934, and several other such periodicals carried the tradition on. The pages of these reviews were always peppered with "Mr. Eliot," "in Mr. Eliot's phrase," "as Mr. Eliot has pointed out." They have been so peppered for now three decades. (The first number of a new one, the *Texas Quarterly*, exactly like all the others, has just reached me as I have been writing this. I open it and find, in an article on Baudelaire and Poe, "Now, that Mr. Eliot knows French well, no one will deny. But to assess the value of a translation of this magnitude is not easy." The next article is called "Baudelaire: The Question of His Sincerity, or, Variations on Several Texts by Eliot.") Though Eliot's name has been mentioned as often and with the same kind of awe as that of the Hebrew God, it is not sacrilegious to pronounce it and its vowels have not been disguised; one is even permitted respectfully to register small differences from "Mr. Eliot;" yet his name has come to stand almost as much for an unapproachable power, a faceless protector, and it has evidently, in the long run, had the result of making Eliot feel that he has been put by his admirers into a false position. His address "The Frontiers of Criticism," delivered before a vast audience, in 1956, at the University of Minnesota, and now included in "On Poetry and Poets," his recent collection of essays, represents a natural impulse on the part of the authentic Eliot to dissociate himself from "Mr. Eliot" in the special tutelary aspect under which he has been worshipped in the United States: that of patron of the "symbolic" analysts and the inquirers into literary sources who desolate the pages of these journals. He has even, in the lecture just mentioned, gone to the length of regretting his notes to "The Waste Land" and implying that he would like to suppress them. But he is obviously speaking too late. His last poem, "The Cultivation of Christmas Trees," a pale little self-parody of thirty-four lines (\$1.25 in cardboard covers, \$2 in cloth), was snapped up at once by one of these experts and subjected to a long going over.

The point is that Eliot's work is fatally suited to the needs of American teachers of courses in English. In the first place, there is very little of it: you can get through it all in the evenings of a week. Those English professors are lazy. They rarely know anything but



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English Lit., and they rarely read anything in English that they do not have to read for their courses or to get themselves a little credit by writing in some critical organ about one of their accepted subjects. In American schools and colleges forty or fifty years ago, there was a canon of English poets that did not extend much, I think, beyond Tennyson, and a canon of English prose that, so far as I remember, stopped short with Carlyle. Contemporary literature was never mentioned, and American writers were completely ignored. Today there are courses in the modern novel and officially recognized American classics; yet the scope of the English departments seems in other ways even more limited. You need not acquaint yourself now with even so many books as the old generation did. You talk about a few books at greater length and in a far more specialized way. It is almost like Talmudic *pilpul*, that method of rabbinical exegesis of which the criterion of excellence came to consist in the degree of farfetchedness that could be compassed by subtle argument. (A recent issue of an academic quarterly, *Modern Fiction Studies*, contains essays arguing intricately that in Henry James's story "The Jolly Corner" there are not one but *two* ghosts, and that "The Turn of the Screw" is a religious allegory.) For this kind of exegesis the poetry of Eliot has provided the ideal text. Not only is it small in bulk; it presents in the shortest space a maximum of out-of-the-way references that the researcher may hope to run down, of apparently symbolic images that the interpreter may hope to illuminate, and of often unavowed quotations that, working in some other connection, one may joyously stumble upon. The commentators have been preying on Eliot's work, like sandpipers pecking for sand fleas, so persistently for so many decades that they seem to have been getting on Eliot's nerves and to have goaded him into telling them that they have unearthed more revelations than the poet had buried secrets.

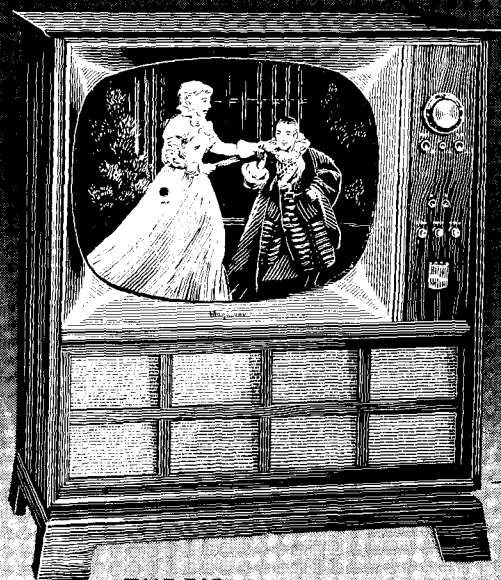
SO much for "Mr. Eliot's" public and its need to accept him, to invent him. This invention is not, however, entirely the work of the public. The poet has himself collaborated; he has, in fact, given his public its cue. But just how has he produced this result, and why? We must realize first of all that Eliot is essentially a dramatist. This was plain from his earliest poems. Some of these were dramatic monologues in which the speaker was given a name—Gerontion or J. Alfred

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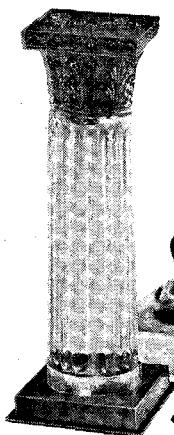


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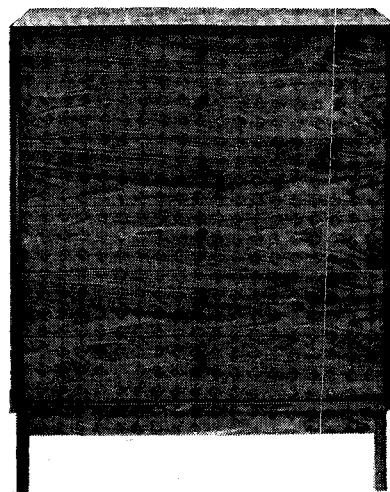
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Prufrock—but the speakers in "The Waste Land" and "Ash Wednesday" are hardly less dramatic masks. In the case of "The Waste Land," the many quotations—of which so much complaint was once made and of which "Myra Buttle" is still complaining—are a part of the dramatic situation: they are simply the kind of thing that goes on in the head of a troubled man who has drunk deep at the best universities and is half-drugged with literature, who has studied a little Sanskrit at Harvard and done a certain amount of travelling in Europe—as "Ash Wednesday" is the broken soliloquy of a man who is trying to resign himself to prostrating disappointment and who is groping to revive his spirit by establishing some relation with God. It is not necessary, in the first of these cases, to understand all Eliot's literary references, or, in the second, to share his hunger for religious experience: all that is necessary here is a willingness to be interested in the character. And the lines that Eliot wrote for these characters rang so roundly in the ears of contemporaries as to make quite absurd the objections of those critics who asserted that he spoke only riddles and did not convey any real meaning. "Myra Buttle," too, protests against this, but the very attack in "The Sweeney" on the influence of the poet on the literary world is evidence that he did convey something, an emotion that others shared. Actually, T. S. Eliot has been one of the great phrasemakers of our time and has provided almost as many book titles, chapter headings, epigraphs, and clichés for editorial writers as Kipling or the "Alice" books.

It was obvious from the beginning that Eliot would or should write plays, and as early as 1926 he began, in the first installment of "Sweeney Agonistes," experimenting with the dramatic form. This play he never completed, but he later went on to write others, and the best of them were extremely effective. He also became an actor in his own person, developed his public self as a theatrical character, or characters. This process no doubt began with his original transformation of the American into a Britisher; but his roles have not, I think, been entirely British: he has something of a repertoire. There is, for example, the Anglican clergyman, one of Eliot's most successful, if not most exhilarating, impersonations. You can hear how the voice is handled in the droning and monotonous recording he has made of the "Four Quartets," but to see him do this in public is to succumb to the same kind of

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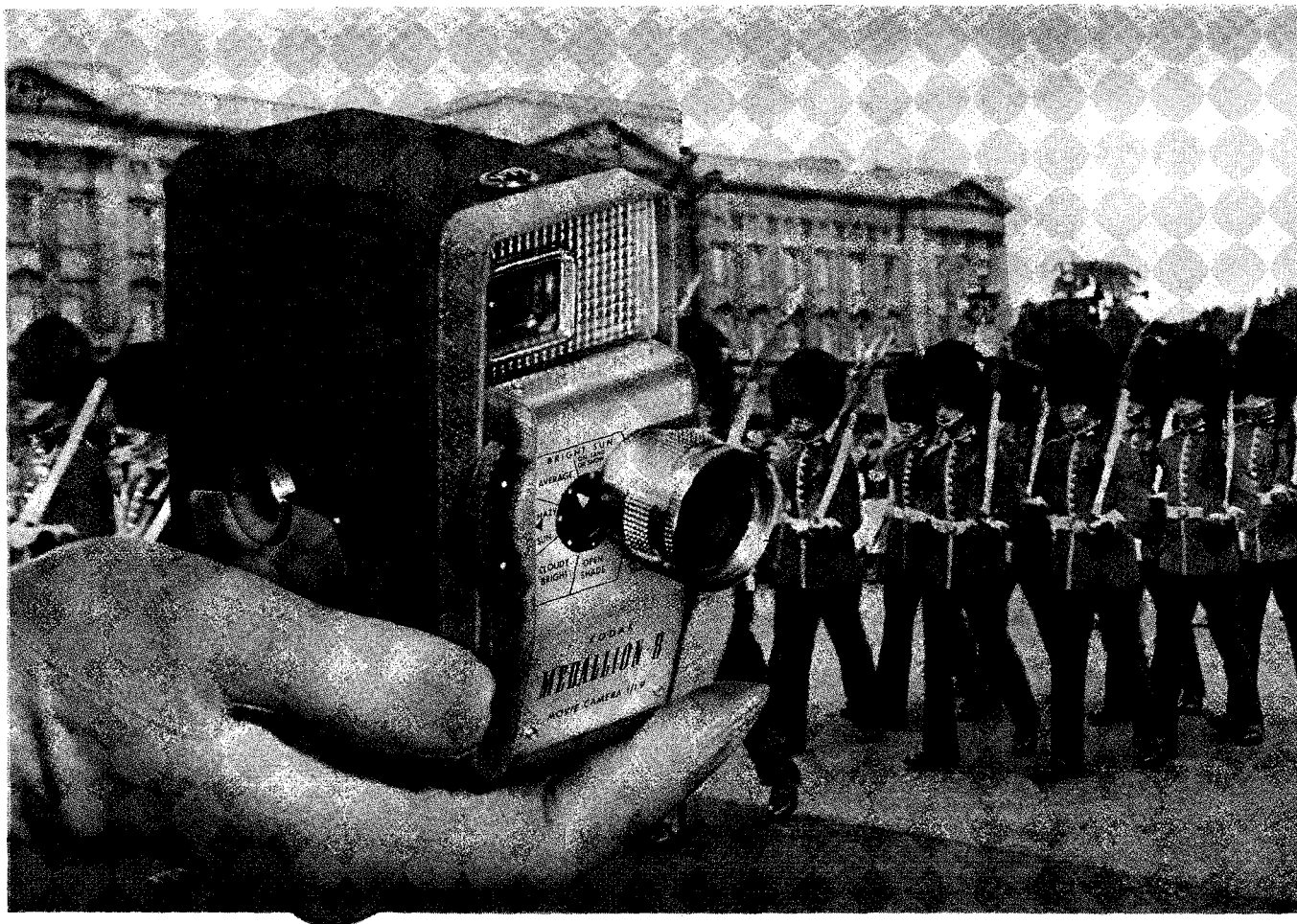
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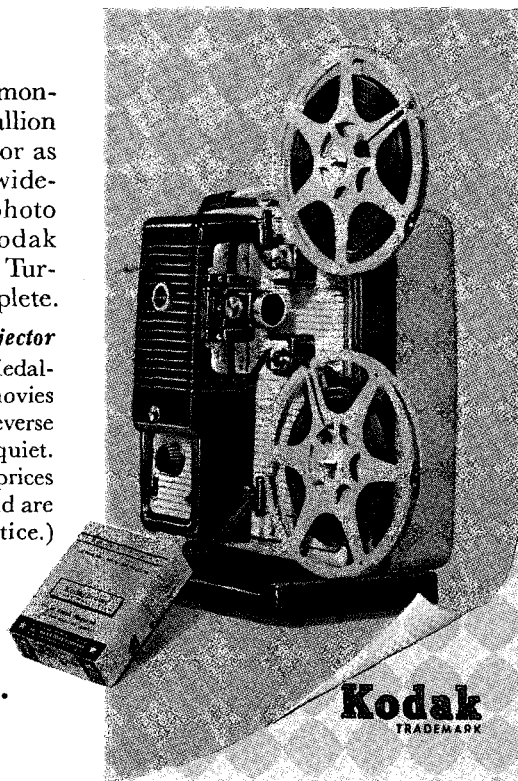
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illusion that is evoked by one of Ruth Draper's monologues. Eliot makes clergymen's jokes, he laughs a clergyman's laugh; you could swear he wore a turned-around collar. Another of his masks is *the formidable professor*, who gives ignorance and error short shrift. This seems to me American rather than British and to have probably been acquired at Harvard from old-fashioned snobs and pedants like George Kittredge, Barrett Wendell, and Irving Babbitt. This is the personage who dismisses large subjects with casual but blighting comments—sometimes, as in the case of Russian literature or of certain American writers, on matters about which, as was likely to happen with those caustic old cocks of the classroom, he obviously knows very little. That, however, goes down well with his followers, who feel at once that they are relieved from the necessity of ever bothering to look into these subjects. This is also the "Mr. Eliot" who says of the Haidee episode in Byron's "Don Juan" that it "deserves pretty high marks," and who talks of the enjoyment of poetry in such a peculiar way: "Unless we are able to enjoy the work of Pope, we cannot arrive at a full understanding of English poetry;" "I find myself in agreement with Herr Holthusen: and indeed, if he is wrong and Dr. Heller is right, then I can only enjoy the poetry of Rilke under a misunderstanding;" "Where there is the continuity of such a positive personality [as Yeats] and such a single purpose, the later work cannot be understood, or properly enjoyed, without a study and appreciation of the earlier."

This professor merges with *Dr. Johnson*, which seems to me one of Eliot's less satisfactory characters. The manners and physique of Johnson make a genuine impersonation incompatible with Eliot's public presence, yet he has a real cult of Johnson, and the example of the author of "The Lives of the Poets" has evidently counted for something in the tone and the tenor of Eliot's pronouncements. But when he tries Johnson's own line of criticism—the attempt to check logically on literal meaning—this carries him off his own track. Certainly Dr. Johnson would not have liked Shelley's skylark, but he would have liked Eliot's own poetry even less. It is true, of course, that Eliot uses words as precisely as Pope did, and more precisely than Shelley, but his free flight of Symbolist metaphors would have set off the thunders of Johnson, so that his Neo-Johnsonian procedure, directed against the Romantics, does not come out right as a parallel

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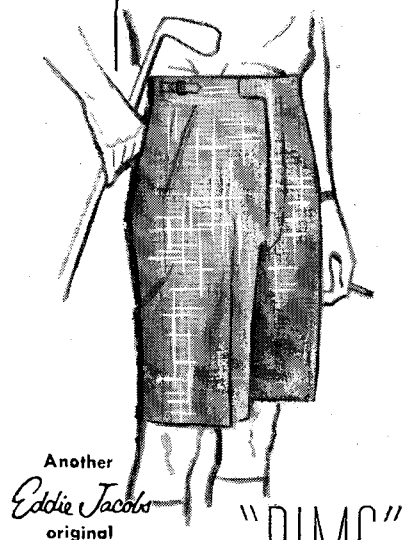
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to Johnson's against the Metaphysicals, whom Eliot regards as kin spirits and whom he has done so much to bring into fashion.

As a Neo-Johnsonian dictator, however, throning it in old London and laying down the rules of taste, Eliot has made an impression, and in this role I find him as irritating as "Myra Buttle" does. What is this "Main Stream" of poetry that he is always talking about, which he apparently identifies with Pound and himself and with the poets who more or less derive from them, and the price of the divergence from which, as Eliot seems to imply, is irretrievably to be lost in the sands? Who have been the best English poets of the generation following Eliot's? Let us say Auden, Thomas, and Betjeman. And what have these three in common? Auden has learned something from Eliot in his semi-colloquial style. Auden and Thomas both make tangles of metaphors. But John Betjeman is quite outside the fashion. Is he, then, like the lady in his poem—not being in the Main Stream—destined to be left stranded and lonely on "the shining fields of mud"? Are the successful poems of Spender in the Main Stream? Is the fluent virtuosity of MacNeice and Day Lewis? They do all more or less use colloquial language. But is Yeats in the Main Stream? He is the greatest poet in English of his age, but his remarks on Eliot's poetry show how alien to him it seemed. The realism of his later poems is as much in a traditional grand manner as the romanticism of his early ones. It is true that—it is said, under the influence of Pound—he moved from the vagueness and fluency that sometimes characterized his early poems to a style that was harder and terser; but what has this style in common with Auden or Dylan Thomas? One feels that the Main Stream, though it sprang from aesthetic heresy, is now regarded by Eliot as something like the "Main Line" that runs west from Philadelphia and on which all the well-established and well-thought-of people are supposed to live. The other chief function of Eliot-Johnson is instructing the readers and writers of the present as to which poets of the past, and to what extent, it is permitted them to read and admire. Here the position and authoritative tone is all. Every directive is at once accepted: "Yes, yes, as Mr. Eliot has said," "Mr. Eliot has pointed out that Mother Goose at her most surprising has something in common with Blake." It should be said in justice to Eliot that he has frankly—in "The Frontiers of Criticism"—described his early essays as "a by-prod-



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uct of my private poetry-workshop; or a prolongation of the thinking that went into the formation of my own verse." Later, he changed his mind about some of the poets whose tendencies had at that time seemed inimical to his own and Pound's. But there was still always something of the dictator in the way in which he went about this. Now we need not any longer snub Milton; we need not any longer be shy—if we realize that what he wrote was not exactly poetry but only excellent verse—of indulging ourselves a little in Kipling. (His followers have seemed strangely inattentive to one of his latest cues: that we may now also look into Longfellow.)

Then—analyzing the components of the public Eliot—we come to *the genteel Bostonian*. Of this race, in his earlier days, the poet, of course, made a certain amount of fun. There were Aunt Helen Slingsby, in her "small house near a fashionable square," and Cousin Harriet, who every evening read the *Boston Evening Transcript*. Mr. Prufrock and Burbank with a Baedeker were the male counterparts of these. But though Eliot is finely ironic at the expense of their decorums and their inhibitions, he has to some extent shared these and has used them for one aspect of his public personality. His dramatized anti-Semitism is really, I think, a part of this, as is his dramatized Anglophilia. They are the prejudices of old Tory gentility, which Eliot has liked to preserve as self-conscious anachronisms. The Jew in "Gerontion" is a Shylock "squatting on the window sill," and the Jews in the Burbank-Bleistein poem are the vulgarians of ancient caricature. One of its most skillful witticisms depends on the assumption that there is something inherently ridiculous in a man named Klein being given a title. It does not occur to Eliot that Bleistein, who looks at pictures with "a lustreless protrusive eye," may possibly be a better judge of Canalettos than Burbank with his Baedeker. In his anthology of Kipling's verse, he makes a point of including "The Waster"—surely Kipling at his most hateful worst—which manages at the same time to be anti-Semitic and anti-German. In "After Strange Gods," he writes that in the kind of society he regards as desirable, "reasons of race and religion combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable;" and then, amusingly, in his speech at the Conservative Luncheon, in checking off his four great conservative writers, he allows that "Disraeli also [one imagines a brief pause] deserves a pass degree,

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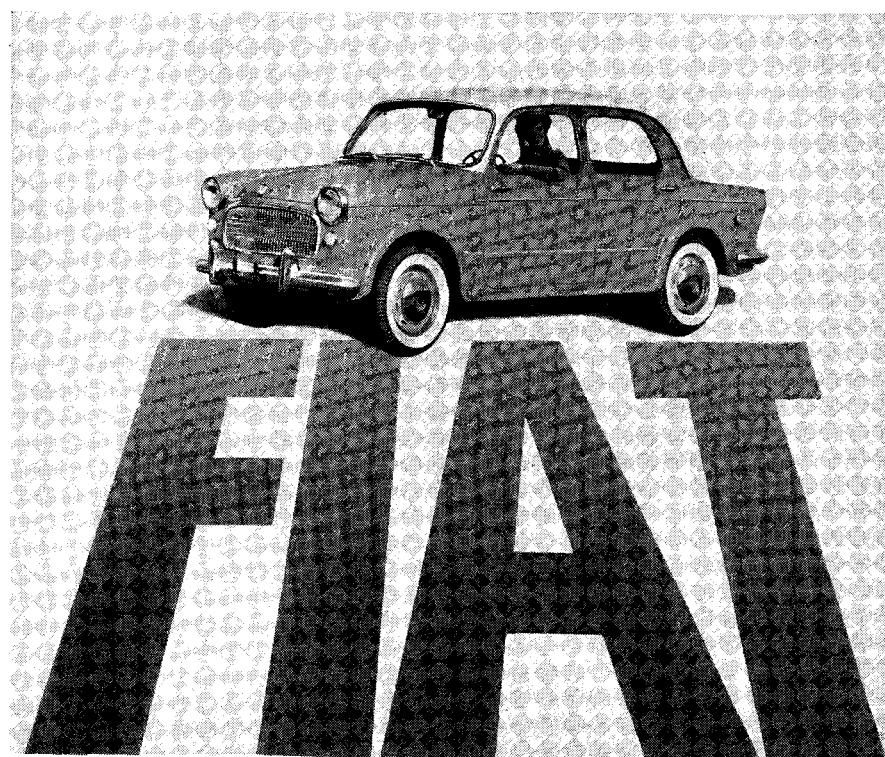
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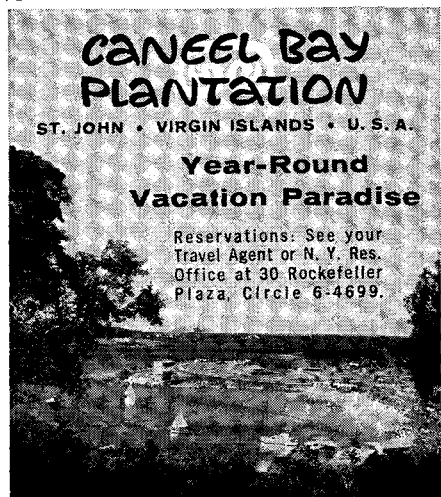
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though churchmanship is the one point on which I feel more sympathy with Mr. Gladstone." One free-thinking Jew is all right if he is working for the interests of the Tories.

In any case, however, it must not be imagined that Eliot, as the Advocatus Diaboli asserts in "The Sweeney," "is utterly incapable of laughing at himself." The truth is that there is a rascal in Eliot. It is, I believe, the recalcitrance of this rascal that has convinced him of the reality of Original Sin: he has identified himself surely as much with the unregenerate Sweeney as with the ineffective Prufrock. It was the young rascal who wrote the disturbing poems, full of ironies and moral shocks; it is the old rascal who puts on the public show with which we are here concerned, and it is plain enough that Eliot is sometimes irreverent toward the attitudes of "Mr. Eliot." Three anecdotes may illustrate this. Two of them have come to me at second hand, and I cannot be sure of their accuracy, but they represent the kind of thing that we have come to expect from Eliot. At the conclusion of a lecture or a reading of his poetry, at some town not far from Boston, an enthusiastic lady is supposed to have expressed surprise at his radiant and youthful appearance and to have asked him how he ever managed it.

"Gin and drugs, Madam—gin and drugs!" the poet is supposed to have replied. The other stories are more ambiguous. When Eliot had been awarded the Nobel Prize and was flying from the United States, a reporter is said to have asked him which work of his had won him this honor. He answers, "Why, I think the whole corpus," and the reporter returns to his office and writes that it was not "The Waste Land" that had made Eliot a Nobel prizeman but a work called "The Whole Corpus," which must have sounded to the reporter even grimmer. Was this a joke on Eliot or a joke on the reporter and the public? Years ago, at the New School for Social Research, I heard Eliot read "Sweeney Among the Nightingales." He prefaced it by explaining that the action took place in a dive, and added, "Not, of course, that I have ever been in such a place!" This seems to me very typical. The respectable persons in his audience—of whom Eliot is always very much aware—would have taken him at his word; the others would have known he was joking. He has been able thus to have it both ways. He hedges his bets on "Mr. Eliot" by an undercurrent of self-irony and his bets on the old rascal by always maintaining a decorous

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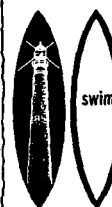
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front. He has himself depicted this duality in his frontispiece to "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats," in which an old-fashioned dude in a silk hat and white spats is roller-skating arm in arm with a dubious-looking character in a derby and a false beard.

In this character of Old Possum, who plays dead but pursues his own ends and indulges his private ribaldry, Eliot seems to run true to a familiar New England type. This type may be an excellent businessman—as Eliot is said to be—or professional man or banker; he will enjoy a solid position, and he appears to be completely conventional; but he will preserve, through all the shrewdness of his worldly dealings, a certain indestructible vein of idealism, the allotropic version, in modern terms, of the Puritan's sense of righteousness. Such a man rarely sticks out his neck in any very hazardous way, but he may go to unconventional lengths—as Thomas Wentworth Higginson did by financing and backing John Brown—in promoting the crusades of others. (Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis have been Eliot's John Brown.) If the respectable Bostonian is cagey about not letting himself be caught, his fidelity to moral principle cannot easily be caught, either; it will not be corrupted by commerce, it will form and reserve its own judgments in the transaction of professional business, it will crop up after eclipse. Unlike Pound and Lewis, his old allies, Eliot has never agitated in the interests of the school he belonged to, and he has never, under the influence of political fanaticism, allowed himself to become a scandal; but he has always stood up for these old allies, and he has never, in the field of literature, allowed himself to let down the movement of which Joyce is the greatest name. An example of this was his effort—frustrated though it was—to correct the disparaging obituary given Joyce by the *London Times*.

AS for Eliot's political opinions, this brings us to the whole heat-provoking question of his non-literary views and their relation to his literary ones. Can these views—religious, social, political—really be said to exist, and if so, in what sense?

To begin with the religious position, this, at least, has been made fairly explicit. We know from Eliot's essay on Pascal that "among religions" he "finds Christianity, and Catholic Christianity, to account most satisfactorily for the world and especially the moral world within," and that he accepts the miraculous element in the Gospels; and we



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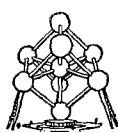
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know from his essay "Religion and Literature" that he believes in the existence of "a supernatural order" which holds a position of "primacy . . . over the natural life." We know that he is a practicing Anglo-Catholic. Yet what one seems to find in his writings is a darkness which imposes a need to believe rather than the light of belief. It seems to me that Eliot's religious impulse is stated most strongly and clearly in the scene in "The Cocktail Party" in which Celia interviews Harcourt-Reilly and describes to him the cause of her self-discontent:

"It's not the feeling of anything I've ever done,
Which I might get away from, or of anything in me
I could get rid of—but of emptiness, of failure
Towards someone, or something, outside of myself;
And I feel I must . . . atone—is that the word?"

Isn't this closer to Protestantism than to Catholicism, a question of keeping one's accounts right with God by taking some appropriate action? For Celia will end by finding that she has to do something effective: she joins a "nursing order"—"very austere," we are told—and is crucified, on a savage island, on which she has been nursing converted natives, in an uprising of the unconverted. So Harry, in "The Family Reunion," when his feeling of guilt has been exorcised, announces that he is headed for

"Somewhere on the other side of despair. To the worship in the desert, the thirst and deprivation,
A stony sanctuary and a primitive altar,
The heat of the sun and the icy vigil,
A care over lives of humble people,
The lesson of ignorance, of incurable diseases."

This evidently represents Eliot's ideal of virtue, of saintliness—an ideal of Spartan good works that may lead to a perfect martyrdom. But in its context in Eliot's work, there is something a little wrong with it. It makes one think of what used to be known as "entering the field of foreign missions," which is what the other characters in "The Family Reunion" assume—not, one gathers, entirely wrongly—that Harry is going to do; of the minister announcing the sum that has been raised for converting the heathen, and the sum that is still needed, out of the pockets of his comfortable congregation, who enjoy a vicarious sense of propagating the Christian faith and, when a missionary is eaten by cannibals, of vicarious sacrifice. And then there is a kind of

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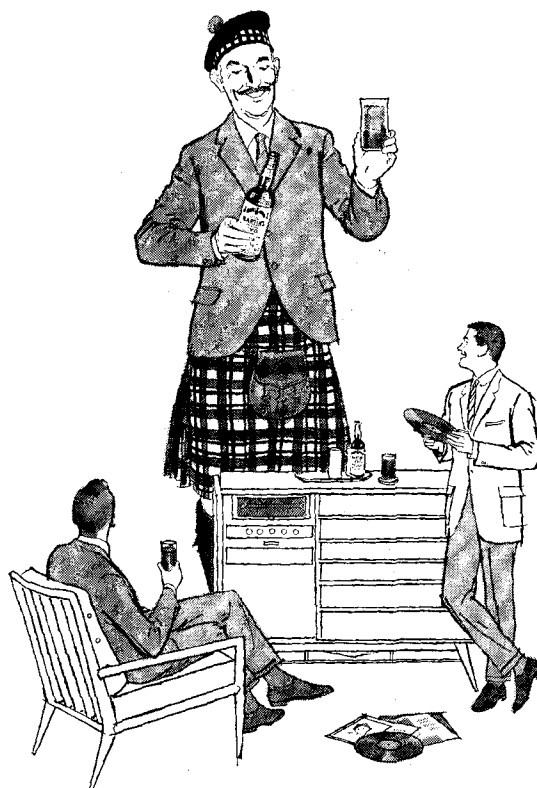
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snobbery that is rather disagreeable. Celia is made so much better than anyone else in the play, made to exist on so infinitely superior a level, that we discount, don't quite swallow, her crucifixion, and react in the direction of sympathy for the characters so invidiously contrasted with her and supposed to be so hopelessly second-rate. Both "Murder in the Cathedral" and "The Cocktail Party" are intended to exalt humility, which the author, in an essay on Baudelaire, describes as "the greatest, the most difficult, of the Christian virtues," but in both cases the moral snobbery does a good deal to discredit the humility. It is fatal to combine the two—can you really, in attempting to be humble yourself, explicitly *exalt* humility?—and the impropriety of this has, in the case of "Mr. Eliot" in his role of *the Christian*, been more obvious than in his writings for the stage.

You will find if you consult *Who's Who* that "Mr. Eliot" has the following distinctions: He is a D.Litt. of Oxford; a Litt.D. of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Bristol, Leeds, and Washington; an LL.D. of Edinburgh and St. Andrews; a D. ès L. of Paris, Aix-Marseille, and Rennes; a D. Phil. of Munich; an Honorary Fellow of Merton College and of Magdalen College; an Officier de la Légion d'Honneur; and a Foreign Member of the Accademia dei Lincei of Rome. And he has received the Nobel Prize—as the photographs from Stockholm show—with the Order of Merit around his neck. Yet we know that the speeches of Eliot delivered on such occasions almost invariably begin—like his speech at the Conservative Luncheon—with protracted expressions of humility; and Eliot is too much of a showman, too self-conscious, too accomplished, to persuade us to believe for a moment in his highly successful self in this character of a humble person. His tone is actually that of one who feels quite sure of his own superiority and regards himself as a person of consequence—in which he is perfectly justified; but why must he deluge us with humility? Bernard Shaw, another great showman, had a much less dangerous pose: his line was that he knew he was wonderful, that nobody could hold a candle to him. One might find this good fun or a bore. But we do not know how to react to "Mr. Eliot's" self-deprecation, which seems actually a form of pretentiousness. He will speak of his "meagre poetic gifts" and announce that in his opinions on anything but poetry he is ready to stand corrected, and even in poetic matters we find that



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he is prepared to revise his opinions. Yet, in doing this, he manages to talk about himself almost as much as Shaw. Even in his very brief speech under the auspices of Anthony Eden, he took time to explain to his audience that Coleridge "was rather a man of my own type, differing from myself chiefly in being immensely more learned, more industrious, and endowed with a more powerful and subtle mind." Can an authentic humility be acted, and can a professional oracle be humble? For "Mr. Eliot" is also an *oracle*—the last of the six aspects between which I have been trying to discriminate. He knows that every tiny poem, every slender pamphlet of an essay that he drops into the literary world, will be received with profound respect and read with devoted attention. Being an oracle is a natural vocation for which certain people are gifted; it may not have, necessarily, anything to do with wisdom, anything to do with prophetic insight. André Gide, who—unlike Shaw and Eliot—had nothing of the public performer, was an enormous success as an oracle, and yet he had little of importance to say. He, too, could command attention by sending to press his least gleam of thought, his feeblest imagination, and seemed to have the whole literary world in France hanging on the successive installments of his rather dry and trivial diary. It is all in the timing, the presence, the silences, the timbre of voice. "Mr. Eliot" is a master of this and has created a solemn hush whenever he has made a pronouncement on the problems of contemporary society.

"Myra Buttle" has dug out some queer ones: "'Education has to be from top to bottom religious,' he said in an article in a Church newspaper. The control of education, he went on, must be by priests and 'the educational hierarchy should be a religious hierarchy.' He advocated a strong reaction against the secularization of the universities, and recommended the reintroduction of the religious tests. Government, he said, should be conducted by those 'whose responsibility is inherited with affluence and position.' While careful to concede that education should be open to individuals with exceptional talent who have been properly 'screened' and who are willing to swear allegiance to the Establishment, he insisted that it should be confined generally to the well-born and wealthy, 'since to be educated above one's station leads to unhappiness and social instability.'...

"He considered that 'tolerance was greatly overestimated.' 'I have no ob-

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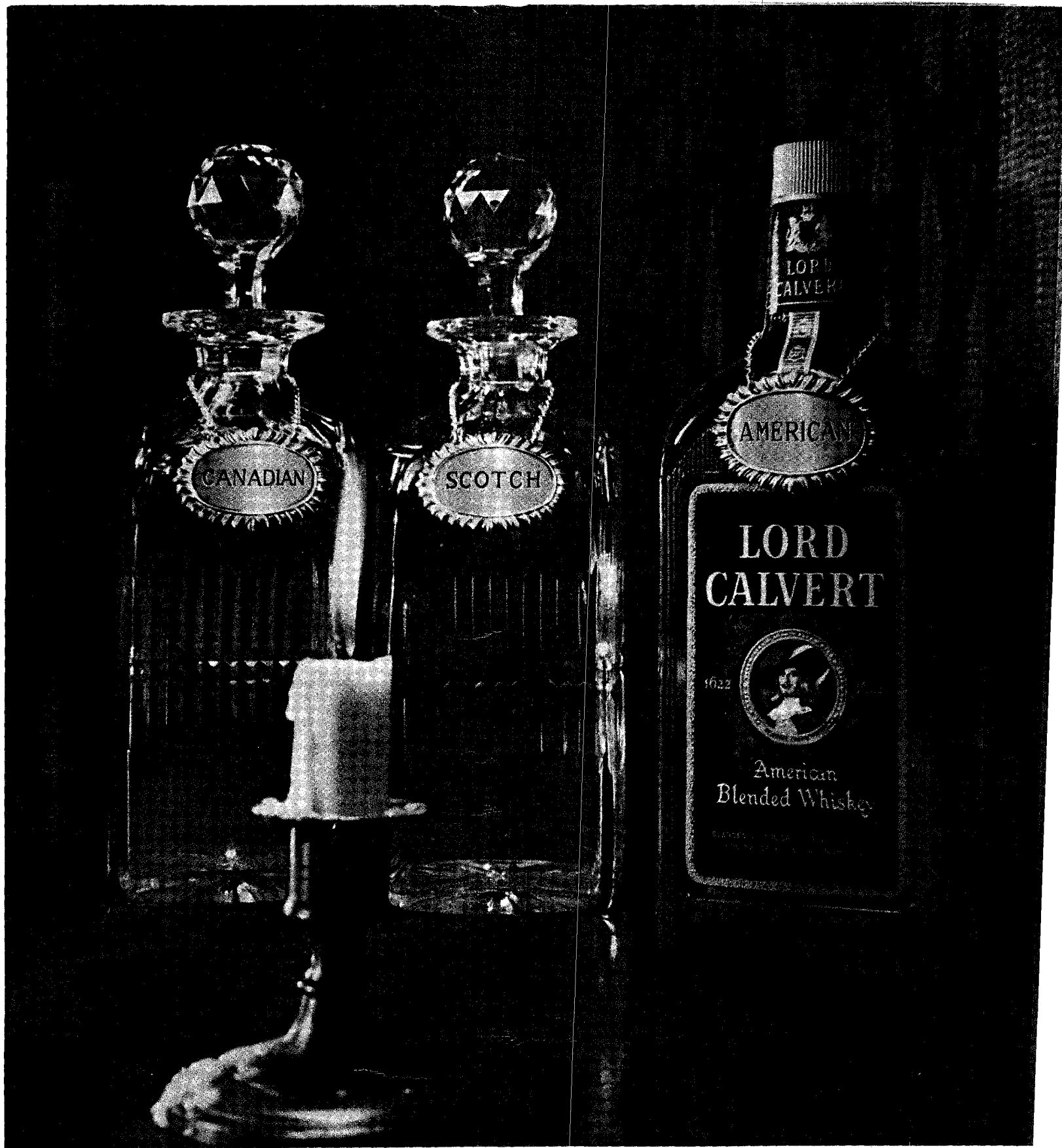
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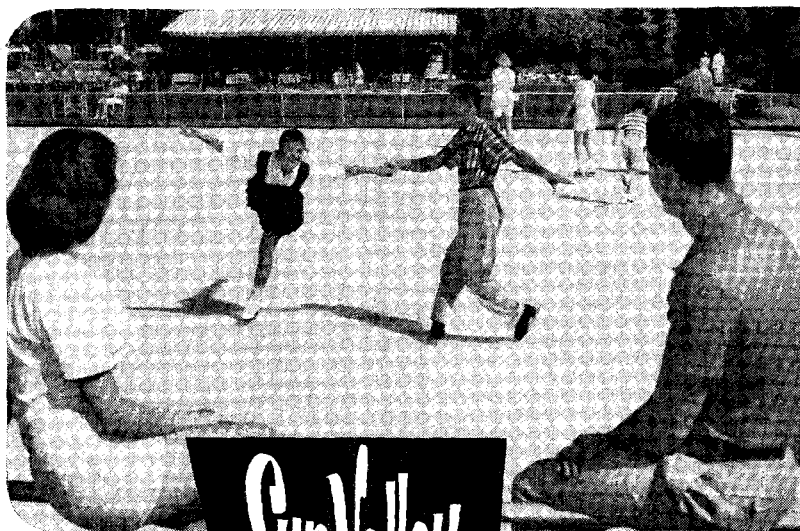
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jection to being called a bigot myself,' he declared. 'The Church's business,' he insisted, 'was to *interfere* with the world': there could be no nonsense of 'live and let live.' . . . 'If you want a Christian Society (he said) you cannot allow congeries of independent sects; they must be eradicated. The Church, he added, has to speak 'with final authority in moral matters and on the conduct of foreign affairs.' "

I do not know when these passages were written, and I do not know whether the satirist may not have distorted their meaning in the satirical use he has made of them—as I find that he has somewhat distorted the passage in which Eliot compares Shakespeare and Dante. But up until about twenty years ago Eliot made no attempt to give a systematic account of his views. In 1928, he delivered one of his most tremendous oracles, the announcement, in the preface to "For Lancelot Andrewes," that he had "in preparation a trilogy: 'The School of Donne; 'The Outline of Royalism; 'and 'The Principles of Modern Heresy.' " These books were never written, but they became very influential, and thus achieved a triumph for the oracle. The followers of Eliot assumed that he could explain all these matters if he would, and that in the meantime they did not have to worry about the poetry of Romanticism, the politics of bourgeois republics, or the philosophical points of view of persons who, accepting no orthodoxy, did not recognize any heresy. The non-followers of Eliot caught echoes of Charles Maurras and Babbitt and More—the "Humanists" distinctly audible in one of "Myra Buttles" quotations: "I have no more sympathy with the purely humanitarian attitude towards war than the humanitarian attitude towards anything else. I should not enjoy the prospect of abolishing suffering without at the same time perfecting human nature." And one wondered with "Myra Buttles" whether all this were not "just an act," a mere flourishing about of old properties. It was always so hard to pin Eliot down and find out exactly what he believed. He was likely to be evasive when challenged. There was a curious correspondence last August and September in the *London Times* Literary Supplement between Eliot, the writer of a leading article called "Classic Inhumanism," and some other correspondents. Eliot denied the accuracy of certain statements about his career and opinions, but his opponents were able to demonstrate that in most cases these statements had been cor-

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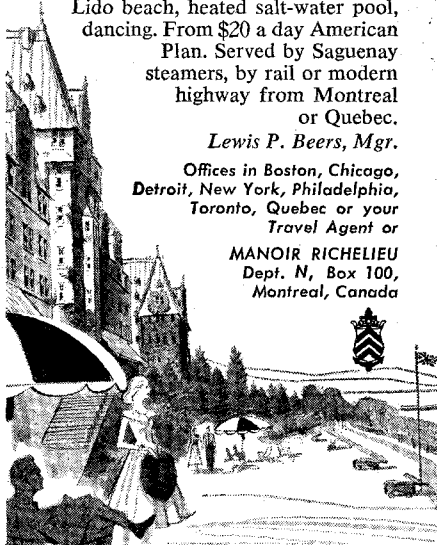
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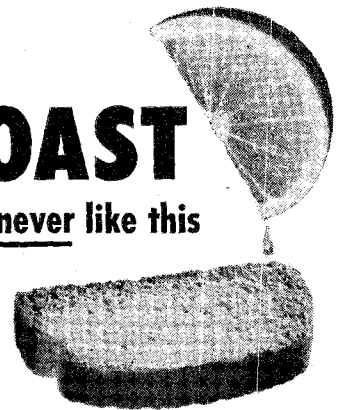
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rect. What was strange was that Eliot himself should, in this connection and others, have shown himself so offhand and vague about matters on which he had expressed himself so positively and even sharply. The discrepancy between his stern authoritarian tone and his subsequent readjustments has ended by leading one to disregard his occasional fee-fi-fo-fum. One might for a moment have wondered how he proposed, in his Christian society, to deal with a possible surplus of non-Tory free-thinking Jews—a quota for each country, perhaps, and the rest of them sent to Israel?—or what sort of supervision of the press would be exercised in this society, since, although, he made it plain that he did not approve of the current kind of censorship, he evidently believed that, in the interests of religion, some curb on free expression was needed. What would he do, for example, about Lawrence and Hardy, whose influence, in "After Strange Gods," he seems to regard as dubious? What exactly would happen to the promulgator of heresy in Eliot's Christian society?

But these questions did not trouble us long, for Eliot cares much more about literature than he does about anything else. The heresy-hunting appendix in "After Strange Gods" is taken so lightly by the author that it seems almost a parlor game, while the literary criticism of contemporaries, no matter how suspect as moralists, is as usual acute and interesting. No one who has ever met Eliot or followed his career as a publisher and editor could regard him as genuinely intolerant. He is as sensitive in his response to literature and as generous in encouragement of talent as anybody of our time. This is where his real modesty comes in and, fortunately, works against Johnson-Babbitt, Cousin Harriet, and Aunt Helen Slingsby. The "liberalism" he scoffs at in politics he displays—though he seems to think he shouldn't—in the field of literature, and in this he is quite different from Babbitt and More, who made it one of their principal objects to try to knock contemporary talent on the head. He evidently had no inhibitions about inviting free-thinking Jews to contribute to the *Criterion*, and he sometimes praises the work of writers whose attitude toward religion is hostile. If he failed to formulate a system, it was simply, one came to conclude, that he knew that if he did so he would land himself—in his essay "Second Thoughts About Humanism" you see him trying to guard against this—in some such all too simple-minded, some such aesthetically

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stupid philosophy as that of Babbitt and More.

One would have been willing to let it go at this. But more recently—perhaps under pressure of the crisis of the second war—T. S. Eliot has at last made an effort to give us something like an ordered exposition of his general social ideas. This is to be found in "The Idea of a Christian Society" of 1939 and "Notes Towards the Definition of Culture" of 1948, and these books must be taken as primary documents by anybody dealing with Eliot. I wonder whether "Myra Buttle" has read them, for the kind of thing "The Sweeney" ridicules in the passages quoted above is here presented in a soberer, more temperate, and better-considered form. My own reaction, however, to these more conscientious books is that once the fee-fi-fo-fum is dropped and the ideas are brought out into the open and disciplined by Eliot's common sense, they are seen not to count for much. In the domain of contemporary problems of the social and political kind, the author's shift of his residence from the United States to England, as well as his habit of dwelling in the highest intellectual realm of the pre-Enlightenment classics, has rather disqualified him. Though these books are full of references to specific countries with their special problems, the whole thing seems to hang in the void. He is sound enough on the negative side—the bleakness of industrial life, the stunting of artistic production in an age of commercialization, the lowering by popular education of the standards of humanistic culture. But he seems to have no grasp of the social realities of which these deficiencies are aspects. The standard of living of the working class has risen in industrial society; the literary production of the United States has had in the last few decades—Eliot himself is a part of this—its most fertile and brilliant period since the fifties of the last century; scientific and technological education has equipped the human race for triumphs that were only being dreamed of a few hundred years ago, when the ideals of humanism dominated. There is always the danger, of course, that the human race may wipe itself out; but, in view of the murderous record of almost two Christian millennia, I do not understand how Eliot can hope that this religion may save us. It is difficult even to understand how Eliot envisages his Christian society. What precisely are to be the relations between the Church and the State? What kind of con-

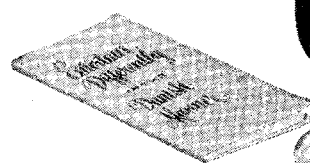
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trols will be exercised over literature and education? How will the "dissent sects" be confined, as he says they should, to a "marginal" status? And one cannot find any hint as to how the conditions we know, the processes in which we participate, could ever be made to lead to the society that Eliot has projected. Does he imagine that the Communist countries, even with modified regimes, can ever be converted to enthroning the church in any official way, or that the countries with a variety of sects will agree on an established church? Does he imagine that in countries where the classes are fluid, such as Russia and the United States, you can ever get people pinned back into the compartments of a stabilized hierarchy of classes? But there is so little insight here as to what people are like or how they live in the middle of the twentieth century that the picture of the future is virtually blank. The Christianity of Eliot itself is made neither impressive nor plausible—that is, it is not made real. What would it do for society? Why should people accept it? In these pages it appears as a phantom that gives out neither heat nor light.

The Eliot family of New England has been prominent for generations in religion and education, and the truth is, I suppose, that Eliot's impulse to establish himself in these fields as a responsible public figure is a piece of pure atomism. The fact that this particular Eliot happens to be a dramatic poet makes the exploit come out rather queerly, and his functioning in another environment—where the background for keeping up the classics is no longer the American wilderness and the church is the Church of England instead of the Congregational or the Unitarian—displaces the teacher and preacher to a social and political vacuum, in which, although he earnestly desires, like any other Eliot, to provide instruction and guidance, he does not have to deal with the immediate problems of a particular time and place.

BUT now, having spent so much time in trying to show that "Myra Buttle" on "Mr. Eliot" is not due entirely to the Philistinism, and possibly the embitterment, of the author of "Cadmus," I must not leave the subject without making it clear that the high prestige of T. S. Eliot is not entirely due to the idiocy of the hungry sheep who look up and do not know that they are not being fed. I have been re-reading Eliot's poetry in connection with this article, and it seems to me as good as it ever did. Not only is

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Eliot a master of "phrasing," as Clive Bell said years ago, not only is his workmanship as a poet perfection, but his verses have an emotional vibration, a curious life of their own, that seems almost to detach them from the author. Of no other poet, perhaps, does Cocteau's bon mot seem so true, that the artist is a kind of prison from which the works of art escape. The verses of Eliot lodge in one's head without one's ever having learned them, and remain with one all through life. I do not, however, mean to imply that it is impossible for Eliot in person to make this vibration felt. On the contrary, in his public readings he is able to give his poetry all its value. The acting here goes into the poetry. My experience in hearing him has been that he is a good deal better on the platform than in any of the recordings he has done. He seems to need to feel his audience. I have heard him make of "Difficulties of a Statesman" a wonderful little dramatic soliloquy, bringing out all its changes of mood and pace, and working up to a climax of desperation. He can even produce this vibration through the medium of some essay on a poetic subject. I was present a few years ago when he read one of his later papers on Milton among the marble halls of the Frick Museum. I did not care in the least about his "message" that it would now not necessarily be harmful to make contact with the poetry of Milton; but he communicated so intense an excitement that I found myself later regretting, when I saw the essay in print, that he had dimmed this a little by dropping out some rather colloquial phrases more appropriate to the platform than the page. Yet this passage was simply a tribute to the masterly skill of Milton in manipulating great masses of words. It is the power to produce this vibration—which cannot be disregarded—that has made the author of "The Waste Land," for all his funereal tone and the mummeries of "Mr. Eliot," one of the live nerves of modern literature.

It is only in the case of the "Four Quartets" that the lines of his verse—for this reader, at least—have not vibrated with quite the highest frequency. The best of Eliot's poetry, as he explains in one of his essays, is mostly of the "compulsive" kind; it imposes itself upon the reader because it has imposed itself on the poet himself; but one feels in the "Four Quartets" that he is patiently spinning out verses which in some cases are close to prose. It is all too much a long muttering, with few flashes of vivid speech. The first

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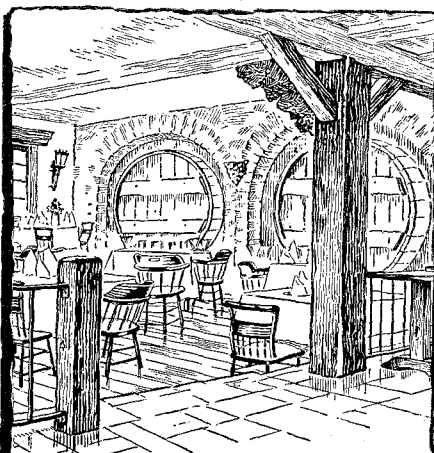
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of the quartets, "Burnt Norton," seems to me the most successful. The passage about the Chinese jar (with its echo in "The Dry Salvages") are among the best lines he has written:

Words move, music moves
Only in time; but that which is only living
Can only die. Words, after speech, reach
Into the silence. Only by the form, the
pattern,
Can words or music reach
The stillness, as a Chinese jar still
Moves perpetually in its stillness.
Not the stillness of the violin, while the
note lasts,
Not that only . . .

The Dantesque movement in "Little Gidding," which has been a good deal admired, is a fine imitation of Dante—Mr. Purcell might compare it with his own in "Cadmus"—but is it really very interesting Eliot? If, however, a certain amount of energy has gone out of Eliot's poetry, it seems to have been picked up by his theatre. I have spoken disparagingly of "The Confidential Clerk," but my theory has come to be that every other one of Eliot's plays turns out well. "Sweeney Agonistes" plus; "The Rock" very minus; "Murder in the Cathedral" plus; "The Family Reunion" minus; "The Cocktail Party" his highest point; "The Confidential Clerk" one of his lowest. At this rate, the next of Eliot's plays ought to be a masterpiece. Its title has been announced: "The Elder Statesman." A very promising subject!

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

I LIKE IT HERE, by Kingsley Amis (Harcourt, Brace). A timid, intelligent young bachelor, parodying himself and all his big fears and small deceptions, is almost sure to cut an appealing figure, clownish in the most amusing and sympathetic fashion, but the same man married and no longer so young cannot parody himself without also parodying his marriage, which leads him almost inevitably into the deep, black pit where those who revive jokes about mothers-in-law, rolling pins, and perambulators find their richest and most dismal source of material. Mr. Amis has avoided this horrid pitfall by transporting his amiably incompetent hero, Garnet Bowen, together with Mrs. Bowen and their three children, to Portugal, where the foreign air and the foreign language and the foreign ways that confuse the inexperienced traveller make Bowen's

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husbandly clucking at his wife and his fatherly clucking over the children's diet and hygiene seem perfectly understandable and gently comic. Set against the background of the Bowens' South Kensington flat, the same domestic record would have been tedious and might have been embarrassing. The moral is that married men who make a virtue of their incompetence in daily matters and chance encounters must go away from home if they want the laughter they provoke to remain kindly, musical, and pleasant to hear.

GENERAL

THE ORDEAL OF WOODROW WILSON, by Herbert Hoover (McGraw-Hill). The death of Woodrow Wilson, writes Mr. Hoover, "ended a Greek tragedy, not on the stage of imagination, but in the lives of nations." This statement comes at the conclusion of one of the most remarkable documents of our time, and one of the most poignant as well. Its author, of course, was intimately associated with President Wilson throughout the First World War and saw from close at hand the collapse of Wilson's hopes afterward. With sure command of a torrent of detail, he tells us how Wilson, representing a country that was then an unknown quantity in international politics, for a brief and blinding moment achieved moral and intellectual dominance of the world, how he made the cynical "peacemakers" at Versailles accede (or seem to accede) to his Fourteen Points, how he established the League of Nations—something truly new—and then how he was forced to witness the total ruin of his high aspirations. The book is illustrated with photographs; many of them show Wilson at the summit of his triumph in Europe, but there is also one taken of him after his stroke, when he had come to realize that everything he stood for had been defeated. That one is as eloquent a testament to his ordeal and tragedy as anything in the text.

LAND WITHOUT JUSTICE, by Milovan Djilas (Harper). This altogether fascinating autobiography of the Yugoslav politician who has spent the past year or so in Marshal Tito's harshest prison should become a classic of Balkan literature. When Djilas writes about his youth and his family's background in the savagely beautiful Montenegrin countryside, he is another person altogether from the

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pamphleteer whose analysis of the development of Communism, "The New Class," came out a year ago. The personal Djilas writes with a fresh lyricism that brings his scenes and characters to vivid life and fills his account of his generation's deadly heritage of personal, racial, and political blood feuds with a sinister beauty. The book is dedicated to his grandfather, Aleksa Djilas, who was murdered by the agents of Prince Nikola of Montenegro for killing the captain who had been employed by Prince Danilo II to kill Aleksa's uncle Marko. Djilas unravels the tangle of this feud, and of many others, with deftness and skill. It is a book that does a great deal to explain, even if it doesn't excuse, some of the odd things that happen in Marshal Tito's part of the world.

THE LONG MARCH, by Simone de Beauvoir, translated by Austryn Wainhouse (World). Having expressed her dissatisfaction with the status of modern woman in "The Second Sex" and her contempt for modern America in "America Day By Day," Mlle. de Beauvoir here speaks her mind, at characteristic length (around two hundred thousand words), on mid-twentieth-century China, the essence of which she deftly grasped during a six-week tour in 1955. In fact, as she never tires of pointing out, she is perhaps the only recent visitor whose views are not riddled with bias or ignorance. How did she like it? Fine, just fine. But then that was precisely the impression she had anticipated.

NOTE: "A New England Girlhood," a volume of reminiscences by Nancy Hale, has been published by Little, Brown. All but three of the twenty-one chapters in the book first appeared as short stories in *The New Yorker*.

For example, our research workers, with Dr. Howard Mitchell as project director, are just now finishing up a study on the relationship between excessive drinking and marital conflict under a state grant.—From an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

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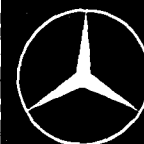


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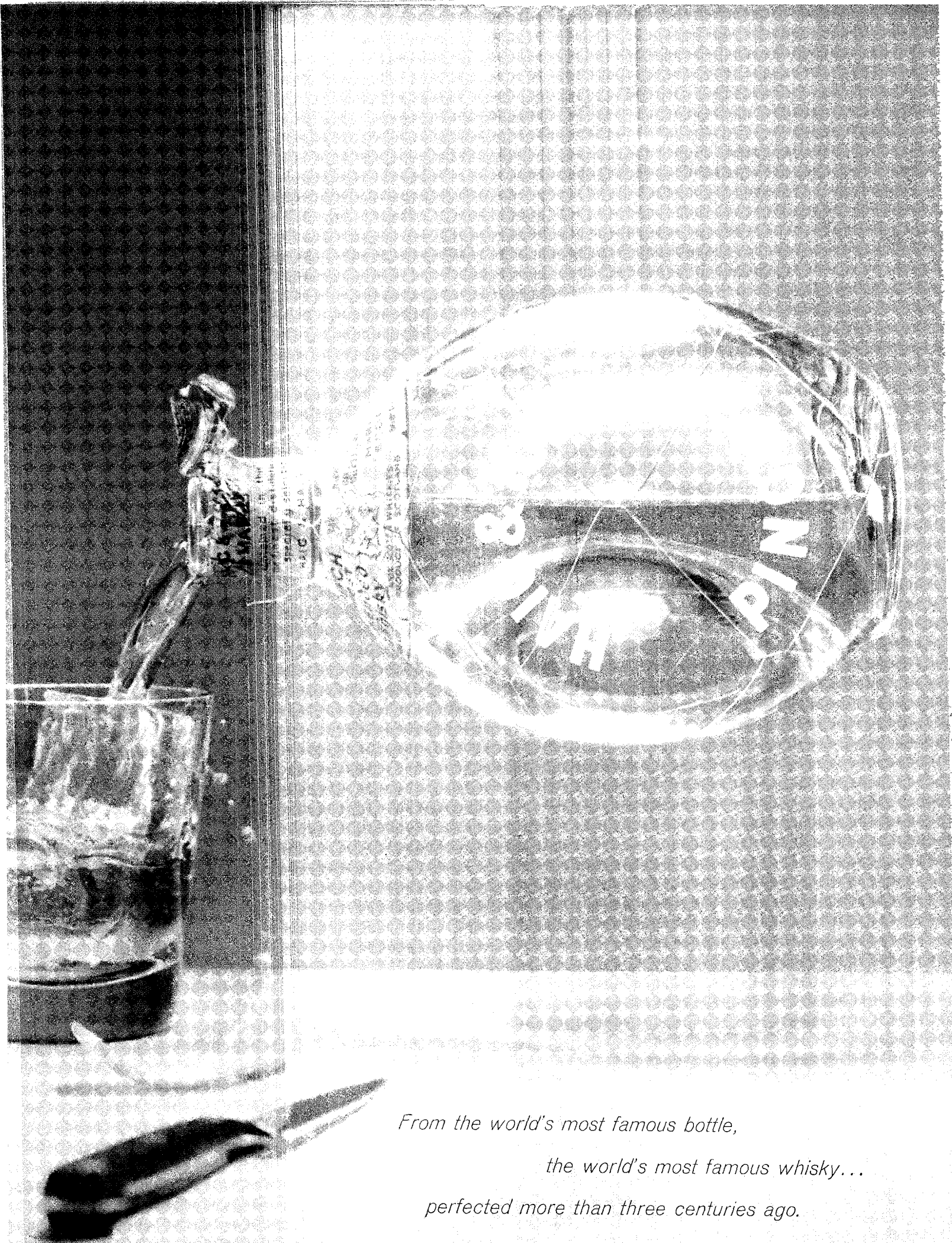
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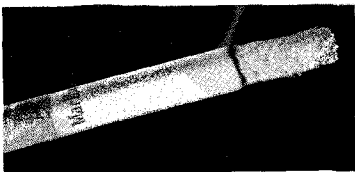
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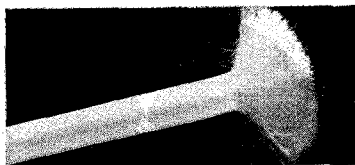
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